THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A Illu Weekly
For A enj. Franklin

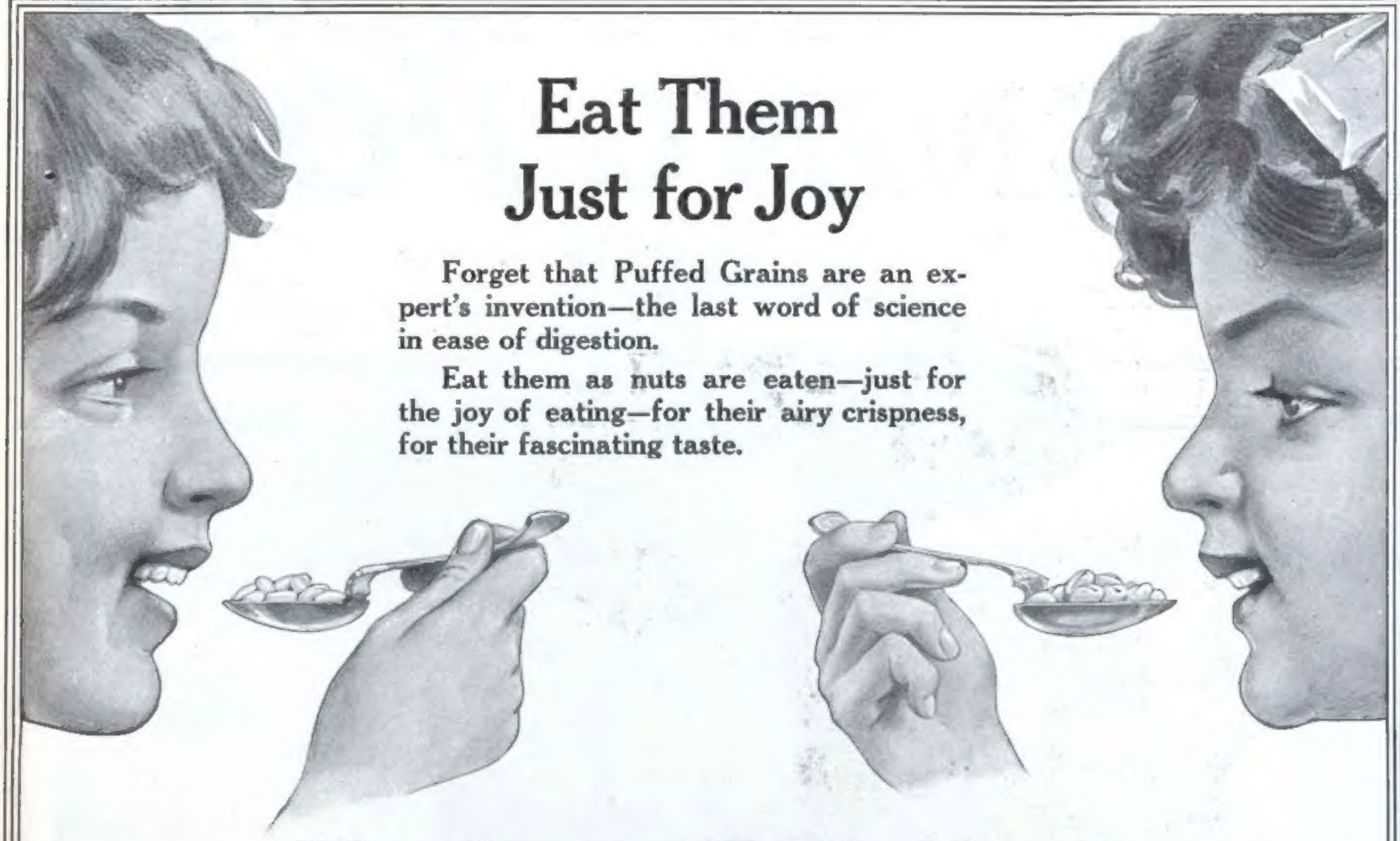
AUGUST 10, 1912 5cts. THE COPY

Beginning **Silverside**—By Henry C. Rowland

Eat Them Just for Joy

Forget that Puffed Grains are an expert's invention—the last word of science in ease of digestion.

Eat them as nuts are eaten—just for the joy of eating—for their airy crispness, for their fascinating taste.



The Joyous Facts About Foods Shot From Guns

Ten Thousand Cells Formed by Steam Explosion

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are simply steam-exploded grains.

The moisture within them is turned to steam, in a terrific heat, then exploded.

Every food granule is thus blasted to pieces, and a myriad cells are formed.

Each cell is surrounded by thin, toasted walls, which melt at the touch of moisture.

The grains are puffed to eight times normal size—made four times as porous as bread.

Curious Creations

Each grain is a puffed, airy wafer, like no other food you know. Each is a magnified kernel, shaped as it grew, for the coats of the grain are unbroken.

They are whole-grain foods made wholly digestible. No element is lacking.

One would never dream that such dainty morsels could be made from unground grain.

Like Toasted Nuts

The grains in the guns are subjected to a heat of 550 degrees for an hour. That's how we create the steam pressure. Because of that heat, the exploded grains taste much like toasted nuts.

They are used like nuts in candy making—in frosting cake—in garnishing ice cream.

Served in any way you like them, the grains suggest nut meats, made porous and crisp and digestible. There lies their main enchantment.

Puffed Wheat, 10c Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in Extreme West

How Folks Enjoy a Million Dishes Daily

Folks serve them for breakfast with sugar and cream, or mixed with any fruit.

For supper, serve like crackers in a bowl of milk.

Serve in soup at dinner. Or scatter them over a dish of ice cream.

Use them in candy making. See directions on the package. Let children eat them like peanuts when at play.

Serve at any hour—between meals or at bedtime—for digestion is extremely easy.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers—Chicago

(309)

All Canada
Now Recognizes
Society Brand Clothes

For Young Men
And Men Who Stay Young

Six months ago a Canadian clothes maker secured the rights to make Society Brand Clothes—the first introduction of American Clothes in Canada.

Today they are sold in every important city in Canada—a phenomenal record in international commerce.

This achievement is not only a great compliment to Society Brand Clothes, the finest tailored American clothes, but also to the good taste of Canadians, who quickly recognized their great merit.

Society Brand Clothes are made of staunch, pure wool fabrics, designed for young men and men who stay young. Their style is "different yet dignified"; it is lasting, as every precautionary measure known to the tailoring craft is used in the making. In addition, they have twenty-five practical, useful features of assistance at every turn of the body.

Ask Your Clothier

MADE IN CHICAGO BY
ALFRED DECKER & COHN

Twenty to Forty Dollars **Fall Fashion Panels, Four Cents**

Copyright 1912 by Alfred Decker & Cohn

Society Brand Clothes

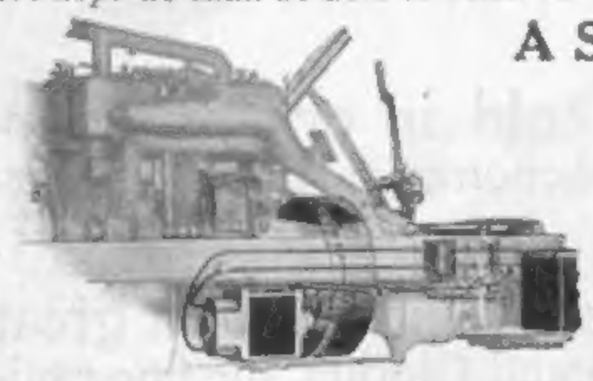
The Newest HAYNES *Model 22*

Electric Starting and Electric Lighting

FOR the twentieth year of the Haynes Automobile, we announce the complete, perfect motor car. Haynes Model 22 has every mark of the fine construction that has distinguished the Haynes car so many years; it has all the beauty of design that has made Model 21 so popular; it has such roominess as you never saw in any other automobile; comfort to please those who seek *luxury;* and *an electric starting and electric lighting equipment of utmost simplicity and absolutely 100 per cent efficiency,* as shown by our remarkable series of daily tests covering a period of six months.

No one will deny that the Haynes Model 22 stands by itself as the *superior* automobile, the ultimate car—the very climax of nineteen years of motor car development. It is fitting that America's first car—in point of years—should now be America's unquestioned *first car* in point of perfect, efficient completeness. And the price for touring car models is but $2250, f. o. b. factory. We *hope* we shall be able to build enough cars to fill our dealers' orders.

A Starting Device That Is *Not* An Experiment

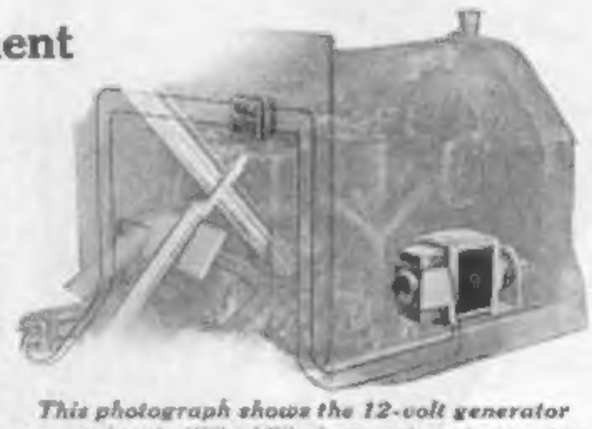


This photograph shows starting motor

simple gear-shifting device and wiring plan. Note that only two wires run from battery to starting motor, through the drum switch which is operated when the starting gears are engaged. Gear shifting lever is used for engaging starting gears, making it *impossible* to engage the starting gears when transmission gears are in mesh. When engine starts the lever is released, automatically returning to neutral position, ready for shifting transmission gears. Quadrant is equipped with device for locking gear-shifting and starting lever in *neutral.*

When so many manufacturers were loudly announcing "self-starters" last year, some people wondered that we said *nothing* about self-starters. But Haynes owners and Haynes dealers and everyone else who knew Haynes history did not wonder. *They* knew that when a *real starting* device was perfected, one that would start a car every time and never allow any possibility of injury to the motor—*the Haynes would have it.* We were working toward such a device then, an electric cranking device. It was *perfected* six months ago. But still we waited. We wanted to be *very sure.* That's Haynes policy. In these six months, the first Model 22 test cars, equipped with this device, have been put through *thousands* of tests in the shops and on the road, and the starter has *never* failed.

Hundreds of these tests have been made under unfavorable conditions which could not arise in an owner's experience, and we couldn't *make* the starter fail. And the equipment is so free from complications, so very simple, that if any trouble ever should appear, the car would *not have to be sent back to the factory.* Any electrician in America could make wiring repairs on either the motor (starting device) or the dynamo (lighting device). Consider that point carefully. The average time of 10,000 Model 22 starts has been *5 seconds.*



This photograph shows the 12-volt generator

connected to the Willard Elba battery through cut-out on the dash. This cut-out is automatic in action and eliminates discharging the battery through the generator armature when the engine is not running. Note that the generator wires terminate at the battery terminal on the drum switch. The battery is 12-volt, 100 ampere hours and supplies current both for starting and lighting. Only three wires run from battery to lamps, thereby balancing the battery and giving standard 6-volt lights.

Need We Speak of Haynes General Construction?

Everyone who knows automobiles at all knows that the Haynes name is a guarantee of the best materials, correct design, excellent workmanship. Other than for its electric starting and lighting equipment, Model 22 does not differ greatly from construction of recent Haynes models. The car is roomier. Upholstery *twelve inches deep* and of fine hair. Motor 4½ x 5½ inches, 40 h. p.; wheel base 120 inches; tires 36 x 4½ inches. Equipment *complete,* including Eisemann dual magneto, Stromberg carburetor, Warner autometer, demountable rims, top, windshield, etc. You will find the new Model 22 at your Haynes dealer's *now.* Go see it, or write us for catalog and full details of starting system.

HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, 18 Union Street, KOKOMO, INDIANA

1715 Broadway, NEW YORK 510-512 N. Capitol Blvd., INDIANAPOLIS 1702 Michigan Ave., CHICAGO Van Ness Ave. at Turk St., SAN FRANCISCO

The Haynes branch or agency nearest you can arrange a demonstration for you no matter where you reside.

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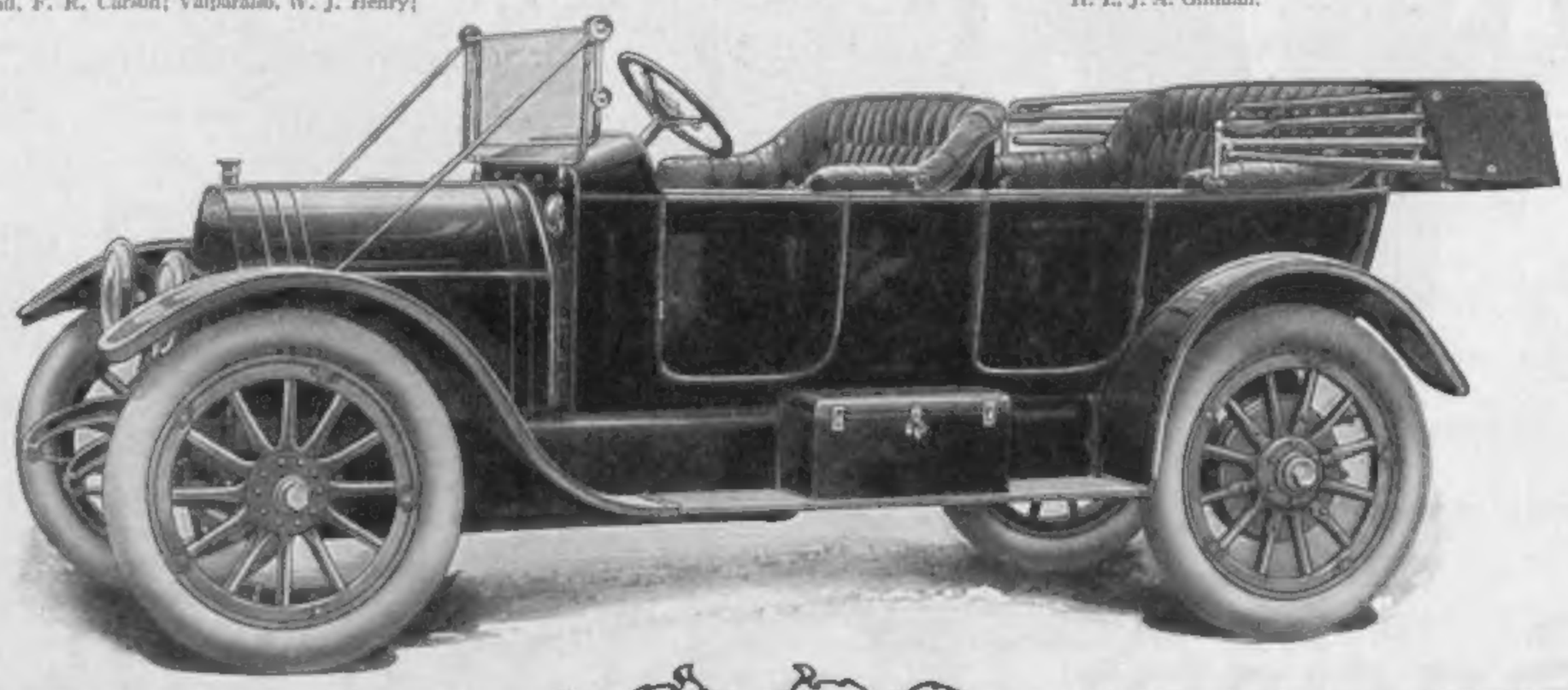

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SILVERSIDE

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

WHEN one's father has been as good a man as mine was the son is naturally expected to inherit all of his virtues, especially when the mother suffered a sort of voluntary martyrdom in giving up most of the things that she held dear—friends, family and the charm which the city of Boston is said to hold for her citizens—to go out to live and work among savages and cannibals. My mother did not long survive her life as the wife of a missionary in the Paumotas, and I remember her faintly as a sweet, starry-eyed woman who spent the most of her time clinging to my father or reading on the veranda of the mission bungalow.

When I was twelve years old the society took me as a ward and I was sent away to school in Massachusetts and afterward to Harvard University, where I graduated as an M. D. at the age of twenty-two. It was understood that I was to return in due time to help my father in carrying on his work in the South Sea Islands. I can't remember that my own tastes were ever consulted in the matter, nor did it ever occur to me to make any protest. In all of this time and the two years of hospital work that followed I never got back to the islands, but I saw my father twice on his return home, where through lectures and his strong personal magnetism he managed to augment the funds of the society enough to enable him to carry on his work on a scale more approaching that which his abilities warranted. He was a big-framed man, rather below the medium height, with yellow, curly hair flecked with white, very clear, intent blue eyes and blond bushy eyebrows. His manner was rather that of a sea captain than of a minister, and on his last visit I was struck by the fact that he seemed to take more satisfaction in my athletic standing than in the good reports of my intellectual progress which the medical faculty was kind enough to give him.

"We need men to carry on God's work in the islands, Douglas," said he. Then, giving me a keen look, he asked: "Are you quite satisfied with the career you have chosen?"

"Yes, father," I answered, and that was all I would tell him, though I could see that it was not enough.

"I Heard You Wanted to Ship a Cook, Sir"

As a matter of fact I was anything but satisfied, and his words, "the career you have chosen," made me smile to myself. I had never in my life had the opportunity of choosing anything. It had all been done for me at the cost of the society. I had grown up in bond, as one might say. My education was the result of scholarships; the food I ate, the clothes I wore, the roof that covered me all came through the society, of which the president was a Boston clergyman who had married a rich woman and lived like a prince, and the chief contributor was a wealthy sugar planter in Honolulu. Everybody had always been very kind to me, and I had been entertained much more than I had any reason to expect. Perhaps it may have been merely the restiveness and sensitiveness of youth, but for some reason I could never seem to get rid of the idea that I was not my own man, that I was in a way indentured to the society. But I had already received too much to think of resigning. The society had given me my education and was entitled to my services. Thank God, I had a sufficient sense of decency never to consider the course taken by a classmate in the medical school. He had been a missionary in Africa, and getting rather tired of preaching to negroes, had represented to the people who had sent him there that he would be much more efficient were he qualified to minister to the physical as well as the spiritual needs of his flock. Accordingly they put him through the medical school, when, on receiving his diploma, he blandly announced that he did not feel that his state of health warranted his return to the African climate, but expressed himself as very anxious to refund the money spent by the society on his medical education. Having absolutely no means of his own, he suggested that the different members of the society throw as much practice as possible his way, which they accordingly did, and in five years' time he had built up a practice of which the receipts for a very few months were quite adequate to settle all of his obligations to the society.

Perhaps some people may think me foolish, feeling as I did, to have stuck to the bargain made for me, but there was less of conscience about it than of family pride. My determination was even strengthened, I think, when in my second year at the medical school the news came that an expedition of my father's to the Solomons had been cut off and the whole party massacred. The picture of my father's skull bleaching on the end of a stake made me quite eager to get out there and at work, though I can't say that the sentiment was one which the society might have approved. To tell the truth, I had often thought, and think still, that the offspring of exceedingly good people is more apt to inherit the harsh passions that skipped a generation in the parents than to fall heir to their virtues.

It was understood, then, that I was to go out and take up my father's work, and it was even suggested that an extra course in theology might be an advantage. I compromised by being ordained a deacon, then said goodby to my friends and started for Oceanica, wondering just what peculiar civilizing effect I was destined one day to exert on the islanders of the subgroup where my father had met his death. I was to organize a number of hospital stations throughout the archipelago, making rounds from time to time as the conditions might indicate. It did not seem necessary to me to mention another mission of a more personal character which I hoped one day to accomplish in the Solomons.

I cannot say that I was sorry to leave for the Pacific. From now on, at least, I could feel that I was earning my own living and was more or less of a free agent. It is morally stifling for a young man to know that every mouthful he eats comes from the hand of charity, even though he happens himself to be a future active factor of the charity itself. Besides, hitherto my life had always been repressed, its every action controlled by the desire to reflect credit on the source of all my benefits. It was not as though my father had been the underpaid agent or employee of some commercial organization, as then I might have felt that as the son of a faithful servant I was receiving no more than was due me, considering his years of loyal effort and ultimate martyrdom. On the other

hand the society was really under no more obligation to me than it was to the natives of Oceanica, or at least I looked at it in that way.

So out I went to San Francisco and there took passage for Samoa, intending to make my way from this point as best I might to the low archipelago. In my father's time the society had owned a small brig which he had navigated himself, and I had been given to understand that if I fulfilled what was expected of me I might in time count on having a vessel for the work of the mission. My father's missionary brig, the Christian Faith, had been built for the society in San Francisco and duly consecrated to her work. This apparently had not prevented her from being pillaged and either sunk or burned by a mob of cannibals, for she was never seen or heard of after that fatal expedition to the Solomons. Indeed all of the circumstances of the tragedy were rather vague and based on reports that came from island gossip. A trading schooner which went to the same island some months later, however, had gathered information enough to remove practically all doubt that the crew of the Christian Faith had been lured ashore and speared, and the trader had seen a litter of stuff about the village which apparently had been stripped recently from a vessel of some description. He had not been able to examine it, as he had suspected danger and had fought his own way back to his boat, which escaped.

The ship on which I took passage was a slow and rather uncomfortable old tub, notwithstanding which her passenger list was fairly well filled. Shortly after the ship had sailed I went into the smoking room, lighted my pipe and sat looking idly at those of my shipmates who had gathered there. Some were already entering into conversation. In the corner a little group had started a poker game; and a couple of Australian ranchers were discussing the price of wool and a new process for extracting the animal oil. Opposite me in a corner a squarely-built, grizzled man, with a weatherbeaten face and blue lips, was muffled in a heavy ulster reading a newspaper and occasionally sipping a hot grog. I noticed him particularly because he looked exceedingly ill, and I was diagnosing his disease as bad valvular heart action, probably the result of hardship and intemperance, when he looked up and his eyes caught mine. It seemed to me that a peculiar flash, as of recognition, came into his face. He gave me a short, hard stare, then glanced down at his paper again.

Not caring to read I sat there studying the different types and wondering how nearly a future acquaintance would prove the opinions I was forming as to character and condition. The room grew rather hot, and presently the square man in the corner got up and took off his ulster. He was perspiring now, and his face looked blotchy and unwholesome under its weatherbeaten tan. Nevertheless, it was a rugged, handsome face and the shape and contour of the features suggested a good race. It was also plain that he had been in his prime a man of tremendous physical strength and activity, and one could see from the way his coat hung from his powerful shoulders that there was a giant bony frame under the wasted muscles. He was dressed expensively, but his clothes were ill-fitting, as though his emaciation had been recent and considerable.

"I've Got You Now, Young Man. You Must be the Son of the Reverend Captain Jack"

His hard eyes rested on me again before he sat down and his stare was so searching as to irritate me. I showed my annoyance, no doubt, for he resumed his reading, presently to throw aside the paper, touch the bell, and in a voice like the growl of a Kadiak bear demand the smoking-room steward to bring him a passenger list.

Getting bored presently I went out on deck. I could not help wondering what there was about me that had excited the curiosity of this tough-looking old customer. I did not see him again until the following day, when I happened to be talking to a fellow passenger, a San Franciscan.

"Do you know who that man is?" I asked, indicating him.

"Yes," he answered. "That is Captain Daniel Fairfax, one of the old-time Pacific traders. He was a pretty hard lot, I understand. The doctor told me about him last night. It appears that Fairfax has recently piled up a big fortune through some mining claims where they have struck it rich, but according to the doctor he's not going to live long enough to get any good out of it. Aneurism of the aorta, complicated by Bright's disease, diabetes and occasional attacks of delirium tremens. Looks it, doesn't he?"

My acquaintance left me to take a hand in a poker game, and a little later, as I was leaning on the rail and staring out at the sea, which was getting up a bit, I heard a heavy step behind me and turned to see Captain Fairfax. His hard mouth with its blue lips and bristling mustache wore a grin.

"I've got you now, young man," said he, and his voice was hoarse and short of breath, with moist râles. "You must be the son of the Reverend Captain Jack of the Paumotas."

"Right you are," I answered. "Was he a friend of yours?"

"No doubt he meant to be. I love his memory anyhow. He was the only man that ever licked me in a fair fight, and he a missionary at that! Poor chap! They tell me the Solomon Islanders got him, schooner and all. Well, well! A fine man, your father, lad, if he did play my wife the scurviest trick a man ever played on a woman."

"What's that?" I cried, swinging round and straightening up. Captain Fairfax chuckled.

"He licked me into marrying her," said he. His bloodshot eyes lighted with a sudden interest as they rested on me. "You are like your dad, boy, but a far better figure of a man. You've got the height and the width as well as the weight. Missionary too?"

I nodded. "Medical," I answered.

"Well that's better than psalm-singin'; but, hang it all, you're too good meat to feed to savages. However, I reckon it's in the blood—bred in the bone like. I'm Captain Fairfax, retired island trader and philanthropist. Charity begins at home. Come have a drink."

I accepted the offer and we went into the smoking room. Over his grog and my beer Fairfax set to work to pump me, which was no great effort, considering that I had nothing to conceal and that I knew him only as a friendly disposed man who could give me a great amount of hard, practical advice. He listened to me with a hard, mocking glint in his gray eyes.

"Your snuffle-bustin' society is buying salvation at your expense, son," said he, when I had told him something of my early life. "It ain't a square deal. You're holdin' up one end and a big missionary society is holdin' up the other—and the light end at that. Your keep and education hasn't cost 'em much. Any one of those rich people would feel the drain about as much as the old Pacific feels that," and he spat over the rail.

"Just the same," I answered, "the obligation is there somewhere, and I'm no quitter."

He shook his head. "There ain't any obligation," said he. "It's not as if you'd undertaken the job knowingly. They took you as a child and brought you up without ever takin' the trouble to find out if your heart was in the work. And it ain't. Shucks, what a raisin' for a lad with arms and legs and a strong heart! You've been growin' like an acorn in a bottle. When other boys round you were cuttin' their teeth on bones you've been fed missionary sop. I'll bet you've never been drunk! I'll bet you never struck a man in anger! I'll bet you never kissed a woman!" He laughed, then fell to coughing until his face grew purple and the sweat burst out on his rough forehead. When he finally conquered the paroxysm and looked up at me his eyes were bulging, his breath coming in whistling gasps, and the veins of his neck seemed ready to burst. "Am—am I right?" he gasped.

"To some extent," I answered, and was half inclined to tell him that if those things were his gods they hadn't profited him much. He seemed to guess my thought, for a strangling chuckle shook his massive frame.

"Yes, son," said he, "I've had my share of all three in my time. Now I'm going fast—and hell must be hungry for Big Devil Fairfax." His face darkened.

After that he remained quiet, but encouraged me to talk. The paroxysm seemed to have left him very weak,

"Lovely as a Tropic Night"

and a little later he got up, saying that he was going to his room to lie down.

That night after dinner, as I was walking on deck, the steward came up to me and said that Captain Fairfax wished to see me. I found him in his bunk, and the first glance at his face made me wonder whether he would last to reach Honolulu. It was plain enough that he was a dying man.

"Son," said he, speaking with some difficulty, "I want a few words with you."

"Go ahead, captain," I answered.

"There's something I want you to do," said he. "I've a wife and daughter somewhere out there in the islands. Fifteen years ago I sailed away and left them—never mind why. But now that the end is near I don't like to slip my cable leavin' them struck adrift. See?"

"Where are they?" I asked.

"I don't know. Two years ago I sent a schooner to the old place to look for them, but they had gone. Silverside had been there and taken them away."

"Who is Silverside?" I asked.

"He was my cook—man or devil, I'm not sure which. Now Silverside has hid them somewhere. I want you to find Therese, my wife, and give her a last message from me and make her claim my fortune for herself and the child. The message is that I'm sorry for the way I treated her and beg her to forgive me. The fortune comes to a couple of million-and-odd dollars."

I stared at him, too astonished to speak. Fairfax gave me a grim smile.

"Of course, doctor, you're not workin' for nothin'," said he. "You come ashore with me at Honolulu and we'll get a lawyer and draw up the business all shipshape and proper. I'll stake you for three years to make the search, and if you succeed you get a hundred thousand dollars. Then"—he gave me a grin—"you can buy your freedom from your missionary society and go settle that little account of yours in the Solomons. Do you get me, lad?"

"Not quite," I answered. "Why should you make me an offer like this when the chances are that all you need to do to find your wife and child is to advertise or offer a small reward?"

He shook his shaggy head. "Therese hates me as the devil hates holy water," said he. "She'll need some persuadin'. Then there's a man that hates me still worse, if that's possible, and will do his best to keep her from takin' a cent of my money. Besides this, only for your father I'd be outward bound with a blacker sin on my soul than it has got now, and that's sayin' a lot." Again the grim smile, but there was with it a suggestion of terror in the gray, bloodshot eyes, and I guessed that Fairfax was one of those hard, ruthless folk who are yet never quite able to escape the influence of early religious teachings. "I owe a lot to your father's memory, lad," said he, "so don't try to hinder me from makin' it up a little if I can. Finding Therese won't be so hard. Your work comes in persuadin' her to take my fortune for herself and the little girl."

"How would you go about finding her?" I asked. "The Pacific is a big place. Besides, she may not be there."

"Little fear of that. She loved that island life and hated her own country. But there are two men in the Pacific who can tell you where to find her if you can make 'em do it. One is a Chinese comprador at Suva, on Viti Levu in the Fijis. Calls himself Von Bulow out of compliment to his German customers. He gets contracts from the German navy for coal and boats and boiler-tubes and divin' jobs and the like. Von Bulow is the Pacific almanac; knows everything. The other man is Silverside." Fairfax's voice changed a little in key. "No doubt of his knowin' where they are, but he'd be the last to tell you. There's a way of makin' him, though, if you could get a chance to use it."

"What's that?" I asked.

"Torture," said Fairfax grimly.

"Torture!" I echoed, and gave him a quick look to see if he were in earnest. There was no mistaking the cold glare of the bloodshot eyes and the expression of the ruthless mouth. "What do you take me for," I demanded—"a Spanish inquisitor?"

He shrugged. "It wouldn't take much," he said. "When it comes to gettin' hurt a bit the man's not got the sand of a jackrabbit. A few licks of a rope's end would make him sell his own sister into slavery. But of course I don't ask even that of you. As for Von Bulow, he might tell you something if you made it worth his while.

I leave that to you. Anyhow, there's the offer. Three years found with a schooner to make your search, and a hundred thousand to you when my fortune is made over to my heirs. Is it a go?"

I was silent for a moment, then said:

"But look here, captain, you can't be sure that you won't last for a good many years ——"

"Yes, I can," he interrupted harshly. "Three months is my outside limit. I'm goin' fast. Attacks come oftener and any one may finish me. Besides, there's all the expert testimony. Come now, what d'ye say? Is it a go?"

But I had still a question, and asked:

"What if your wife claims the fortune of her own accord without my finding her?"

"You get your hundred thou' just the same; but it has got to be within three years. If my heirs don't claim it in that time it goes differently. We'll draw up the papers in Honolulu. You've got the whole day there. Then you will go on to Apia and wait there for Captain Billy Connor of the schooner Favorite. I'll send him a cable. He's the man that went to look for 'em at the old place. You'll charter his vessel. How about it—yes or no?"

"Yes," I answered slowly, and he stretched out to me his big but wasted hand.

II

IT MAY seem strange, considering the stress that I have laid upon my sense of obligation to the society, that I should have been so ready to accept Captain Fairfax's offer to carry out his behests, especially as I knew nothing about the man beyond what he himself had told me. For all I knew his fortune might be far less than the figures he had given, and as for the wife and daughter whom he had deserted there was no assurance that after the fifteen years that had elapsed since he left them they were still alive or to be found in the isles of the Pacific. According to Fairfax himself they had disappeared, leaving no trace, and the quest seemed at first glance both hopeless and futile.

Then why did I agree to undertake it? There were several reasons. In the first place I had formed the idea of making the society cobeneficiary in case of my success. Half of the big premium offered by Fairfax, in case I should find his wife and daughter, was to go to the society, and this I decided would much more than pay off all personal obligation of my own. Secondly, I believed that Fairfax was telling the truth as he had stated his case. He knew that he was a dying man and there seemed absolutely no reason to suppose that he was lying. And thirdly, it had occurred to me that the time spent in the search, even though the latter were to fail, would be of infinite value as an experience and as a means of gaining fuller knowledge of the character of work ahead of me.

I remembered a tale my father had once told me which exactly coincided with Fairfax's story of how he had been coerced into marriage. My father had mentioned no names; but according to the dim account, as I remembered it, he had met with a trader who had practically kidnaped a beautiful young French girl, scarcely more than a child, from a Catholic mission school in Tahiti. My father had urged that he be permitted to perform the marriage ceremony. The trader had ridiculed the idea, but finally offered to consent if the missionary was able to thrash him in a fist fight. My father had agreed, then stripped, and pounded his adversary into a pulp, after which he had dragged him half senseless before the proper witnesses and made the union binding in the sight of God and man. Such was my father, "the Reverend Captain Jack," as he was called in Polynesia. And it seemed to me that as his son and one destined to carry on his work I was in a manner bound to carry out the last chapter of the story.

Captain Fairfax did not leave his bunk for two days nor did he send for me, but the day before reaching Honolulu he came on deck looking very far gone and joined me where I stood by the rail.

"I was beginning to be afraid that our deal might fall through," said he in a gruff though quavering voice. "What would you have done if I hadn't lasted to sign articles?"

"Gone ahead with my work," I answered. "But I should have been always on the lookout for your wife and daughter, and I should have run down to Fiji to talk to Von Bulow."

He gave me a pat on the arm. "Good lad," he muttered. "After all, there's a certain amount of good in missionaries, though I never expected to admit it. The breed seemed to improve with your dad. As soon as they started to send out real men things changed a heap." He hooked his arm into mine. "Let's go for'ard and watch this dude of a mate get his hatches off and lay out his gear."

We strolled forward and leaned over the rail under the bridge. Below us the hands were stripping the tarpaulins off the hatches and the donkeyman was trying the winch. It was hot, and two or three stokers who had just come up from the fireroom were standing by the rail, the bosoms of their flannel shirts open to the draught from the port bow. As Captain Fairfax started to make some remark one of them turned and shot an upward glance over his shoulder. I happened to be looking at the man, wondering how one of his meager frame could support the physical strain of stoking, when I heard a gasping gurgle beside me. I turned to see Fairfax shove himself back at arm's length from the rail. The next instant his body swayed to the side, and I barely managed to catch him in time to keep him from crashing on the deck.

With the aid of two passengers and a deck steward I got him to his bunk, when the ship's doctor, whose patient he had been during the voyage, took him in charge and proceeded to inject strychnine. Fairfax was still unconscious and breathing stertorously when I went out, but he recovered consciousness soon after. That evening just before dinner he sent for me.

"A nasty attack of the heart," said he. "The medico in San Francisco told me I might go out in any one of those."

"You can't tell," I answered. "Perhaps the change of climate may buck you up. At any rate you look better now than I have seen you look so far."

He did not appear to have noticed my remark. Presently he said:

"Lad, did you notice that big bony stoker standing by the door of the firemen's forecastle?"

"Yes," I answered. "What about him?"

"Tell me, now, did he have his shirt on or off? I could not see well, my head being a bit confused."

"His shirt was on," said I, wondering what he was driving at.

"Naturally," Fairfax assented. "On this virtuous line the stokers are not permitted to appear in sight of passengers without their shirts. It was just my fancy. His hair was white, was it not?"

"No, captain," I answered, suspecting his mind of rambling a bit. "The man's hair was black and stubbly, as if the clippers had been run over it within the fortnight."

His expression showed relief and he nodded his head weakly.

"There," said he, "I have taken to seein' things again. That's the drink. The same thing happened ten days ago in 'Frisco. I was thinkin' of an old enemy—a man that has reason to hate me—and I looked up from the bed where I was lying and saw his face staring at me through the transom over the door. The shock was too much for this rotten heart of mine and I fainted then just like today. Now this stoker—how old might he be?"

"Oh, about thirty," I answered; "maybe thirty-five. To tell the truth, captain, I didn't notice him particularly—I was too busy with you."

He nodded. "It's the rum," said he. "I've been hittin' it too strong these last weeks. The man had scrubby black hair, you say?" He gave his harsh but gurgling laugh. "Yes, I'm seein' things. All right, lad; we'll be in tomorrow at daylight and I guess I'll last to get our business settled."

I left him shortly afterward and did not see him again until the following morning, when he sent for me early and gave me a note to take to the bank, telling me to come afterward to the hotel. These directions I carried out, going first to the bank and then to the hotel, where I found Fairfax in bed and attended by a local physician. Shortly afterward a gentleman, who was the leading lawyer of Honolulu, came in accompanied by one of the directors of the bank. It appeared that Fairfax had previously transferred a considerable bulk of his big fortune to Honolulu. Everything being in order the lawyer proceeded to draw up his will, a simple matter, as the whole of the estate was left to the wife and daughter. In it the provision was made for my search and for the hundred thousand dollars to be paid me upon my discovery of the two women. In the event of failure this will was to be destroyed in favor of a previous one in the hands of solicitors in San Francisco.

After the drawing up of the will I shook hands with Fairfax and went with the official to the bank, where I was paid in cash the first year's allowance, which, by the way, was doubly adequate for the purpose. This done I called on one of the most influential members of the society, who was, as I have said, a sugar planter of Honolulu, and told him exactly what I had done. He was a genial old gentleman whose acquaintance I had previously made, and when he had recovered from the shock of my somewhat unusual story he agreed with me that I had acted properly.

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Up the Side Came a Portly Chinaman Dressed as if for a Banquet

ADVENTURES IN BUSINESS

THE MAN WHO WORKED WITHOUT SIGNALS

By Edward Mott Woolley

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. MITCHELL

"We Settled the Difficulty by Tossing a Coin"

WHEN I arrived at the age of twenty-one I came into possession of six thousand dollars, this being the accumulation of a trust fund which an uncle, long dead, had been foolish enough to create for my benefit.

"Now I do not mean to disparage that very excellent thing, capital; but money capital is worse than useless without the right sort of brains back of it. At twenty-one I had no brains worth mentioning, though I had worked my way nearly through college. Do not misunderstand me. I believe in college with all my heart, but college brains and business brains are not necessarily synonymous. And at twenty-one I went into business.

"That trust fund of itself was all right. I was ten years old when my uncle created it, and he was wise in directing that it be left untouched until I attained my majority. I didn't need it, and I demonstrated my ability to get an education without it. I had a good home and my people enjoyed a modest income; so we were able to look ahead to the six thousand dollars that was to come in the month of January, 1898. Ah, that six thousand dollars! It was to start me off in business with flying colors.

"The trust fund, I say, was all right; but, instead of paying it to me at the age of twenty-one, the trustees should have had the power to hold it until I could demonstrate to a committee of successful merchants that I wouldn't throw the entire wad into the first hole I saw.

"I have a little girl at home, three years old. Last week I happened to get her a ruby ring. The first day she had it she chucked it through a crack in the fence. 'There was a nice hole in the fence,' she explained afterward, 'and I wanted to see if it'd go through.' I went out and tried to find the hole, but couldn't locate it. That's the way it is in business. The holes are easy to see in advance, but there's no use wasting time looking for them afterward."

Sessions With the Credit Men

"I DO not believe in pessimism; I do not believe in narratives that merely relate troubles and failures. If I had been a final failure I shouldn't worry you with my story; but if you choose to listen while I tell you about that six thousand dollars perhaps you'll be in a better mental state to hear my subsequent history.

"I knew a young chap who had worked in a drygoods store in my home town, a place of twenty-five thousand people. He declared that he knew the drygoods business forward and backward. On six thousand dollars, he told me, we could clean up four thousand dollars easily the first year; for, of course, we could get a good credit line that would be like so much additional capital. Two thousand dollars for each of us wouldn't be bad. I could do the financiering while he looked after the selling. He had no money himself, but his knowledge would offset my capital.

"I quit college five months before I was to have graduated. I couldn't delay my flying start in life. My drygoods friend thought we had better gobble the opportunity. We formed a partnership and our sign was something like this: Smartman & Cash. At least we'll call it that here. We'll assume that my own name is Harry Cash, which it isn't. I might say that our first problem concerned the sequence of names in the firm. We settled the difficulty by tossing a coin. I lost; whereupon my partner comforted me by observing that business was all a toss-up anyhow. Well, I want to say, from the viewpoint of my present knowledge, that the man who goes into business on this theory deserves failure; he is pretty certain, moreover, to see his dime come down tail up.

"The first thing we did, after renting the store at a hundred dollars a month, was to run up to the metropolis to see about credit. This, Smartman said, was mighty important. A good credit line, he opined, was the bulwark of business. And of course, since we had only six thousand dollars, it would be necessary to buy goods mostly on time—until we got nicely started.

"'You come along with me, Harry,' he advised. 'It'll be a good thing for both of us to know the credit men up in the city. Those chaps can make us or break us.'

"The first credit man we saw was a 'sad-faced dub,' as Smartman expressed it afterward. He didn't agree with my partner's argument that on a capital of six thousand dollars we should be entitled to a credit line of five thousand at least. He offered us a thousand—provided, of course, he found us satisfactory upon careful inquiry.

"Smartman elevated his nostrils, sniffed a few times and strode out; I followed, rather crestfallen. 'We'll never buy a dollar's worth of goods from this house!' said my partner. If we had, things might have been different.

"The next wholesaler we tried seemed a little keener for our trade, and came up to twenty-five hundred; but Smartman declared this to be absurd. Out we went.

"Well, you know there are all kinds of wholesale management; and if a retailer doesn't get discouraged in the search, he is quite likely to find a house that will sell him—on credit—three times the goods he ought to have. I've known a lot of business men who failed because somebody insisted on selling them too many goods at sixty or ninety days, and I've really known instances where the banks broke up promising houses by saddling them down voluntarily with loans that shouldn't have been dreamt of.

"So, whatever business a man may be in, he should watch out for those credit fellows. Don't make the mistake of believing that the credit man, just because he happens to be holding that job, has a mortgage on all the credit wisdom in America. I used to think that credit men wore halos. Some of them undoubtedly do; there are brainy chaps among them who do more than anybody else to put young business men on their feet; but there's another kind, and if you hunt round in the débris of a business wreck you'll usually find a halo that has slipped off the credit man's pate.

"Smartman and I found a wholesale house that gave us a five-thousand-dollar line—that is, it sold us goods up to that amount on time. It was a new wholesale house, you see, and it meant to get trade. We were good, lively young men; Smartman was a splendid salesman; the town was ripe for an enterprising store. These facts comprised the gist of the reports made on us—and the facts were all true. We did have, in very truth, a splendid opportunity. There was only one thing we lacked, and unhappily that thing did not appear in the inquiry set on foot by this metropolitan credit man. Can you guess what that one missing factor was? No, it wasn't a matter of capital at all. I'll prove that to you in a few minutes. The thing that ailed us was this: We didn't know how!

"I've studied the lists of business troubles in the newspapers often, and whenever I come to the explanation 'insufficient capital' I take a mental exception. Of course I know there are instances where this cause is the true one, but usually it's just a comfortable coat to put on. It's very becoming to a man who has smashed up in business. I wore it myself with distinction.

"However, I'm getting ahead of my yarn. Smartman and I now had eleven thousand dollars at our command. That was pretty good for two young drygoods merchants who had only six thousand a few days before—wasn't it? Our trip to the metropolis had been a fine adventure, Smartman declared.

"Incidentally we had bought our fixtures. We went rather light on that item, for we were lucky enough to get on the track of some second-hand counters and shelves that we bought for a thousand dollars, half cash. Two young men had started a drygoods business and gone broke, you see. I was sorry for them, and their experience made me a bit timid for a day or so; but Smartman knew drygoods from A to Z, and then some. I had faith in him.

"We bought goods to the extent of nine thousand dollars, using four thousand dollars of our capital and our credit for the rest. These goods made quite a show and our grand opening went off with some éclat and quite a little cash. We hired six clerks, and even then we had trouble taking care of the rush. Smartman worked like a horse. As for me, I did not know chiffon from taffeta. You see, I was to be financier and business manager. I sat at a roller-top desk in the rear of the store, or if a customer chanced to catch me away from the desk I clapped my hands loudly for a clerk—and hid my confusion under an affable pretext that the telephone wanted me.

"Our first month's sales came very close to our expectations. In order to earn four thousand dollars net, Smartman had explained, we should have to turn over our stock so as to sell twenty-seven thousand dollars' worth of goods over our counters. This would require a monthly average of twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars—retail sales. With our brisk start the thing looked easy enough."

The Handicap of Inexperience

"THE second month, however, sales slumped. We sold only fifteen hundred dollars' worth. However, Smartman thought we might as well draw our full salaries as usual. Since we meant to earn a total profit of four thousand dollars in the year, we had agreed to take out a hundred and sixty dollars a month apiece.

"Now this is not like the ordinary partnership story. Smartman wasn't crooked; on the contrary, he was one of the straightest chaps I ever knew. He was a thoroughly capable man, too, in everything except the art of financing a business. On this subject he had almost no information, notwithstanding the fact that he had worked in a successful store for six years. Men often work for a business half their lives and imagine they know the game, when in reality they have remained in the C class and never had even an examination. As for me, I knew nothing about goods or finance.

"The House of Harry Cash Was Staking Its Very Future on the Common People"

"If I were to ask the average unsuccessful business man to name a few financiers he would instantly cite J. Pierpont Morgan and perhaps Henry Clews. It would never occur to him that financiering came any closer to himself. A big mistake these unsuccessful men make is to imagine finance a black art, practiced only by a few groups of men who run a sort of giant sleight-of-hand show made up of banks.

"Yet the financing of a business—whether it occupies ten floors or one—is the keel upon which it must float. It is simply the arithmetic that paves the way to the selling end of the game.

"The problems we were now up against were in reality easy; but even addition is hard for an infant. We could have done pretty much what we set out to do if we had known how. We did not know what our normal expense ought to be; we did not know where to limit our clerk hire, or our advertising, or our credit to customers. Our sense of proportion was absolutely untrained.

"Sales fluctuated; but, as a whole, they did very well. The trouble all seemed to lie in that confounded outgo. The second month, on the strength of our splendid start, I bought a second-hand motor boat for my personal use; It cost me all my first month's income. Now I put it up for sale, telling my girl the engine was not up to standard. We had a few rides anyhow.

"Along toward summer, sales fell off fearfully—at the very worst time; for we now had no reserve to fall back on. About that time I did my great and only piece of financiering—I negotiated a loan of a thousand dollars from a rich farmer who liked to help rising young men along. The bank, however, would not loan us anything.

"Smartman and I now chopped off our own wages absolutely. I lived at home on the bounty of my folks, while he sent his wife and three children away on a nice long visit and ran a bill for his own board.

"The only thing to do, Smartman said, was to sell more goods—and sell 'em quick! True, it was an off time of year; but we had to advertise big. He wrote the ads after I had made a horrible mess of it. Of course I was learning the difference between cloth and washgoods, and that sort of thing; but I was not yet an expert in the literature of drygoods.

"Our campaign created a sensation and we did sell more goods, but the people who bought them wanted a few months' time mostly. They would have money, they said, when the farmers sold their crops.

"Until late in the fall we stood off our creditors, and by that time sales had swung back to normal and above. Twice we went away over our monthly mark and we thought perhaps we could pull through.

"The illusion was brief. After a horrible fortnight we were forced to assign."

Failures That Spelled Success

"IN OUR nine months we had sold more than twenty thousand dollars' worth of goods; so you see we had maintained our average. Our legitimate expenses in that time, including advertising, should not have exceeded four thousand dollars. Our gross profits were about seven thousand. Therefore in our nine months we should have cleared close to three thousand dollars.

"In reality we had spent over eight thousand dollars, including three thousand dollars for advertising that was largely unpaid for. Our stock had to be sacrificed at fifty cents on the dollar. We had thirty-five hundred dollars out in bad accounts, and our fixtures were now junk. We had swept away close to ten thousand dollars.

"In humiliation I went to another town and found a job clerking in a drygoods store, for by this time I was half competent. I earned seven dollars a week until the following spring, when I suddenly made up my mind to finish my college course. At the university I played trombone in an orchestra and made money enough to skimp me through. Then I went down to New York, and after being butted about for several months I landed a job in the accounting department of a big retail store. My work was the compiling of statistics and percentages that came in from the various divisions of the business.

"At the beginning this looked like a dull, laborious job; but before I had been at it a day I began to see some astonishing things. At the end of a week I had discovered the key to success!

"If an unsuccessful man believes he has the inherent ability to change failure into success his first step should be to find out why he failed. Let him brush aside all sophistries like lack of capital and competition and get down to cold-blooded facts.

"Even granting that large capital is often necessary for a given business, it does not follow that the unsuccessful man back of that business must be a failure for the rest of his life.

"I have known a great many men who have gone into business, failed, and then retired with a crushed spirit to a bookkeeper's stool or an aisle back of a counter. There they have stayed while their whiskers grew white. Now I do not mean to say that all these men had within them the germs that could have grown into success. I am sure, however, that some of them might have emerged from their seclusion—just as I did!

"Yet right here let me voice a caution. It was not the fighting spirit alone that saved me from an underling's fate. Men may fight for success, but if they fight with mere brute strength the world is likely to get them down on their backs. The business fighter, to succeed, must fight like a general. He must map his roads and watch his signals.

"He Didn't Agree That We Should be Entitled to a Credit Line of Five Thousand"

"So in that New York store's statistics I read the cause of my failure. As financier of the firm of Smartman & Cash I had financed everything wrong. I had worked absolutely without maps or signals.

"You'll understand presently what it was I discovered in those New York statistics. At the end of six months I quit my job and took a train to my home town—the town where I had squandered my six thousand dollars. I was consumed with a purpose. I meant to go into business again and show those people what there was in me. I was sure the opportunity lay there, and now I believed in myself.

"After paying off some personal debts incurred during my final months in college I had a hundred and two dollars in my pocket. The receiver for Smartman & Cash had finished his work, and his report showed a deficit of four thousand dollars. This debt stared me in the face, but I stared back at it. The man who means to pay his debts does not run away when he sees the collector.

"I spent three or four days looking round, then I found a tiny store in a somewhat dilapidated frame building that was located in a populous but cheaper part of the city. The town was a textile center and the mills employed thousands of women and girls. For my first month's rent I paid eighteen dollars—cash.

"Next day I ran up to the metropolis to buy goods. Ah! I see you are laughing. Well, I am not joking. The things some men think incredible other men achieve.

"This time I wasted not a minute hunting up credit men. I went straight to a source of supply I well knew. You see, I had been mapping this thing out in my mind for weeks. I knew my home town like a book and I had learned New York pretty well.

"I bought seventy dollars' worth of women's white cotton stockings, getting a slightly damaged lot in unusual quality at seventy cents a dozen. Thus there were twelve hundred pairs, costing me less than six cents a pair. I paid spot cash and got five per cent discount.

"That night I went home, but I cut out the Pullman and sat up in a day coach. At breakfast I said to my mother: 'I'm going to do this thing alone, so here's five dollars for a week's board.' She protested, but I walked out and left the money. I now had less than four dollars in my pocket.

"During the two days that followed I fixed up my little store with my own hands. It was in sad need of paint, but I let it go with a scrubbing. I borrowed half a dozen sawhorses and some boards, and thus laid out my counters. Then I bought a piece of canvas and painted upon it in big black letters: Mammoth Slaughter in Women's White Stockings—This Sale Will Last One Day Only! This announcement I tied over the front of my store and hung a fifty-cent American flag across the sidewalk.

"My goods came before I was through with these preparations. I had just money enough to pay the freight and cartage, and when I opened for business at six o'clock on a Saturday morning I was even with the world—except for that old debt of four thousand dollars.

"I had not done this thing blindly. I had learned during my previous venture that the mill women and girls of my town had an uncontrollable love for white stockings. Once, when we had a damaged lot on sale at ten cents, these factory women came near swamping us; but the firm of Smartman & Cash had not looked for trade of that class, and we never repeated the experiment. Now, however, the house of Harry Cash was staking its very future on this patronage and on the common people."

A Little Trader

"YOU see, a lot of business men fail because they get their heads above the clouds and lose sight of the earth. They can't see the signals the people are giving them. Opportunity makes frantic signs every day in the year.

"Well, sir, before the sun went down on that wonderful Saturday I had sold every last one of those stockings at ten cents a pair. On an investment of seventy dollars I had cleaned up just fifty.

"My capital was now a hundred and twenty dollars. Sunday night I went back to New York, and Monday I bought white cotton gloves, gaudy silk handkerchiefs, cheap shawls, and the like. For several days my store remained closed; but when the goods arrived I put the prices down, and for the second time I sold out in a day, netting fifty-five dollars. My expenses were almost nothing.

"In New York I had selected a third and fourth lot of goods—to be sent when I wired for them. At the start I asked for no credit. By noon of my second sale I telegraphed for the third lot, with a request to rush them. I sent the currency that night by express to pay for the goods, for I had no bank account and the hour was too late to get a draft or a post-office order.

"You can guess, however, that I opened a checking account very soon. I got my goods coming regularly, so my store remained on the job six days a week. I cleared out the sawhorses and boards, and hired a carpenter to build me something that looked more like fixtures. I spent a night painting. Then I hired a youth to help me.

"I did all this before my old creditors in New York got wind of the fact that I was making money. The biggest creditor was himself in the hands of a receiver. I wrote to this house—and to all of them—and put the proposition squarely: if they would let me alone I would pay every cent, with interest. They did let me alone.

"That first year I cleaned up—net profits—more than a hundred dollars a week. By the end of the second year I had paid off the old debt and had four thousand dollars in the bank. In five years I was worth ten thousand dollars, notwithstanding I had married and spent a good deal of money. My little store had expanded and was jammed full of goods from floor to ceiling. I had a dozen clerks.

"However, after all, I was not doing the sort of business I meant to do. My store on the cheap street was only a stepping-stone. I had plans for vastly bigger things than

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The New Community Skyscraper

Landlord Versus Tenant—By James H. Collins

WHEN old Peter Minuit bought Manhattan Island for sixty guilders in 1626 he started at least two developments that are important to the New Yorkers of today. One was a real-estate development. The island is now assessed at more than four billion dollars. Well might Bill Nye reproachfully ask his ancestors: "Where were you when New York was selling for twenty-four dollars?"

The other development was a building curve.

Old Peter no more suspected there was a curve hidden in his real-estate purchase than he foresaw its wonderful growth in value; but the germ was there, nevertheless, in the one-story huts built by the lazy squatters who had come ahead of him, and it has been carefully laid bare by the engineering expert in tall buildings and calculated to a nicety.

The engineer begins with the one-story hut and follows the growth of New York's population and building, its land values, taxes, rents and similar factors. There came a time when two-story structures were the logical thing for lower New York; and then three-story, and so on until, along about 1880, this building curve, climbing up in its orderly, statistical way, had reached the nine-story mark—that is, the nine-story commercial building had then become necessary by reason of business development and the preference of business concerns for a few favored streets at the lower end of the island. It was the structure best adapted to earn the revenue to meet land values and taxes. It could find tenants and at the same time not draw unduly upon other buildings.

Buildings had already been developed to meet the demands of the climbing curve. For nearly ten years visitors to New York had marveled at several office structures of nine and ten stories; but these were in no sense skyscrapers, despite their height. Old-fashioned masonry construction had simply been carried up to those heights. As all the weight rested on the walls and the latter had to be made stronger and stronger with each added story, the possibilities had been pretty nearly reached. It was clear that the ultimate building of this type would be one of perhaps twelve or fifteen stories, with nothing but massive buttresses of stone and brick on the desirable ground floor.

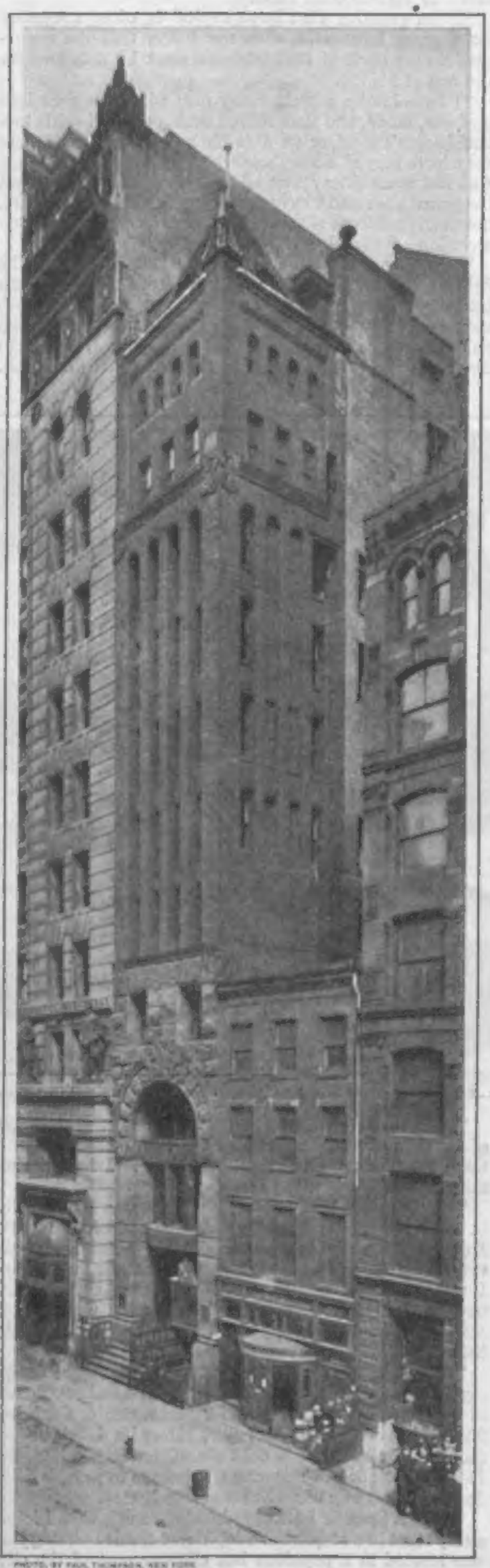
Then the steel-skeleton building was evolved—the real skyscraper, with its weight distributed on the foundations through its cage of metal girders; and its walls were mere screens against the wind and weather.

The Curves of Old New York

THE first genuine skyscraper in New York was the little old Tower Building of eleven stories, at 50 Broadway, planned in 1888 and erected in 1889. In its day it was a highly sensational experiment, carried out by a courageous landlord and an ingenious architect in the face of public skepticism and fear. Chicago claims priority in this type of construction; but, even if Chicago were really first, self-centered New York had heard nothing about it. Success followed. The Tower Building not only went up, but stayed up in spite of predictions that it would either fall down or blow over. Its eleven stories gave marvelous areas of rentable space for that day. It outran the building curve of 1890 by two stories. More than this, it nearly anticipated the curve of 1912. For the latter, figured on the original basis, only justifies a twelve-story building. There are engineers who maintain that the curve is right and the taller buildings wrong; and that, from the purely business standpoint of getting good tenants and making property pay, twelve stories is the proper height for a business building in New York at the present time.

This first skyscraper, however, shattered the harmonies of the building curve and set up a competition among landlords that has continued ever since. Today the situation is acute.

As the city grew on its narrow slip of land, with water on three sides and insufficient transportation facilities to the north, the demand for offices, stores and lofts became so great that New York real estate became a symbol for everything that was stable and profitable. Solid old families who possessed New York real estate became America's social leaders in the days before our great industrial fortunes were piled up. Stories of the increase in value of New York real estate were on every hand and read like romance. A benevolent old gentleman made his will, leaving in trust several acres of what were then outlying farm lands far uptown as the basis for a charitable



New York's First Skyscraper, Erected in 1889

institution of his own devising. In a generation or two the revenues from those fields so far exceeded the utmost needs of his charity that the trustees could not spend them.

The New York landlord became an autocrat. You took his store or office space on his terms. You took it on a long lease. You assumed most of the risks of fluctuation in taxes. His building had been a fine family mansion originally; then a boarding house; then it was converted into offices and stores, and finally turned into lofts for light manufacturing. The rooms were dark, poorly ventilated, inconvenient in arrangement. Many modern conveniences were installed grudgingly, and repairs were usually such as would comply only with the building laws. When the lease expired you tried to make some sort of bargain for repairs and alterations, but in the end you signed practically the same lease, making repairs yourself, or moved into the same kind of quarters elsewhere owned by the same type of landlord. That was the penalty for doing business in downtown New York, people said. Building could not possibly keep pace with growth. Inconveniences were accepted as something due to an inflexible natural law.

The New York landlord became an absentee. Untainted by vulgar commercialism, he drew his income from his property, managed by agents or trustees, and spent his time chiefly at his London residence. His wife and daughters sought European marriages, and drew back with a shudder from contact with the unspeakable new wealth that the captain of industry had made with his own hands. Absenteeism put repairs, alterations and improvements farther off than ever. Your dealings as a tenant were with a dry legal representative, who stuck to the strict technicalities and referred demands for concessions to his distant and noble principals. At least he would promise to refer them. At the same time he considered it rash and hopeless even to think of anything in that line. If an improvement committee undertook to bring about better conditions in a given locality it found the absentee landlord blocking the way. If a neighborhood nuisance became intolerable efforts to mitigate it would bring the investigators to some unemotional representative of the absentee landlord, and there the matter hung—the intolerable had to be tolerated.

Landlords Who Have Had Their Day

WITHIN the past two years new electric lamps have come widely into use in New York, giving better light for half the current. In many places, however, the observing central station man will still find New Yorkers clinging to costly old style lamps.

"Yes, we know the new lamps would give us more light and cut down the bills—sure!" says the tenant; "but we get our current from our landlord. If we cut down the bills the agent would raise the rent."

The absentee landlord, through his lawyer, is making the electric current with a little plant—perhaps ten years old—in the basement. Each year the general public is provided with more modern devices. Each year the landlord's little plant grows more antiquated and hopeless; but he is a New York landlord and persists in running his footrace with modern progress, even if he has to win on a foul; and this is something quite typical of him at his worst.

The modern skyscraper, however, backed by modern subway transportation, has changed all that. Today the absentee landlord's throne is toppling, his income shrinking, his tenants deserting him, and his agents and trustees running about in a panic. Absenteeism and autocracy no longer pay, even in crowded New York; for modern methods have been applied in this field as in every other, and nowadays the landlord must give his tenants genuine service for rent.

About the time the first subway was projected for New York steel-skeleton construction was being extended to "loft" buildings. These are structures for light manufacturing, single floors or parts of floors being leased to tenants. Rather more than half of New York's industrial output is in the light-manufactures class and more than a quarter in the textile and clothing trades.

It was proposed to run the first subway under Broadway. That would tap the financial and office district at the lower end of the island, and traverse what was then the great loft-building section, along Broadway and its side streets between City Hall and Union Square. The Broadway landlords, however, blocked this project. They objected to the disturbance necessary in digging the subway. Their influence changed the route. The line was run to the east up streets little used and forgotten for the time being. Indeed, for several years after the subway actually began operations, nobody seemed to be aware that a mighty power for change was working silently under the streets.

By-and-by, however, the real-estate men woke up to the fact that, though light manufacturing and wholesale trades were crowded together in the loft buildings along Broadway, there was the best transportation system in New York running under Fourth Avenue—a wider street, more accessible to the hotel population and with moderate

land values. Fourth Avenue was then given up to old-fashioned buildings of four or five stories, occupied by dealers in antiques and second-hand goods.

The real-estate men went into Fourth Avenue with a rush. Sites were bought up in one of the most exciting realty skirmishes of recent years. Modern steel loft buildings of fifteen and twenty stories went up with the speed of present-day construction, and as fast as they were ready the real-estate men filled them with manufacturers and wholesale merchants from the buildings of the landlords in Broadway who had opposed and turned aside the subway. Important trades were moved almost bodily and new centers set up for them—an illustration of the community idea in skyscrapers. In two years Fourth Avenue became one of the most important uptown business streets. This practical demonstration of the power of rapid transit made its impression on the Broadway landlords. They have been clamoring for a subway ever since and one is now under construction. Steel construction made it possible for the cramped city of the previous generation to stretch itself vertically. Subways came later and enabled it to stretch horizontally.

The system of underground transportation for New York, now planned and under way, is so comprehensive that the old conditions are not likely to occur again. The landlord will never be the autocrat he was and the tenant will never lack service.

It is the real-estate agent who has been at the bottom of most of these improvements. With his knowledge of property and tendencies the present-day agent usually begins by settling upon the site for a loft or office skyscraper. Then he selects his tenants—not individually at first, but by the general classes he believes will find it convenient to do business in that locality. Capital is interested and the land purchased. He has a voice in planning the building; when it is finished he undertakes the management.

In one of the obscure streets given up to old-fashioned six-story lofts little Isidor Felkinstein has built up a growing business in some clothing specialty. The neighborhood is not convenient for his customers and he has never been proud of his address. His employees are crowded together in dark, dirty rooms, with indecent accommodations. The place is a firetrap and the elevator service so poor that time is saved by walking upstairs. The agent is a family lawyer, with not the least idea in the world about the nature of Felkinstein's business. For years no improvements have been made and about the only advantage is moderate rent.

Along comes the new kind of agent, with his modern loft building planned for service to tenants. What he has to lay before Felkinstein is a straight selling proposition. For fifty cents a square foot a year he offers to put him into light, clean, airy quarters on a well-known avenue, convenient for the buyers who stop at uptown hotels. Details of fast elevator service, floor arrangement, modern plumbing and heating are shown in diagrams. The agent has an intimate knowledge of Isidor's business, his trade conditions, his customers, his employees, his seasons; for he has investigated all these matters to find out which classes of tenants can be brought into the same building and which cannot be housed together.

Felkinstein is greatly attracted by everything except the prospect of paying more rent.

"My business will not stand the expense!" Felkinstein objects.

"Mr. Felkinstein, listen to me," says the agent. "What fire insurance are you paying here? Have you any idea how the rate will drop when you move into a fine fireproof building with automatic sprinklers? Is it not true that you dream nightly about burglary? Do you not pay for burglary protection? In our building thefts are next to impossible. How much time do your employees waste in gossip out in the halls? Just examine this plan and see how we have prevented that by good arrangement of corridors and other conveniences. What will it mean to you to have your office in a locality where you are proud to invite customers? What is the word we hear everywhere in business today? Efficiency! Efficiency, Mr. Felkinstein! Think of the effect upon your employees of clean rooms, plenty of light and air, sanitary conveniences! Think what it will mean in larger production! You undoubtedly will be saving money."

In the end Isidor moves. He may take six months or a year to think it over. No matter—the work of securing tenants provides for that, because it is laid out far ahead and based on expiring leases. He moves because the attractions and advantages are actually too great to be resisted.

Isidor has been migrating in such numbers the past few years that whole new districts of skyscraper lofts are now humming with his industry.

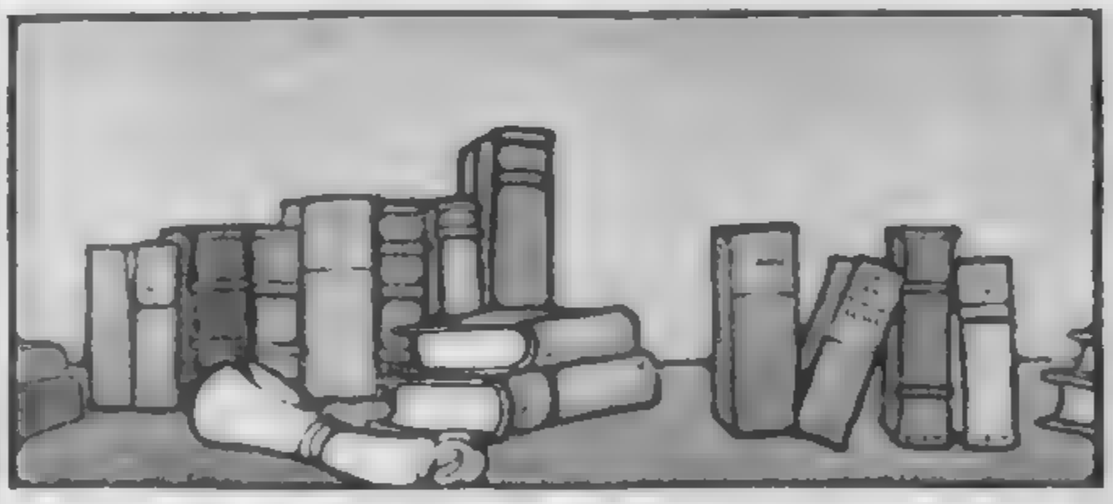
On a few city lots at the corner of an uptown block, with light and air safeguarded by the width of the street and perhaps a park, the present-day builder can erect a loft structure of fifteen to twenty stories—equivalent to a three-story building covering the entire area of a city block. This sort of building draws tenants with a decidedly irresistible force.

Hundreds of the old-fashioned loft buildings, owned by old-fashioned landlords and run by old-fashioned agents, are now empty and flecked with To Rent signs. There has been a depreciation in value of fully fifty million dollars in one restricted downtown section since the migration began, and the effect on the absentee landlords has been almost demoralizing.

With their income cut off and heavy taxes to meet, it is likely that much of this property will be sold for prices below the assessed values. In that case it will fall into the hands of the real-estate promoter, who will speculate, trade, consolidate sites and plan improvements, and eventually bring it back to prosperity by good buildings and direct management. How closely slack methods of management affect the situation is plainly shown by the contrasts to be seen within a few blocks of this partly deserted region.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last of a series of articles by James H. Collins.

Are We Governed by the Supreme Court?



By Melville Davisson Post

HE WHO has the last word governs. The statement is easy of demonstration. Who is it that governs the business in which one is employed? Is it not the man who has the last word—the man who exercises the right to review the decisions of every department below him and to sustain them or annul them?

In the ordinary affairs of life everybody understands this, for the idea is familiar and simple; and it is only when it is translated into strange terms and applied to the government that we become confused about it. It is called an ultimate act of sovereignty then, and we are told that one must be a constitutional lawyer to understand it. Discussions of it are carried on in cryptic and esoteric terms, and through vague and attenuated refinements that are little more intelligible to the average man than the argument of a German philosopher on the "fourfold root of apparent reason." But the idea behind all this nobody can confuse: those in a country who have the last word govern that country.

A good many years ago a lot of determined men, who were tired of a condition where the king had the last word, undertook an experiment. They assembled in a new country and endeavored to formulate a government in which the people would have the last word. The old conservative authorities on the science of government said that the undertaking was foolish; that a state could not be directed by popular caprice; that the will of the people was unstable and subject to strange seizures, and that there must be in every state some authority removed from the influence of the popular will which should calmly determine what was best for the public good. They maintained that governments planned along this general idea had always existed and were efficient, but to say that there should be no such authority in a state and that the will of the people should be supreme was a chimera.

The men at this work in the new country were not themselves altogether sure. They were not certain that they could incorporate this principle into a new government, but they were certain that they could no longer live under the old one. To give a single person the last word was to create the tyranny of kings. To give it to a select number of persons was to create the tyranny of aristocracies. The only safety lay in letting the people exercise this act of sovereignty themselves.

It was an exceedingly difficult problem, but these men did the best they could. They wrote out a constitution as a base for their government, and their idea in writing it was to make its provisions fixed and certain. They had seen how "the creatures of tyrannical princes had opportunity to create abundance of constructive treasons" under uncertain constitutions. They did not propose that there should be any quibbling about their intentions. They were sensible men and they wrote plainly. Then they divided the machinery of the government into three separate departments—the legislative, the executive and the judicial—each independent of the others, each complete in itself, and all so nicely balanced that no one would be superior to the other. They were desperately careful about the adjustment of this balance. They knew that if one of these departments was above the others it would take a short march only to put it in supreme command.

They had been closely touched by despotism. They were familiar with the insidious manner in which it was accustomed to develop, with the oppression that followed it and with the desperate measures that were required to dislodge it. The experience of their fathers was before them and they were haunted by the dread of a usurpation of power. They were particularly concerned lest the legislative or the executive branch should get the master hand. The one had the treasury and the other the army. These were powerful auxiliaries, and over and over again they had seen the supreme authority in a state seized through their agencies.

They were not so much concerned about the judicial department. It could neither tax the citizen nor quarter soldiers in his house, and besides that no one had ever

heard of a judicial despotism; while in the histories that they had thumbed a tyrant with an army or a tyrant with a treasury marched on every page. Nevertheless, they confined the judicial department to its own affairs, as they had done with the others.

It was a curious government when these men had finished with it: three independent departments, all equal in dignity, all sovereign under their delegated powers, but all subject to the will of the people as the ultimate sovereign.

They had got a government on its feet in which the people had the last word. If the executive overrode the Constitution the people would depose him; if the legislators overrode it the people would send others to nullify and avoid their acts. The judiciary was harmless because it was confined to administering the law as it received it, and if the law overrode the people's rights it was Congress, and not the judiciary, that must settle with the people for the outrage.

It was a great work when it was finished; but a century has passed since then and the very strangest thing has happened. That department of the government which had neither a treasury nor an army at its back has got the upper hand. It has taken the position of the supreme authority in the state. It maintains that, though the other departments must answer to the people for their acts, it need not; that these departments shall, for the most part, answer to it and not to the people; that it alone has the right to say what the Constitution means, and that its word, and not the people's, is final and inviolate. And this is the feeble department that clamored in the beginning for protection against the possible encroachments of the Congress and the executive because it commanded neither money nor guns!

The advance of the judiciary, from the humble status in which it petitioned the president of the United States to save its decisions from a revision by the Secretary of War, to the imperial position where it exercises supervision over all legislation, has been an extraordinary march. The results of this assumption of power have been new, but the method by which this power has been assumed is the very oldest in the world. It is precisely the same method by which the sovereign power in a state has in all ages been drawn under a central authority.

The Increasing Powers of the Court

IN THE struggles of little states with which all history opens, that individual who sought to augment his authority at first claimed the right through the interpretation of some grant or treaty or the construction of some Delphic utterance. There was always a pretense to the right which the usurper construed in his favor, then the seizure of the right under that construction, and finally the abandonment of any doubt that this right had always existed.

Æsop has illustrated it in a fable. There is the hesitating entry upon the threshold and then the occupation of the whole house. The early judges timidly asserted the right to annul acts of Congress as a sort of academic theory, but they spoke of it as a power of "a delicate and awful nature" and not to be exercised except in extremity, and they feared to reduce this theory to an overt act.

It was not until the case of Marbury vs. Madison that Chief Justice Marshall crossed the Rubicon. He was merely extricating the court from a political dilemma, and his decision was, in fact, a victory for Jefferson. He was the first to claim the right which his predecessors had only dared to suggest, and it was the entry into the door. The Dred Scott case followed, and after that the door stood open and the judiciary entered in and possessed the house.

The advance was now swift. From the exercise of this power in extreme necessity and in the plainest cases, the courts have come to exercise it as an ordinary right and in any case in which they may be of the opinion that the law is in conflict with such vague ideas as the "spirit of the Constitution" or the "spirit of our institutions" or the "principles of our government."

Foreign critics assert that the authority of the Supreme Court has now reached the point in the American republic where it virtually says to Congress: "You shall do nothing foolish."

Montesquieu thought that to leave the single definition of high treason indeterminate was enough to cause any government to degenerate into an arbitrary power. Could anything be more indeterminate than the real meaning of the Constitution in the light of modern constructions of it? A law passed by a state to prevent the use of a pump gun is in conflict with the Constitution, and an income tax passed by Congress to raise revenue is in conflict with it. The Constitution in its fifth and fourteenth amendments declares that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law, and through this and like gateways scores of statutes have been carted to the guillotine.

The courts decline to put a definition upon the term "due process of law" lest they be hampered by it; "but are disposed to ascertain their intent and application by the gradual process of judicial inclusion and exclusion, as the case presented for decision shall require, together with the reasoning on which such decision may be founded."

"Indeterminate," would Montesquieu say?

And under it the most absurd things have happened. A prisoner claims that his rights, guaranteed by the Constitution, have been violated because lawyers, ministers, doctors, dentists, railway engineers and firemen were not permitted to sit on the jury that tried him. The owner of a gambling house appeals to the Constitution to preserve him from the result of a suit to charge his property; and a Chinaman comes into court to say that he is deprived of his liberty, without due process of law, by a municipal ordinance that makes it unlawful to visit a barricaded house where gambling implements are exhibited.

Laws designed to tax great incomes are annulled, likewise laws designed to limit the hours of labor, and almost all that great body of the law designed to regulate by statute the charges of the public-service corporations of the country. And these statutes are decapitated, it would seem, principally because they embody "an economic theory" with which the court does not agree. It would appear that all the old limitations are now discarded; and it is difficult to understand what the new ones are, unless they be included in the broad idea that Congress shall do nothing which the Supreme Court believes to be unwise.

Mr. Justice Clifford was of the opinion that the courts were denied the right to nullify laws on the vague ground that they think them opposed to a general latent spirit supposed to pervade or underlie the Constitution, "because to concede it would be to make the courts sovereign over both the Constitution and the people and convert the government into a judicial despotism."

A contravention of the "spirit" of the Constitution is now enough to bring a statute under the ax, and Mr. Justice Clifford no longer sits on the supreme bench to tell us if his terms apply.

That the Supreme Court is composed of able, honorable, incorruptible and patriotic judges, acting always for what they believe to be the welfare of the country, are considerations beside the point. The people may every one believe that, and at the same time be of the opinion of Sir William Blackstone when he says:

"The impartial administration of justice, which secures both our persons and our properties, is the great end of civil society. But if that be entirely entrusted to the magistracy, a select body of men, and those generally selected by the prince, or those who enjoy the highest offices in the state, their decisions, in spite of their own natural integrity, will have frequently an involuntary bias toward those of their own rank and dignity. It is not to be expected from human nature that the few should be always attentive to the interests of the many."

The point is that nine men, holding their offices for life, are able to annul the will of nearly a hundred millions of people, the president of the United States and both houses of Congress.

The original idea of the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court of the United States did not include the review of legislative acts. This conclusion is established by a number of considerations. There was no precedent in the civilized world for the review of the acts of a legislative assembly by any judicial body.

Prior to the convention of 1787—and to this day—the United States is the one country presenting this anomalous condition. The English courts never claimed this right. The courts of France, Spain and Belgium have never exercised it. In England, which was the closest example before the convention, it was held that an act of Parliament was the exercise of the highest authority that the kingdom acknowledges upon earth. "It hath power to bind every subject in the land, and the dominions thereunto belonging; nay, even the king himself, if particularly named therein. And it cannot be altered, amended, dispensed with, suspended or repealed, but in the same forms and by the same authority of Parliament."

There being no precedent for this authority in the Supreme Court, it is permissible to believe that if it was the intention of the convention to convey this authority by provision of the Constitution, it would have been done in no vague expression. The English judicial system was before the convention as a model, and the writings of the great commentators upon it were familiar.

Opinions of Great Commentators

THESE great commentators had said: "If the Parliament will positively enact a thing to be done which is unreasonable, I know of no power in the ordinary forms of the constitution that is vested with authority to control it; and the examples usually alleged in support of this sense of the rule do none of them prove that, where the main object of a statute is unreasonable, the judges are at liberty to reject it, for that were to set the judicial power above that of the legislature, which would be subversive of all government."

Moreover, one of the members of the convention of 1787, when this power to annul a legislative act was undertaken by judges of a state court, said: "It would have been absurd and contrary to the practice of all the world had the Constitution vested such power in them as would have operated as an absolute negative on the proceedings of the legislature, which no judiciary ought ever to possess, and the state, instead of being governed by the representatives in general assembly, would be subject to the will of three individuals who united in their own persons the legislative and judiciary powers, which no monarch in Europe enjoys and which would be more despotic than the Roman decemvirate and equally insufferable."—Richard D. Spaight.

Again, in various states, like New York and Rhode Island, the judges had attempted to use this power and were met with great public indignation. The question in some form had been four times before the conventions, and each time rejected.

The men who sat in the convention that drafted the Constitution were direct and clear in their expressions. If they had meant to invest the judiciary with this power they would have done so by an express grant.

"The judges would not have been left to stand on the insecure and ever-shifting ground of public opinion as to constructive powers; they would have been placed on the impregnable ground of an express grant. They would not have been compelled to resort to the debates in the convention or the opinion that was generally entertained at the time.

"A constitution or a statute is supposed to contain the whole will of the body from which it emanated, and I would just as soon resort to the debates in the legislatures for the construction of an act of assembly as to the debates in the convention for the construction of the Constitution. . . . The grant of a power so extraordinary ought to appear so plain that he who should run might read. Now put the Constitution into the hands of any man of plain sense, whose mind is free from an impression on the subject, and it will be impossible to persuade him that the exercise of such a power was even contemplated by the convention."—Opinion, Eakin vs. Raub, 12 Sergeant and Rawle, 330.

There is no provision in the Constitution, either direct or by any obvious inference, that could be taken to invest the Supreme Court with this authority, and it is permissible to believe that the members of the convention never

(Concluded on Page 46)

THE SQUALL

By FANNIE HURST

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

LILLY raised the gas flame beneath the coffee-pot and poked with a large three-pronged fork at the snapping chops in the skillet. The spark-spark of frying and the purl of boiling water grew madder and merrier, and a haze of blue smoke and steam rose from the little stove.

"I don't see why you can't stay for supper, Loo."

Miss Lulu Tracy opened her arms wide—like Juliet greeting the lark—and yawned.

"What's the use stickin' round?" she said in gapey tones. "What's the use stickin' round where I ain't wanted? Charley ain't got no use for me and you know it. I'll go over to the room and wait for you."

"Well, I like that! I guess I can have who I want in my own flat; he isn't bossin' me round—let me tell you that much." But she did not urge farther.

"Oh, my feelin's ain't hurt, Lil. I jest dropped in on my way home from the store to see how things was comin' with you."

Lilly banged the little oven door shut with the toe of her shoe and, holding her brown-checked apron against her hand for protection, drained hot water from off a pan of jacketed potatoes—a billow of steam mounting to the ceiling, enveloping her.

"I've made up my mind, Loo. There's a whole lot of sense in what you've been saying—an' I'm going to do it."

"Now remember, Lil, I ain't buttin' in—I ain't the kind that butts into other people's business; but, when you come down to the store the other day and I seen how blue you was, I got to talkin' before I meant to. That's the way with me when I get to feelin' sorry for anybody, I ain't always understood."

"You're just right in everything you said. It ain't like I was a girl that wasn't used to anything. If I do say so myself there never was a more popular girl in the gloves than I was—you know what refined and genteel friends I had, Loo."

"That's what I always say—some girls could put up with this all right; but a person that had the swell time an' friends you did—to marry an' have to settle down like this—it just don't seem right! I always said, the whole time we was chumming together, you was cut out for a society life if ever a girl was. Of course I ain't saying nothing against Charley, but no fellow can expect a girl like you to stick to this."

Miss Tracy fanned herself with a folded newspaper; her large, even-featured face glisted with tiny globules of perspiration; her blond hair had lost some of its crimp.

"Nobody can say I haven't done my duty by Charley, Loo. If ever a girl had a slow time it's been me; but I have been holdin' off, hoping he might get into something else. He ain't never wanted to stick himself; but it just seems like poundin' ragtime is all he's cut out for."

"A girl's gotta have life—that's what I always say. Just because you're married ain't no sign you're an old woman; but I don't want to poke into your business. If you make up your mind just you come over tonight after he leaves, and you can bunk with me in the old room, just like we used to. Lordy, wasn't them good old times!"

"Don't be surprised to see me, Loo. I ain't never let on to Charley, but it's been in my head a long time. I'd a whole lot rather be back in the department again than watchin' these four walls—I would."

"It's a darn shame! Why, I'd go clean daffy, Lil, if I had to stick round the way you do. What's the use o' bein' married, I'd like to know!"

"It won't be so easy to get back in the department, I'm afraid."

"Easy? Why, you can get your old job back like that!" Miss Tracy snapped her fingers with gusto! "It was only yesterday that an ancient dame with a glass eye bought a pair of chamois and asked for you—and Skinny heard her too. He knows you had a good, genteel trade—and watch him grab you back! You ain't no dead one if you have been buried nearly two years."

"Ain't it so, Loo? Here I have been married going on two years! I ain't never let on even to you what I've been through. Charley's all right, but ——"

"Yes, but I could tell. You can ask any of the girls down at the store if I wasn't always sayin' it was a shame for a girl with your looks to 'a' throwed herself away."

Lilly dabbed and swabbed at the inside of a stewpan; the irises of her eyes were unnaturally large—a wisp of hair, dry and electric, drifted across her face. She blew at it, pursing out her lower lip.

"I've been a fool!" she said.

"There's Maisie—been married just as long as you; and honest, Lil, I ain't been to a dance that I ain't seen her and Buck. Of course Buck has got his faults, but when he's sober there ain't nothin' he won't do to give Maisie a swell time."

"I Always Said You Was Cut Out for a Society Life If Ever a Girl Was"

Lilly bristled. "One thing I will say for Charley—I believe in givin' everybody his dues—Charley's never laid a hand on me; and that's more'n Maisie Cloot can say!" She finished with some asperity.

"I guess there ain't none of them perfect when it comes right down to it—ain't it so? I seen Maisie the week after she had that bad eye and I never seen a sweller seal ring than she was wearin'. Buck's rough, but he tries to make up for it—not that I got anything against Charley."

Miss Tracy took a few steps that were suggestive of departure.

"I always say, Lil, it ain't so much the feller as how he treats you. It ain't none of my put in, but I'd like to see the man that could make me sit at home alone seven nights in the week—that's what I would!"

"Well, if you gotta go, Loo, you gotta go. I'm so excited like I kind o' hate to have you leave."

"There's nothin' to get excited about. It's just like you say—you've been thinkin', and now you've made up your mind. Now all you got to do is act—you got the note written, ain't you?"

Lilly took a small square of yellow paper from her blouse and passed it to her friend.

"Are you sure it reads all right, Loo?"

Miss Tracy read carefully:

Dear Charley: You do not need to come after me, as I am not coming back. I could not stand it—no girl could. Yours truly, Lil.

"Yes; that's great. So long as you ain't sore at him for no other reason, there ain't no use kickin' up. That just shows him where he stands. There ain't no use fightin'—just quit!"

Lilly slipped the bit of paper back into her blouse.

"I'll see you later," she said with new determination.

"Now don't let me influence you. Make up your mind and do what you think is best. Then don't be a quitter—when I start a thing I always see it through. Give me a girl with backbone every time. I glory in your spunk!"

"Oh, I got the spunk all right, Loo." They linked arms and went through the little bedroom into the parlor. At the door Miss Tracy lingered.

"Your flat's got the room beat by a long shot; but I always say it don't make no difference whether you live in a palace or a cottage, just so you're happy. Gimme one room and what I want, and you can have all your swell marble-entrance apartments. Ain't that right?"

"You've hit it, Loo. Take this here red parlor set—when me and Charley went down to pick it out I couldn't hardly wait till we got it up in the flat; and now just look! I can't look red plush in the face no more."

"That's the way of the world," said Loo. She sucked in her breath and cluck-clucked her tongue against the roof of her mouth.

"I'll be over about eight then—after he goes."

"All right—bring what you need and send for the other stuff. You better put in a party dress; we might get a date for tonight, for all I know. You know you always brought me luck when it come to dates. I ain't had a chum since that could bring them round like you."

"Oh, Loo! I ain't thinkin' about such things."

"Sure you ain't; but it won't hurt you to know you're livin', will it?—and to chaperon your friend?"

"No," admitted Lil.

"Well, so long! I'll see you later. Don't let on to Charley I was over. He ain't got no truck for me."

They embraced.

"Goodby for a little while, Loo."

"Goodby, dearie."

Lilly watched her friend pass down the narrow hall, then she closed the door. Left alone, she crossed to the window and leaned out well beyond the casement—a *Demoiselle* whose three lilies were despair, anger and fear. The stagnant air, savored with frying pork, weighted her down with its humidity; her brow puckered into tiny lines.

Do not, dear reader, construe this setting too lightly. The most pungent essay in all literature is devoted to the succulency of roast pig—Sappho was most lyric after she had rubbed her wine goblet with garlic-flavored ewe meat. But such kindly reflection was not Lilly's—fleshpots and life alike were unsavory.

The Nottingham lace curtains hung limp and motionless round her, and waves of heat deflected from the asphalt came up heavy as fog. Three stories beneath, Third Avenue spluttered on the griddle of a merciless August—an exhausted day was duskening into a scarcely less kind twilight; she could feel the brick wall of the building exhaling like a furnace.

It was characteristic of Lilly that, with the thermometer up in three figures and her own mental mercury well toward the top of the tube, she should strike the one note of relief in a Saharan aridness. She suggested the drip of clear water in a grotto or the inmost petals of a tight-closed rose. If her throat ached and strained to keep down the tears her neck, where the sheer white collar fell away, was cold and chaste; if anger and resentment were pounding through her veins the fresh firmness of her skin did not betray it.

She leaned her head against the window-frame and looked down with a certain remoteness upon the human caldron three stories removed. Lights were beginning to prick out wanly; the bang and clang of humanity, distant but none the less insistent, came up to her in a medley of street-car clangs, shouts and hum-hum. Children cried.

Upon a fire-escape level with her own window a child, with bare feet extended over the iron rail, slept on an improvised bed; from the interior of that same apartment came the wail of a sick infant. A woman, nude to the waist, passed to and fro before the open window, crooning to the bundle she carried in the crook of her arm. Lilly's mouth hung at the corners.

Came darkness, she passed out into the kitchen and covered the slow-cooking chops with a tin lid, lighted the gas-jet, turning the flame down into a mere bead, and resumed her watch at the front window.

Clear like a clarion, a familiar whistle ripped through the din of the street and came up to her sharp and undiverted—two clean calls and a long, quavering ritornelle. At that signal, for the year and a half of their married life, Lilly had unfailingly fluttered a white handkerchief of greeting from the three flights up. Her arm contracted reflexly, but she stayed it and stepped back into the frame of the window, leaning straight and tense against the jamb. Her pulse leaped into the hundreds as she stood there, her arms hugging her sides and her blouse rising and falling with the heave of her bosom. Her handkerchief was a tight little wad in the palm of her hand—she kneaded it.

Again the call, tearing straight and true to its destination! She remained taut as stretched elastic. There was a wondering interim—and a third time the signal split the air, sharp-questioning, insistent. Then a silence.

Lilly darted into the kitchen and stooped absorbed over the burbling coffee. A key rattled the front-room lock and she bent lower over the stove. She heard her name called sharply—a door slammed and her husband bounded into the kitchen, his face streaming perspiration and his collar like a rag about his neck.

"Hello, honey! Gee! You gimme a scare there fer a minute. I thought the heat might 'a' got you."

He gathered her in his arms, pushed back her head and looked into her reluctant eyes.

"What's the matter, hon? You ain't sick, are you?"

She wriggled herself free of his arms and turned to the stove.

"No," she said in a monotone, "I ain't sick."

He regarded her with a worried pucker between his eyes.

"Aw, come on, Lil—tell a fellow what's the matter, can't you? It ain't like you to be like this."

"Nothin'!" she insisted.

"You gimme a swell turn there fer a minute. They're droppin' like flies today—hottest day in five summers."

Silence.

"Whew!" He peeled off his coat and hung it, with his imitation Panama hat, behind the door; his pink shirt showed dark streaks of perspiration and he tugged at the rear button of his limp collar.

"Be-e-lieve me, the pianner business ain't what it's cracked up to be! There ain't a picture house in town got the Gem beat when it comes to heat. Had to take off the Flyin' Papinta act today and run in an extry picture because two of the kids give out with the heat. I've played to over twenty-five hundred feet o' films today; and be-e-lieve me, it was some stunt!"

He sluiced his face with cold water at the sink and slush-slushed his head in a roller towel, talking to Lil the while.

"I—never seen the—extry picture—they—run in to cover the—Papinta act; and before I—could keep up—with the film—I was givin' ragtime fer a funeral. You oughta heard Joe squeal!" He laughed and threw his arms affectionately across his wife's shoulder. "Eh?—ragtime fer a funeral! Fine pianner player you got fer a husband, honey!"

Given a checked suit, a slender bamboo cane and a straw Katy slightly askew, Charley might have epitomized vaudeville. He had once won a silver watch-fob for pre-eminent buck-dancing at a Coney Island informal, and could sing Oh, You Great Big Beautiful Doll! with nasal perfection.

"Yes, sirree, Lil; you got a fine pianner player fer a husband!"

She squirmed away from his touch and carried the coffee-pot to the little set-for-two table. The chops steamed from a blue-and-white plate. Her husband, unburdened with subtleties, straddled his chair and scraped up to the table; his collapsed collar, with two protruding ends of red necktie, lay on the window-sill; the pink sleeves of his shirt were rolled back to the elbow.

The meal opened in a silence broken only by the clat-clat of dishes and the wail of suffering babies.

"Poor kiddies, they ain't got a chance in a hundred. Gee! If I had the coin, wouldn't I give them a handout of fresh air and milk! I'd give every one of the durn little things a Delmonico banquet. I'd jest as soon get hit in the head as hear them kids bawl."

Suddenly he glanced up from his plate and pushed himself from the table; his wife was making breadcrumbs out of her bread.

"Say, Lil, I ain't never seen you like this before! Ain't you feeling good? Come on—tell a feller what's the matter with you!"

He rose and came round to her chair, leaning over its back and taking her cheeks between thumb and forefinger.

"Come on, Lil—what's the matter? You ain't sore at me, are you?"

"Can't a girl get tired once in a while?" she said.

"Poor little pussy!" He patted her hair and returned to his place. "Guess what I got!" groping significantly in the direction of his hip pocket. "Something you been havin' your heart set on fer a long time. Guess!"

"I dunno," she said.

"Aw, gwan, kiddo! Give a guess."

"I can't guess, Charley."

"Well, then, I'll give you three guesses."

"I dunno."

"Look—now can you?"

He showed her the top of a small, square box tied with blue cord. It bore a jeweler's mark.

"Can you guess now, Lil? It's something you been aching fer."

"Lemme alone!" she said.

He looked at her in frank surprise, slowly replacing the box in his hip pocket.

"Durned if I know what's got you!" he muttered.

"Nothing ain't got me," she insisted.

He brightened.

"Poor little girl! Never mind; next summer I'm goin' to grab that Atlantic City job I been tellin' you about. The old man said again yesterday that, jest as sure as he opens his sheet-music bazar down there next season, it's me fer the keyboard."

"His schemes don't ever turn out—I know his talk," his wife objected.

"Sure they will this time, Lil—he's got a feller to back it. He dropped in special to hear me play the Louisanner Rusticanner Rag today; an' honest, Lil, he couldn't keep his feet still! I sprung that new one on him too—the Giddy Glide—an' I had to laugh; the old man nearly jumped over the pianner—couldn't sit quiet! Just you wait, Lil. I got that job cinched—no more picture-show stuff fer me! It'll be us fer the boardwalk next summer!"

"That's jest what you said about grabbin' that Coney Island job this season!"

"I couldn't help it that they cut out the pianner at the Concession—could I? The films ain't no more fun fer me than fer you, honey."

"It's pretty lonesome for a girl sitting here alone every night. It was bad enough before you took the twelve-to-two job; but I never had no evenin's nohow."

He looked at her with wide-open eyes.

"I didn't know you were sore, Lil—on the real, I didn't! I jest took that café job fer a few weeks to help along the surprise." His hand darted to his hip pocket.

"Oh," she said, her lips curling, "I'm sick of that line of talk."

"Lil!"

There was a count-five pause—and then the old cheeriness came back into his voice.

"I'm going to cut out the café job, anyway, now that ——"

"Oh, never mind," she said indifferently. "What's it matter whether you are home at twelve or two? I ain't had no evenin's for a good long time anyhow!"

"I guess you're right. Don't I wish I had some steady clerkin' job, like Bill! But it don't seem like I am cut out fer anything but pounding ragtime—you knew that, honey, before we was ——" He stopped, reddening.

"No, I didn't! If I'd known before we was married what I know now—things might be different. How was I to know that you was goin' to be changed from matinée work to all-night shows? How was I to know you was goin' to make me put up with a life like this? When I see other girls that's married out of the department, and me, I jest wanna die! Look at Sally Lee and Jimmy—they go to vaudyville every week and to Coney Saturdays. You even kick if I wanna go over to Loo's to spend a evening!"

"I don't kick, Lil—I jest don't like to have you running round with that live wire. She ain't your style."

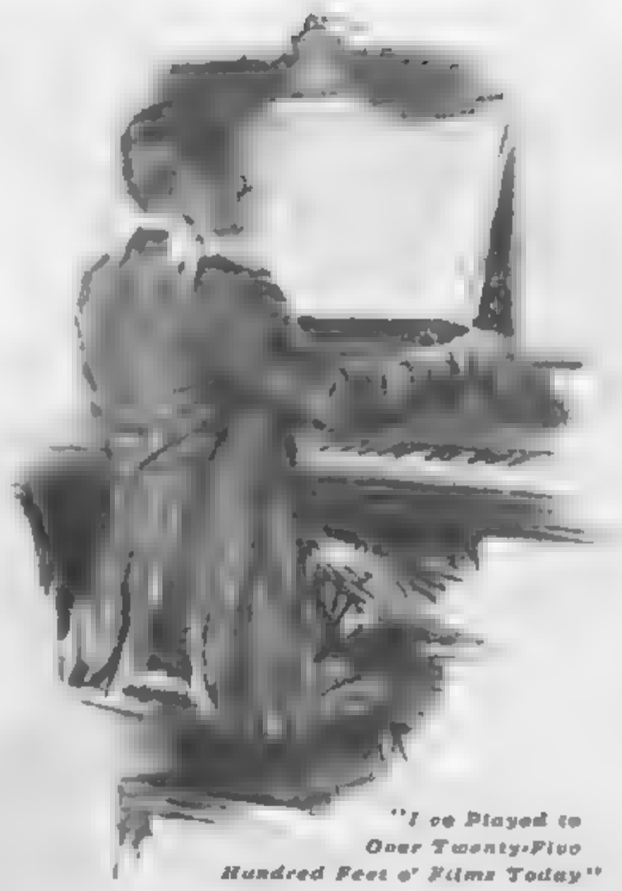
"That's right—run down my friends that I worked next to in the gloves fer four years! She was good enough fer me then. Me and her is old friends, and jest 'cause I'm married don't make me better'n her."

"I'm sorry I kicked up about it, honey. Maybe I was wrong."

"She can tell you that I had swell times when I was in the gloves—even when I was in the notions too. There wasn't a night I didn't have a bid for some dance or something."

"Well if this ain't a darn sight better'n pushing gloves at six per, I'll—I'll ——"

"I'll give you to understand, Charley Harkins, that I was making eight dollars when I married you, and everybody said that I'd 'a' been promoted to the jewelry in another year."



"I've Played to Over Twenty-Five Hundred Feet o' Films Today"

She rose, gathered a pyramid of dishes and clattered them into the dish-pan as he talked. He followed after her.

"Aw, quit your foolin', Lil, can't you? Don't treat a feller like this when he comes home at night! I'll get Shorty to take the piano next Saturday and we'll do Coney from one end to the other. We only live once anyway. Come on, Lil; be nice and see what I got fer you too."

"Don't treat me like I was a kid! When I was in the gloves I didn't think nothin' of goin' to Coney every other night, and you know it all right."

The red surged back into his face.

"Yes, you had a swell time shooting gloves! You used to tell me yourself you was ready to drop at nights."

"Ain't I ready to drop here?" she flashed back at him. "Am I any better off here doin' my work in the hottest flat on Third Avenue?"

"Things'll come out all right, honey. Come on and kiss me before I go."

She submitted to his embrace passively enough, and at his request she retied his necktie round a fresh collar for him.

"Good night, pussy! I'll come in soft so as not to wake you—there ain't goin' to be no more of this two-o'clock business. I'm goin' to cut out the café. Put a glass of milk out fer me, honey. I'm near dead when I get in."

He struggled into his coat before the little dressing-table mirror of their bedroom and, with a sly smile, slipped the blue-corded box into a top drawer.

"I got a surprise fer you, Lil—only you ain't in no mood fer it right now."

"I ain't in no humor for nothin'," she said.

"It's going to be a scorcher—you take it easy and get rid of these blues you been gettin' here lately. You ain't got no better friend than your old man or any one who wants to do more of the right thing by you."

"I'll take a car ride over to Loo's to cool off," she said apathetically.

He opened his lips to speak; instead he nodded and kissed her twice. Then he hurried out.

After he left her she sank down on the little divan of highly magnetized red plush and stared into space. Face to face with her weeks-old resolve, her courage fainted and a shudder like ague passed over her. She could hear herself wheeze in her throat; and her petal-like skin, unrelieved by moisture, was alternately hot and cold.

The low-ceiled room, dark except for a reflected slant of yellow gaslight coming in from the kitchen, closed down like an inverted bowl. She went to the window.

On the fire-escape opposite, the child still slept, one little ghost of a bare foot extending over the rail. As she watched, a woman's voice from within the apartment cried out sharply—a panicky cry, filled with terror; then a silence—more pregnant than the call itself. Lilly knew, with a dull tugging at her heartstrings, that the babe had died. Only a week before, she and Charley had seen a little life snuffed out in the apartment above and she knew the mother-cry. Charley had dressed the child and cried hot, unashamed tears; then, as now, her own eyes were dry, but her throat ached.

East Side tradition has it that every tenth year exacts the largest share of human toll—this might have been Death's Oberammergau!

Trembling, Lilly turned and groped her way into the little bedroom; drawers slid open and slammed shut, tissue paper rattled, the hasps of a trunk snapped; then came the harsh sing of water pouring from a faucet. Presently she reappeared in the doorway in a fresh white blouse and a dark blue skirt; there were pink cotton rosebuds on her hat and a long pair of white silk gloves dangling from one hand. In the other she carried a light wicker hand-satchel.

By the shaft of light she reread the small square of yellow paper and impaled it carefully, face up, on the pincushion of their little dressing table. It poised like a conspicuous butterfly. Then she went out into the kitchen, poured a glass of milk, placed it beside a small cake of ice in a correspondingly small refrigerator, turned off the gaslight and went out of the apartment without once glancing behind her.

"Mame Says All the Swell Waists Up in the Ready-to-Wears Have Short Sleeves"

Miss Lulu Tracy lived in a lower West Side rooming house—Lilly had once dwelt in that same dingy-fronted building, in a room which, like her friend's, was reduced to its lowest terms. The familiar cryptic atmosphere met her as she crossed the threshold. Loo greeted her effusively.

"Lordy, Lil, I was afraid you was gettin' cold feet! Sit right down there on the trunk till I get some of this cold cream off. I'm ready to drop in my tracks, I am. Three of the lace-girls fainted today and had to be took home. Ain't this room awful!"

Lilly sank in a little heap on the trunk.

"It is hot," she admitted.

"Hot? You look like a cucumber. Wait'll I get this cold cream off and tell me all about it. I'm here to tell you that you're all right, you are. Give me a game one every time! But wait till I tell you what's up."

Miss Tracy laved her face with layers of cold cream, which she presently removed with a towel.

"Don't I wish I had your skin, Lil!"

Lilly brightened.

"Quit your kiddin', Loo!" she said. "I ain't used to jollying no more."

"You know yourself you was the best looker we ever had at the counter. Skinny calls you The Lily to this day."

"I ain't got the looks I once had, Loo." But her fair face flushed.

"Wait till you get round a little—you'll look five years younger." Lilly giggled. "On the real, Lil, there wasn't a girl in the department didn't expect you to marry some swell instead of Charley Harkins. If I'd 'a' had your looks I wouldn't been satisfied with nothin' but the real thing! Look at Tootsie grabbin' Old Man Rickman! She can't hold a candle to you."

"Just the samey, she'd 'a' rather had Charley if she could 'a' got him. I know a thing or two about that."

Cold cream removed, Miss Tracy enveloped her friend in an embrace.

"So you're goin' to bunk with me tonight! Seems like old times, don't it?"

"Just like old times," said Lilly.

"Now tell me how you got away. He didn't get wise, did he?"

"No; I just left the note, Loo."

"That'll hold him for a while. You're the real thing, you are! Not that I want to make any trouble, but a blind man could see that you're a fool to spend your time that way. Huh! Sellin' gloves ain't no cinch, but if it ain't got being buried alive beat by a long shot I'll eat my hat!"

Impressed by her friend's gastronomic heroism, Lilly acquiesced. "You're right. I'll try to get my job back tomorrow. Maybe it won't be so easy."

"Easy?" cried Loo. "Why, the easiest thing you ever tried! The gloves haven't forgot you."

"I hope not," sighed Lilly.

"You're game all right. I like to see a girl stand up for her rights—there ain't no man livin' could boss me! I'd like to see the King of Germany hisself coop me up seven nights in the week an' me stand for it. Not muchy! I got as much fight in me as any man. That's the kind of a hairpin I am!"

"I'm like you, Loo. I got to thinking over what you told me the other day, and you're right—there ain't no girl would stand for it. Girls gotta have life!"

"Of course they do; and you're going to have some tonight—that's what I got up my sleeve. Mr. Polly, in the laces, is comin' to take me to the Shippin' Clerks' dance up at the One Hundred and Umpty Street Hall—and you're coming right along with us."

Lilly lowered her eyes like a débutante.

"Oh, Loo, I—I can't go to no dances. I—Charley—I didn't mean ——"

"I'd like to know what harm there is goin' to a dance with me and my gentleman friend! Didn't Aggie go with us all the time Bill was doin' nightwork? Before she got her divorce there wasn't a week she wasn't somewhere with us. Besides, Polly is a perfect gentleman."

"But I ain't got nothin' to wear, Loo."

"Didn't you bring what I told you?"

"Yes; but ——"

"Well, then, you're goin'. If Charley Harkins don't like it he should have taken you to dances hisself."

"I ain't been to a dance since the Ladies' Mask me and Charley went to when he was still playin' matinées. I almost forgot how." Her eyes were like stars.

"Swell dancers like you used to be don't forget so easy."

"My dress is old, but it is low-neck."

"It's all right; and you can wear my forget-me-not wreath in your hair—it'll just match your dress."

They took the frock from the wicker bag and held it up.

"That's just fine, Lil; and you can carry my old fan—I got a new one from a gentleman friend for Christmas."

"Loo!"

Lulu piled her hair into an impressive coiffure.

"Oh, Loo, you look just like that picture that's on cigar-boxes!"

"You got the littlest waist I ever seen," reciprocated Lulu, regarding Lilly's sylphid figure with admiring eyes.

"You ought to have seen me the first year I was working, Loo. I ain't got such a little waist any more—but I did have some figure then."

They dressed in relays, taking turns about before the splotched mirror.

"Here, Lil, let me pin up them sleeves a little—Mame says all the swell waists up in the ready-to-wears have short sleeves."

"I've had my eye on a swell silver bracelet in Shank's window, Loo, for a long time; they are so pretty with elbow sleeves."

They pecked at each other like preening birds. At seven Lulu's suitor arrived. They took final dabs at themselves.

"He ain't such a nifty looker, Lil, but he sure knows how to treat a girl swell. He ain't none of your piker kind that runs past a drug store like the soda fountain was after him. Why, I've known him to treat to as many as three sodas in an evenin'! And say, kid, he is some classy dresser—latest jewelry and black-and-white initials worked on his shirtsleeves. I met him at a mask and he give me his card."

"I Went Over to Loo's and We Stayed Up and Talked So Late—I Didn't Know ——"

"Does he know you work?"

"Yes—but he said he'd rather have a girl tell him she's workin' like I did than to have her stuff him."

"That's what I used to say; they find out anyway."

"Sure they do; the only time I told a guy I didn't work was that time with you."

"That time you told Mr. Evans you was goin' to school?"

"Yes; and he up and said: 'Yes, you go to school! You wrestle with pots, you do, s[illegible]'"

They laughed reminiscently.

"We sure used to have swell times together, Lulu."

"Swell times—well, I guess yes! I never did have the same good times with no chum of the department since you left."

They descended to meet Mr. Polly in the lower hall. That gentleman rose from the hat-tree. Four fingers of a tan glove protruded with studied intent from the breast pocket of his coat; his trousers and sleeves were creased as definitely as paper. Mr. Polly's features were strictly utilitarian—it was his boast that by a peculiar muscular contraction he could waggle his ears with fidelity to asinine effort.

His mouth was of such proportions that the slightest smile revealed his teeth back to the molars. He smiled as he rose from the hat-tree.

"Howdy-do, Mr. Polly? Is it warm enough for you? I want to make you acquainted with my friend, Lilly Harkins."

"Pleased to meet you," said Mr. Polly.

"I didn't think you'd mind my bringin' a lady friend along tonight—I thought maybe you could find her a friend up at the hall, Mr. Polly."

He bowed with alacrity.

"Always ready to do the ladies a favor," he said, extending both arms akimbo and stepping between them.

Lilly hung back with becoming reticence.

"I'm afraid I'm butting in—two's company an' three's a crowd."

They hastened to reassure her.

"You just make yourself right at home. I'm always ready to do the ladies a favor, Miss Harkins."

A startled expression flashed across Lilly's face. Her friend sprang into the breach like a life-saver off a pier.

"Miss Harkins ain't the kind of a girl to sponge on nobody. Mr. Polly knows if she's my friend she's all right."

"That's the idea," agreed Mr. Polly. "I like to see girls good friends." The trio swung down the street.

"That's what I always say. Why, before Lil was mar—— Why, me and Lil never are stingy with our gentlemen friends. I was always the first one to introduce you—wasn't I, Lil?"

"Yes; and me the same way," amended Lilly. "I think it's the right way to be."

"I got a friend comin' up to the dance tonight, just about your style of a fellow, Miss Harkins. One nice chap—he's been in the stockroom at Tracy's for years; some little sport too."

"Ain't that grand!" beamed Lulu. "Two couple of us!"

Lilly hummed a little air as they walked along, both girls receiving the slightest of Mr. Polly's sallies with effusion.

"Oh, dear; it's just like going to a show to be with you, Mr. Polly," gasped Lulu after the gentleman had waggled his ears beneath his hat until it rose from his head in astonishing fashion. "How can you be so comical! You ought to be on the stage."

"That ain't nothin'—you ought to see me keep all the girls in the laces laughin'! I believe in laughin'—not cryin'. By-the-way," he said, elated with success, "guess this riddle: Why is a doughnut like a life-preserver?"

Both puckered their brows and sought in vain for a similarity between those widely diversified objects. After breathless volunteers the girls owned themselves outwitted; then Mr. Polly relieved the situation.

"A doughnut is like a life-preserver," he explained, "because they're both sinkers."

The two gasped with laughter, Lulu placing a helpful hand on her left hip.

"Oh, Mr. Polly," she panted, "you're simply killin'!"

"Sim-ply kill-in'!" echoed Lilly.

They turned into the dance-hall. Lilly's nostrils widened—the pink flew into her cheeks.

"Oh, say!" she cried; "I'd rather dance than eat."

Mr. Polly excused himself and hastened away to find his friend. He returned with a dark young man, whose sartorial perfection left nothing to be desired. He had evidently been dancing, and he wiped about the edge of his tall collar with a purple-bordered silk handkerchief.

"Ladies," announced Mr. Polly, "I want to introduce you to the swellest dancer on the floor tonight—you may think I'm kiddin', but I'm not. Miss Tracy and Miss Harkins, this is my friend, Mr. George Sippy."

(Continued on Page 37)

ART

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

IN ART as in music I am one who is very easily satisfied. All I ask of a picture is that it shall look like something, and all I ask of music is that it shall sound like something.

In this attitude I feel confident that I am one of a group of about seventy million people in this country, more or less, but only a few of us, a very heroic few of us, have the nerve to come right out and take a firm position and publicly express our true sentiments on these important subjects. Some are under the dominion of strong-minded wives. Some hesitate to reveal their true artistic leanings for fear of being called low-browed vulgarians. Some are plastic posers and so pretend to be something they are not to win the approval of the ultra-intellectuals. There are only a handful of us who are ready and willing to go on record as saying where we stand.

It is because of this cowardice on the part of the great silent majority that every year sees us backed farther and farther into a corner. We walk through miles and miles of galleries, or else we are led through them by our wives and our friends, and we look in vain for the kind of pictures that mother used to make and father used to buy. What do we find? Once in a while we behold a picture of something that we can recognize without a chart, and it looms before our gladdened vision like a rock-and-rye in a weary land. But that is not apt to happen often—not in a 1912-model gallery. In such an establishment one is likely to meet only Old Masters and Young Messers. If it's an Old Master we probably behold a Flemish saint or a German saint or an Italian saint—depending on whether the artist was Flemish or German or Italian—depicted as being shot full of arrows and enjoying same to the uttermost. If it is a Young Messer the canvas probably presents to us a view of a poached egg apparently bursting into a Welsh rarebit. At least that is what it looks like to us—a golden buck, forty cents at any good restaurant—in the act of undergoing spontaneous combustion. But we are informed that this is an impressionistic interpretation of a sunset at sea, and we are expected to stand before it.

The Age of the Gilded Shovel

BUT I for one must positively decline to carry on. This sort of thing does not appeal to me. I don't want to have to consult the official catalogue in order to ascertain for sure whether this year's prize picture is a quick lunch or an Italian gloaming. I'm very peculiar that way. I like to be able to tell what a picture aims to represent just by looking at it. I presume this is the result of my early training. I was reared in the Rutherford B. Hayes School of Interior Decorating. In a considerable degree I am still wedded to my early ideals. I distinctly recall the time when upon the walls of every wealthy home of America there hung, among other things, two staple oil paintings—a still-life for the dining room, showing a dead fish on a plate, and a pastoral for the parlor, showing a collection of cows drinking out of a purling brook. A dead fish with a glazed eye and a cold, clammy fin was not a thing you would care to have round the house for any considerable period of time, except in a picture, and the same was true of cows. People who could not abide the idea of a cow in the kitchen gladly welcomed one into the parlor when painted in connection with the above purling brook and several shade trees.

We Look in Vain for the Kind of Pictures That Mother Used to Make and Father Used to Buy

Those who could not afford oil paintings went in for steel engravings and chromos—good reliable brands, such as the steel engraving of Henry Clay's Farewell to the American Senate and the Teaching Baby to Waltz art chromo. War pictures were also very popular back in that period. If it were a Northern household you could be pretty sure of seeing a work entitled Gettysburg, showing three Union soldiers, two plain and one colored, in the act of repulsing Pickett's charge. If it were a Southern household there would be one that had been sold on subscription by a strictly non-partisan publishing house in Charleston, South Carolina, and guaranteed to be historically correct in all particulars, representing Robert E. Lee chasing U. S. Grant up a palmetto tree, while in the background were a large number of deceased Northern invaders neatly racked up like cordwood.

Such things as these were a part of the art education of our early youth. Along with them we learned to value the family photograph album, which fastened with a latch like a henhouse door, and contained, among other treasures, the photograph of our Uncle Hiram wearing his annual collar. And there were also enlarged crayon portraits in heavy gold frames with red plush insertions, the agent having thrown in the portraits in consideration of our taking the frames; and souvenirs of the Philadelphia Centennial; and wooden scoop shovels heavily gilded by hand with moss roses painted on the scoop part and blue ribbon bows to hang them up by; and on the what-not in the corner you were reasonably certain of finding a conch shell with the Lord's Prayer engraved on it; and if you held the shell up to your young ear you could hear the murmur of the sea just as plain as anything. Of course you could secure the same murmuring effect by holding an old-fashioned tin cuspidor up to your ear, too, but in this case the poetic effect would have been lacking. And, besides, there were other uses for the cuspidor.

Almost the only Old Masters with whose works we were well acquainted were John L. Sullivan and Nonpareil Jack Dempsey. But Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair suited us clear down to the ground—her horses looked like real horses, even if they were the kind that haul brewery wagons; and in the matter of sculpture Powers' Greek Slave seemed to fill the bill to the satisfaction of all. Anthony Comstock and the Boston Purity League had not taken charge of our art as yet, and nobody seemed to find any fault because the Greek lady looked as though she'd slipped on the top step and come down just as she was, wearing nothing to speak of except a pair of handcuffs. Nobody did speak of it either—not in a mixed company anyhow.

Furniture was preferred when it was new—the newer the better. We went in for golden oak and for bird's-eye maple, depending on whether we liked our furniture to look tanned or freckled; and when the careful housekeeper threw open her parlor for a social occasion, the furniture gave off a splendid new sticky smell, similar to a paint and varnish store on a hot day. The vogue for antiques hadn't got started yet; that was to descend upon us later on. We rather liked the dining-room table to have all its legs still, and the bureau to have drawers that could be opened without blasting. In short, that was the period of our national life when only the very poor had to put up with decrepit second-hand furniture, as opposed to these times when only the very rich can afford to own it. If you have any doubts regarding this last assertion of mine I should advise you to drop into any reliable antique shop and inquire the price of a mahogany sideboard suffering from tetter and other skin diseases, or a black-walnut cupboard with doors that froze up solid about the time of the last Seminole War. I suppose these things go in cycles—in fact, I'm sure they do. Some day the bare sight of the kind of furniture which most people favor nowadays will cause a person of artistic sensibilities to burst into tears, just as the memory of the things that everybody liked twenty-five or thirty years ago gives such poignant pain to so many at present.

Even up to the time of the World's Fair quite a lot of people still favored the simpler and more understandable forms of art expression. We went to Chicago and religiously visited the Art Building, and in our nice new creaky shoes we walked past miles and miles of brought-on paintings by foreign artists, whose names we could not pronounce, in order to find some sentimental domestic subject. After we had found it we would stand in front of it for

The Inscrutable Smile of a Saleslady Would Make Mona Lisa Seem a Mere Amateur

hours on a stretch with the tears rolling down our cheeks. Some of us wept because the spirit of the picture moved us, and some because our poor tired feet hurt us and the picture gave us a good excuse for crying in public, and so we did so—freely and copiously. Grant if you will that our taste was crude and raw and provincial, yet we knew what we liked and the bulk of us weren't ashamed to say so either. What we liked was a picture or a statue which remotely at least resembled the thing that it was presumed to represent. Likewise we preferred pictures of things that we ourselves knew about and could understand.

Maybe it was because of that early training that a good many of us have never yet been able to work up any intense enthusiasm over the Old Masters. Mind you, we have no quarrel with those who become incoherent and babbling with joy in the presence of an Old Master, but—doggone 'em!—they insist on quarreling with us because we think differently. We fail to see anything ravishingly beautiful in a faded, blistered, cracked, crumbling painting of an early Christian martyr on a grill, happily frying on one side like an egg—a picture that looks as though the Old Master had painted it some morning before breakfast, when he wasn't feeling the best in the world, and then worn it as a liver pad for forty or fifty years. We cannot understand why they love the Old Masters so, and they cannot understand why we prefer the picture of Custer's Last Stand that the harvesting company used to give away to advertise its mowing machines.

The Amateur Smiler of the Louvre

ONCE you get away from the early settlers among the Old Masters the situation becomes different. Rembrandt and Hals painted some portraits that appeal deeply to the imagination of nearly all of my set. The portraits which they painted not only looked like regular persons, but so far as my limited powers of observation go, they were among the few painters of Dutch subjects who didn't always paint a windmill or two into the background. It probably took great resolution and self-restraint, but they did it and I respect them for it.

I may say that I am also drawn to the kind of ladies that Gainsborough and Sir Joshua Reynolds painted. They certainly turned out some mighty good-looking ladies in those days, and they were tasty dressers, too, and I enjoy looking at their pictures. Coming down the line a little farther, I want to state that there is also something very fascinating in those soft-boiled pink ladies, sixteen hands high, with sorrel manes, that Bouguereau did; and the soldier pictures of Meissonier and Detaille appeal to me mightily. Their soldiers are always such nice neat soldiers, and they never have their uniforms mussed up or their accouterments disarranged, even when they are being shot up or cut down or something. Corot and Rousseau did some landscapes that seem to approximate the real thing, and there are several others whose names escape me; but, speaking for myself alone, I wish to say that this is about as far as I can go at this writing. I must admit that I have never been held spellbound and enthralled for hours on a stretch by a contemplation of the inscrutable smile on Mona Lisa. To me she seems merely a lady smiling about something—simply that and nothing more. Any woman can smile inscrutably; that is one of the specialties of her sex. The inscrutable smile of a saleslady in an exclusive Fifth Avenue shop when a customer asks to look at something a little cheaper would make Mona Lisa seem a mere amateur as an inscrutable smiler. Quite a number of us remained perfectly calm when some gentlemen stole Miss Lisa out of the Louvre, and we expect to remain equally calm if she is never restored.

As I said before, though, our little band is shrinking in numbers day by day. The population as a whole are being

educated up to higher ideals in art. On the wings of symbolism and idealism they are soaring ever higher and higher, until a whole lot of them must be getting dizzy in the head by now.

First, there was the impressionistic school, which started it; and then there was the post-impressionistic school, suffering from the same disease but in a more violent form; and here just recently there have come along the Cubists and the Futurists.

You know about the Cubists? A Cubist is a person who for reasons best known to the police has not been locked up yet, who asserts that all things in Nature, living and inanimate, properly resolve themselves into cubes. What is more, he goes and paints pictures to prove it—pictures of cubic waterfalls pouring down cubic precipices, and cubic ships sailing on cubic oceans, and cubic cows being milked by cubic milkmaids. He makes portraits too—portraits of persons with cubic hands and cubic feet, who are smoking cubeb cigarettes and have solid cubiform heads. On that last proposition we are with them unanimously; we will concede that there are people in this world with cube-shaped heads, they being the people who profess to enjoy this style of picture.

The Futurists haven't reached this country yet; but from what can be gathered from newspaper reading, we judge that a Futurist begins right where a Cubist leaves off, and gets worse. The Futurists have already had exhibitions in Paris and London and they are fixing to invade New York. They call themselves art anarchists. Their doctrine is a simple and a cheerful one—they merely preach that whatever is normal is wrong. They not only preach it, they practice it.

Here are some of their teachings:

We teach the plunge into shadowy death under the white set eyes of the ideal!

The mind must launch the flaming body, like a fire-ship, against the enemy, the eternal enemy that, if he do not exist, must be invented!

The victory is ours—I am sure of it, for the maniacs are already hurling their hearts to heaven like bombs! Attention! Fire! Our blood? Yes! All our blood in torrents to redye the sickly auroras of the earth! Yes, and we shall also be able to warm thee within our smoking arms, O wretched, decrepit, chilly Sun, shivering upon the summit of the Gorisankor!

Works of Art That Make Us Wonder

THERE you have the whole thing, you see, simply, dispassionately and quietly presented. We have seen newspaper reproductions of some of the best examples of the Futurists' school. As well as a body can judge from these reproductions, a Futurist's method of execution must be comparatively simple. After looking at his picture, you would say that he first put on a woolly overcoat and a pair of overshoes; that he then poured a mixture of hearth paint, tomato catsup, liquid bluing, burnt cork, English mustard, Easter dyes and the yolks of a dozen eggs over himself, seasoning to taste with red peppers. Then he spread a large square of canvas on the floor and lay down on it and had an epileptic fit, the result being a picture which he labeled Revolt, or Collision Between Two Heavenly Bodies, or Premature Explosion of a Custard Pie, or something else equally appropriate. The Futurists ought to make quite a number of converts in this country, especially among those advanced lovers of art who are beginning to realize that the old impressionistic school lacked emphasis and individuality in its work. But I expect to stand firm, and when everybody else nearly is a Futurist and is tearing down Sargent's pictures and Abbey's and Whistler's to make room for immortal Young Messers, I and a few others will still be holding out resolutely to the end.

At such times as these I fain would send my thoughts back longingly to an artist who flourished in the town where I was born and brought up. He was practically the only artist we had, but he was versatile in the extreme. He was several kinds of a painter rolled into one—house, sign, portrait, landscape, marine and wagon. In his lighter hours, when building operations were dull, he specialized in oil paintings of life and motion—mainly pictures of horse races and steamboat races. When he painted a horse race, the horses were always shown running neck and neck with their mouths wide open and their eyes gleaming; and their nostrils were widely extended and painted a deep crimson, and their legs were neatly arranged just so, and not scrambled together in any old fashion, as seems to be the case with the legs of the horses that are being painted nowadays. And when he painted a steamboat race it would always be the Natchez and the Robert E. Lee coming down the river abreast in the middle of the night, with the darkies dancing on the lower decks and heavy black smoke rolling out of the smokestacks in four distinct columns—one column to each smokestack—and showers of sparks belching up into the vault of night. There was action for you—action and attention to detail. With this man's paintings you could tell a horse from a steamboat at a glance. He was nothing of an impressionist; he never put smokestacks on the horse or legs on the steamboat. And his work gave general satisfaction throughout that community.

Frederic Remington wasn't any impressionist either; and so far as I can learn he didn't have a cubiform idea in stock. When Remington painted an Indian on a pony it was a regular Indian and a regular pony—not one of those cotton-batting things with fat legs that an impressionist slaps on to a canvas and labels a horse. You could smell the lathered sweat on the pony's hide and feel the dust of the dry prairie tickling your nostrils. You could see the slide of the horse's withers and watch the play of the naked Indian's arm muscles. I should like to enroll as a charter member of a league of Americans who believe that Frederic Remington and Howard Pyle were greater painters than any Old Master that ever turned out blistered saints and fly-blown cherubim. And if every one who secretly thinks the same way about it would only join in—of course they wouldn't, but if they would—we'd be strong enough to elect a president on a platform calling for a prohibitive tariff against the foreign-pauper-labor Old Masters of Europe.

A Person Who for Reasons Best Known to the Police Has Not Been Locked Up

While we were about it our league could probably do something in the interests of sculpture. It is apparent to any fair-minded person that sculpture has been very much overdone in this country. It seems to us there should be a law against perpetuating any of our great men in marble or bronze or stone or amalgam fillings until after he has been dead a couple of hundred years, and by that time a fresh crop ought to be coming on and probably we shall have lost the desire to create such statues.

A great man who cannot live in the affectionate and grateful memories of his fellow countrymen isn't liable to live if you put up statues of him; that, however, is not the main point.

The artistic aspect is the thing to consider. So few of our great men have been really pretty to look at. Andrew Jackson made a considerable dent in the history of his period, but when it comes to beauty, there isn't a floor-walker in a department store anywhere that hasn't got him backed clear off the pedestal. In addition to that, the sort of clothes we've been wearing for the last century or so do not show up especially well in marble. Putting classical draperies on our departed solons has been tried, but carving a statesman with only a towel draped over him, like a Roman senator coming out of a Turkish bath, is a departure from the real facts and must be embarrassing to his shade. The greatest celebrities were modest.

I'll bet the spirit of the Father of His Country blushes every time he flits over that statue of himself alongside the Capitol at Washington—the one showing him sitting in a bath cabinet with nothing on but a sheet.

Sticking to the actual conditions doesn't seem to help much either. Future generations will come and stand in front of the statue of a leader of thought who flourished back about 1840, say, and wonder how anybody ever had feet like those and lived. Horace Greeley's chin whiskers no doubt looked all right on Horace when he was alive, but when done in bronze they invariably present a droopy not to say dropsical appearance; and the kind of a bone-handled umbrella that Daniel Webster habitually carried has never yet been successfully worked out in marble. When you contemplate the average statue of Abraham Lincoln—and most of them, as you may have noticed, are very average—you do not see there the majesty and the grandeur and the abiding sorrow of the man and the tragedy of his life. At least I know I do not see those things. I see a pair of massive square-toed boots, such as I'm sure Old Abe Lincoln never wore—he couldn't have worn 'em and walked a step—and I see a beegum hat weighing a ton and a half, and I say to myself: "This is not the Abraham Lincoln who freed the slaves and wrote the Gettysburg address. No, sir! A man with those legs would never have been president—he'd have been in a dime museum exhibiting his legs for ten cents a look—and they'd have been worth the money too."

Some of Us Wept Because Our Poor Tired Feet Hurt Us

Nobody seems to have noticed it, but we undoubtedly had the cube form of expression in our native sculpture long before it came out in painting.

To get a better idea of what I'm trying to drive at, just take a trip up through Central Park the next time you are in New York and pause a while before those bronzes of Sir Walter Scott and Robert Burns which stand on the Mall. They are called bronzes, but to me they always looked more like castings. I don't care if you are as Scotch as a haggis, I know in advance what your feelings will be. If you decide that these two men ever looked in life like those two bronzes you are going to lose some of your love and veneration for them right there on the spot; or else you are going to be filled with an intense hate for the persons who have libeled them thus, after they were dead and gone and not in position to protect themselves legally. But you don't necessarily have to come to New York—you've probably got some decoration in your home town that is equally sad. There've been a lot of good stonemasons spoiled in this country to make enough sculptors to go round.

But while we are thinking these things about art and not daring to express them, I take note that new schools may come and new schools may go, but there is one class of pictures that always gets the money and continues to give general satisfaction among the masses.

I refer, of course, to the moving pictures.

Collision Between Two Heavenly Bodies, or Premature Explosion of a Custard Pie

One for The Colonel

CALEB M. VAN HAMM, managing editor of the New York American, was managing editor of the New York World for several years.

At that time he lived in East Orange, New Jersey, and arrived home after the night's work at an early hour in the morning.

Van Hamm is an ardent Democrat. On election morning, in 1904, he got home about three o'clock. Mrs. Van Hamm told him their negro man, who worked about the house, had been arrested for some alleged offense and was anxious to get out of jail so he could vote. Van Hamm went down to the station house, stayed round three hours and got the man out.

Then about seven o'clock he turned in. He was very tired and Mrs. Van Hamm let him sleep until some time after the polls closed.

When Van Hamm awoke the negro man was there radiant with thanks. "I voted, Mistah Caleb," he said. "I done voted."

"I suppose you voted for Parker, of course," said Van Hamm, who had released the man particularly for that purpose.

"Why, no, suh," the man replied; "I's a 'Publican. I done voted for Cunnel Roosevelt."

The Most Important Donkey

Old Reliable Dodges a Knife-Man and the Sultan's Present

By HARRIS DICKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. CHAMBERS

THE gunboat Zafir went chug-chugging up the White Nile, pushing five barges against the muddy current. Her tow was set up like tenpins—one at the peak; then two and two behind. Between the last two barges the Zafir buried her prow and shoved blindly.

Zack Foster, Effendi, was sitting on a box at the gunboat's rail. Two British officers lounged in campchairs; Colonel Spottiswoode gazed upon the monotonous stretches of river.

"Cunnel, what you reckin dem little ole gray mules costs—fer a nigger?"

"You needn't buy a donkey—we have plenty of them." He nodded toward the lower deck of a barge that was crowded with small gray beasts and added: "Major Lyttleton will furnish you one."

Zack looked down upon the donkey pen and shook his head.

"Cunnel, ef it's jes' de same to you I'd a heap ruther buy me one fer my own self. You knows how 'tis when white folks furnishes a nigger wid a mule: dey keeps a blim-blammin' at him to plow dat mule and not be ridin' dat mule all night to churches an' festervals, an' sechlike."

"If you want a donkey all you have to do is to pick out one and Major Lyttleton will ——"

Again Zack shook his head.

"I don't want none o' dem; I kinder took a likin' to one what's all trimmed up—over yonder on dat yother barge."

Colonel Spottiswoode looked straight at Zack, straight through Zack, smiled; and the negro began to get fidgety.

"Zack, you'd better keep away from those women on that other barge. Don't I know you're not going over there forty times a day to visit a donkey?"

Zack grinned sheepishly, as he always did when the Colonel read his mind. The conversation was getting personal. Zack reached round for his helmet and vanished down the companionway.

Said, who waited at the foot of the steps, fell in behind him without a word. Zack crossed to the left-hand barge and ostentatiously displayed himself among the huddle of donkeys. His white helmet bobbed about here and there in plain sight until the Colonel forgot about it; then Zack disappeared. In the dimness of the gunboat's boiler-deck he wheeled and confronted Said:

"Git back, nigger! I'm plum' wore out wid you taggin' atter me. Git back—an' listen when I makes my holler!"

Said salaamed to the ground and effaced himself. Old Reliable strutted off, intent upon philandering affairs of such a nature that they could best be conducted without an interpreter.

Abovestairs Lyttleton turned languidly in his chair; then his eyes twinkled with the concentrated pucker about their corners that comes of staring into the desert.

"Colonel, your black man has gone back to those women. He'll get himself into trouble." Lyttleton led the American to the right-hand rail, from which they looked down upon the rear end of the next barge. There was Old Reliable, in khaki suit and gorgeous helmet, seated radiantly in a group of kneeling women. "Those women belong to the Sultan of Bong. Better pull him up, sir—tell him to keep away."

Colonel Spottiswoode laughed.

"That's a kitchen, isn't it? Those are cookwomen? You might as well tell a fly to keep away from the molasses."

Lyttleton shrugged his shoulders and the white men drew back.

Zack could not talk to the woman—the youngest woman, with the smile. He could only drape his legs over that sack of onions and grin. Neither could the woman talk to him; but it just fell in Zack's mind that she wanted to.

"Dar now," he chuckled; "ef I can't talk an' she can't talk back we shore ain't gwine to fuss an' fall out."

Zack labored under these dumb disadvantages; but he had winning ways with cookladies and a rabbit-foot for making himself welcome in anybody's kitchen. The youngest woman nodded her head, parted her lips and showed very white teeth, swaying back and forth as she knelt and ground the dhurra corn, her muscles slipping beneath the glistening skin of her back. Zack viewed the entire operation; there were no mysteries about this cooklady, who wore nothing whatever above her waist except that dazzle of teeth—and a necklace. She knelt before a slab of stone much hollowed by use, grinding dhurra with another stone.

"Jes' like scrubbin' clo'es on a washboard," Zack remarked to himself.

Time and again she moistened the mushy mess, pushed it back to the top of the slab, then rubbed it slowly down again. While thus engaged she always sat back upon her heels and smiled at Zack.

Old Reliable made shift to take off his helmet and fumble at the ribbons; he hated to embarrass a lady by staring into her face—a lady who had impressed him so pleasantly. Zack turned away and regarded the landscape. "Seliny's shore gwine to snort at dis—ef I tells her."

With a nod the woman rose, leaned over the stern of the barge and drew a bucket of water. Zack sprang gallantly to her side.

"Lemme do dat! Lemme do dat!"

The four other women, old and withered, looked up from their tasks. Then in an instant they quit smiling; their lips shut and their teeth vanished—simultaneously, as a string of electric lights that are switched off. They stared at him for an instant, glanced over their shoulders for another instant, then went doggedly back to work.

Old Reliable did not see the colossal Golo negro who sneaked down the narrow passageway between the gunboat and the barge, stopping just at the corner of the woodpile. He glared at Zack and touched a knife significantly—which shut up the women and turned off their smiles.

If Zack had seen that Golo he might not have rested so nonchalantly on his sack of onions; he would have gone straight to the Colonel. The Golo's head was shaven smooth except for a space the size of a biscuit, where frizzles grew in a bunch. Zack knew him as the donkey-keeper and called him "Topknot," it being perfectly safe to call him anything—in English.

Topknot did not utter a syllable with his lips, but his fierce eyes said aplenty. He watched Zack; then slowly put back his knife into its sheath. Old Reliable's head was cocked to one side. "Huh! Dat's a mighty po' banjo." He listened to the twang of a courbee and the chatter of women's voices that came down through the cubbyhole above his head. He wondered and wondered until he could stand it no longer; then he sauntered carelessly to the foot of the ladder. The moment he took hold of the rail all five women bounded up and shook their heads excitedly. Through the hole at the top he saw a scowling black face. The hole darkened; a pair of black legs dropped through and began descending the ladder. Being the legs of a man, Zack got ready to leave—with dignity. He stretched himself and clapped his hands.

"Whar he? Side!"

Said knew better than to be out of hearing; he also knew better than to venture upon that sanctified section of the barge. The Dongolowi came running across the gunboat to the rail.

"Effendi!"

Old Reliable promenaded away, jingling the coins in his pocket and glancing negligently over his shoulder to note the admiration of the ladies.

"Side, meet me round yonder whar dat donkey is at." Zack marched off grandly, but he fetched up against a woodpile. "Dese niggers shore is got dis boat blocked off ev'y whichaway!"

He couldn't get through without climbing on hands and knees over the brushpile; he hated to go back and repass among the women, thereby spoiling the majesty of his exit. So Zack began worming his way round the outer edge of the barge, where a false step would drop him into the Nile. By clinging to the ends of the sticks he managed to get along.

"Lordy, ef one o' dese wus to pull out it would be 'So-long, Mary!' wid Zack!"

He tested each stick and drew a long breath when Said met him at the open space where the donkey of great importance had his quarters. Anybody could see that it was a most important donkey. Topknot kept him shiny and shaven like a gentleman, with delicate designs clipped along his legs and back. Topknot welcomed the Black Effendi with a smirk on his face—and a knife safely hid. Zack sized up the smirk as being in recognition of various cigar stumps, a certain piaster and future hopes. If he had sized up the knife he wouldn't have been there. The donkey of great importance was doing his exercise across the deck, between topheavy stacks of wood. Old Reliable followed him back and forth, patting the sleek hide, stroking the slender legs and listening to the click-clack, click-clack of his trim little hoofs.

"Side, ax dat feller how much do he charge fer dis here donkey."

As a matter of fact, Said and the Golo could not understand each other, but Said cast no aspersions upon his own usefulness.

"You no buy," he protested; "the donkey is of the Sultan."

"Sulky nuthin'! All donkeys is mo' or less solemn. Dey loves to study."

"No—no—la-la! He is of the Sultan. You no buy—la-la!"

"He ain't sulky; he's gentle an' kind. I'm gwine to buy dis donkey ef I wants to. How come you got to be de boss?"

Topknot towered above them; he gripped Said by the arm, spoke guttural words and pointed. Said wheeled and gazed, then began pulling Zack away.

"Come, Excellency—come!"

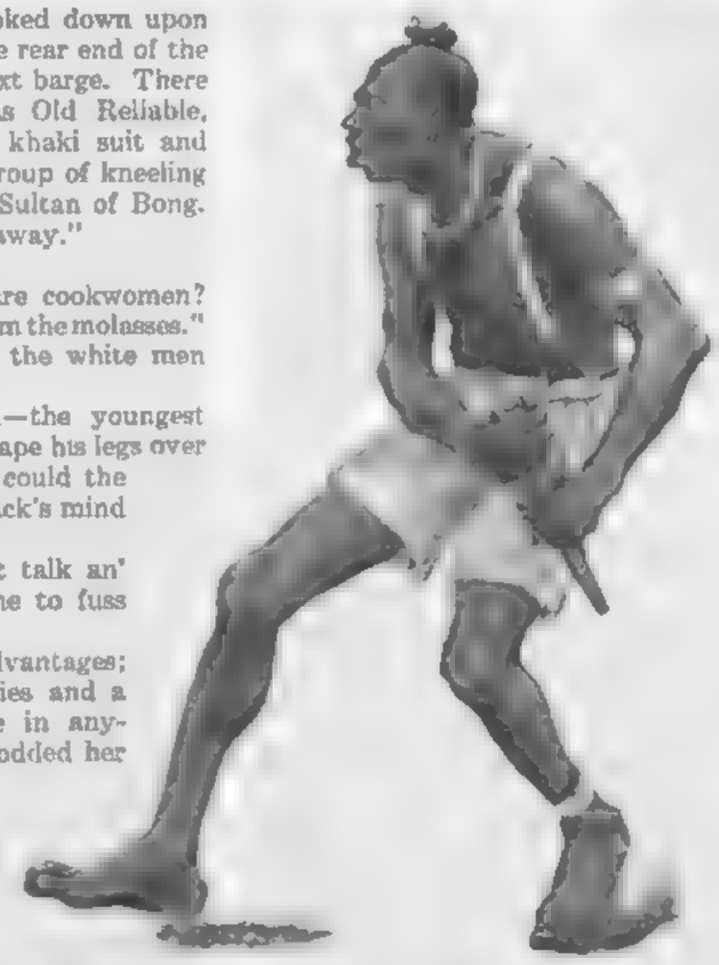
"What fer?"

"The Sultan, he come—he not glad if you here."

Self-respect demanded that Zack hang back stubbornly.

"Look here, nigger! I ain't got my mind sot on no runnin'—not yit."

The two frightened men hurried him out of sight behind the woodpile. Topknot ran back, and Zack saw him on his knees, butting his head against the planks.



Zack Called Him "Topknot"

Zack Held the Mirror Where She Could View Herself

"Huh! Kinky-haired nigger, an' barefooted at dat! Side, what make you so skeery? Dat ain't no constable." Zack made a feint at going back, but Said dragged him to the gunboat.

Zack measured the Sultan of Bong—a nappy-headed black man, in shirt and drawers—who, nevertheless, owned the most important donkey; who owned Topknot and all those women on the barge.

Grumbling and mouthing Old Reliable found Colonel Spottiswoode on the upper deck watching the preparations for landing at a woodyard. With much puffing, much rattling of old machinery and belching of smoke, the gunboat shoved her starboard barge against the shore.

Suddenly Zack leaned over the rail and shouted: "Dar now! Rouster done fell overbode!" Shrieking black people ran from among the corded piles of wood and crowded to the shore. "Look yonder, Cunnel! Look."

An Arab sailorman yelled and struggled in the water, kicking about him frantically. Four other splashes in quick succession—and five men battled with the current between the gunboat and the shore. All of them floundered and screamed instead of swimming. Two men had sticks with which they belabored the water. Flurrying, splashing, in a compact group, all five scrambled out of the river together. Their behavior puzzled the Colonel—he turned to Lyttleton.

"To frighten the crocks," Lyttleton explained. "If the first sailorman had tried to swim quietly out of the river a crocodile might have got him. The crock's an arrant coward—he won't attack two men and he runs away from a noise; so if one man falls overboard the others jump in, make a deuce of a row—and everybody's safe."

"Pretty good scheme," commented the Colonel.

"Yes; but they wouldn't have jumped in at Timshi Khor—not another man."

"Why?"

"Crocodiles are thicker than minnows. Natives say the demon crock lives at Timshi. We'll come to it after a bit."

When the Zafir chugged on from the woodyard the Nile divided, flowing along both sides of a low island. On the left bank a slough emptied into the river.

"There is Timshi Khor." Lyttleton pointed with his pipe to a currentless depression full of water. Colonel Spottiswoode rose and leveled his glass to get a better view. The forward barge had come opposite the mouth of Timshi Khor, when there was a shock and upheaval from below.

"Aground again!" Lyttleton exclaimed and sprang to his feet. The barges rubbed violently against one another, creaked, groaned and threatened to break apart. The engines stopped; a powerful current swung the barges round. The paddles reversed and started again. Something snapped; then everything stopped. It was all over and they were stuck—solid as a church.

Lyttleton bounded down the companionway. He was saying things in Arabic—vitriolic, vicious, untranslatable things; his words sizzled and burned blue, like a pot of sulphur. Presently he reappeared on deck, still swearing in that copious tongue, with an occasional honest English word.

"Don't mind me," suggested the Colonel—"get it out of your system."

"Dammit, sir, I was trying to swear in English for your benefit—out of respect to you, sir; but, after using Arabic, English is like dummy-swearing in a sign language." He sat down and laughed. "Oh, well; we can pepper away at the hippos and crocks."

Old Reliable waited until the hubbub had quieted, then poked his woolly head above the companionway, having first taken the precaution to remove his helmet. The white folks were busy talking and weren't studying about him. He sneaked downstairs, took his private short-cut to the barge and resumed his nonchalant seat upon the sack of onions.

"Good evenin', ladies."

Not a woman looked up. Even the youngest one held steadfastly to her grinding. There was no gleam of teeth, no smile—nothing but silence. Zack squirmed round and grinned at each in rotation. Not a woman saw him. Topknot had warned them fiercely since his last visit.

The oldest hag kept looking over her shoulder. Zack had no eyes for hags; therefore he failed to follow the woman's glance to where Topknot crouched behind the woodpile. One sight of Topknot would have changed the whole map of Europe—would have instantly changed Zack's present location. As he didn't see Topknot he only chuckled to himself. Many a cookwoman had refused to notice him when he first bowed himself into her kitchen; but Zack could outtalk the best of them and he always left the kitchen with a smacky taste in his mouth. There was Aunt Abbie—who cooked for the Colonel—who never failed to chase him out two or three times before she relented and fed him on choice bits from the dining room. Huffiness of cookwomen didn't pester Zack.

He couldn't talk to this woman so he grinned his most propitiatory grin, flirted out a white silk handkerchief with a red border and rearranged it to a nicety in his top pocket. Nobody noticed him. The youngest woman kept on grinding. Her fringy hair shook warningly. Zack didn't say a word to anybody except what he said to himself. He quietly produced a small round mirror with an advertisement on the back. The production was not spectacular. It was devoid of tableaus and red lights—modestly produced, as if for private purposes with which the general public had no concern. Drawing himself back upon the sack of onions he made a detailed inspection of his features. When Zack quit noticing the women the women began noticing him—especially the shriveled bakerwoman who was nearest to his knees. This creature was no bigger than a midget, with a flabby face like a punctured football; antiquity protected her from suspicion.

Zack negligently dropped his hand and held the mirror where she could view herself. Presently she stopped work and Zack allowed her to take the mirror. Two other crones worked by fits and starts while the trinket passed secretly from hand to hand. The youngest woman kept rubbing, grinding and toiling. Only once she glanced over her shoulder—and was lost. A snakelike arm reached out and gave her that shining temptation. In the marvel of her first mirror the eternal savage feminine forgot Topknot's warning—forgot everything and sat back upon her heels. Ecstatically she brought the glass closer and closer, kissed her own reflection and laughed aloud.

The iron was hot for Old Reliable to strike.

"You done smeared dat lookin'-glass till you can't see nuthin'."

Zack jerked out his handkerchief, wiped the mirror and handed it back. The woman grimaced at herself, then gave a merry little smile to Zack.

The Sultan's black legs began descending the ladder. Nobody saw him. Topknot, with glittering eyes and the knife in his hand, came crawling like a serpent across the stack of wood. He didn't see the Sultan—he saw nothing but Zack and the youngest woman nodding happily at each other. If Topknot had looked where he was going he might not have pulled down a cord or so of wood—but he did pull it down, like an earthquake. Everybody jumped up. The youngest woman saw Topknot staggering to regain his footing; she screamed, dropped the mirror into the river and started to run. Then she saw the Sultan turning from the ladder, fell to her knees and furiously attacked the dhurra.

Things whirled round so swiftly that Old Reliable got a swimming in the head. He wasn't conscious of having popped up like a Jack-in-the-box and didn't know what to do until he saw the Golo with the knife—that Golo who looked bigger than a skinned mule. Then Zack knew just what to do; but he couldn't do it because Topknot stood between him and the place where the Colonel was. Being already on his feet Zack began to move—not rapidly, but with discretion—and not toward the man with the knife. He moved definitely and gathered speed. Topknot made a start; then, for some mysterious reason, he halted and remained stock-still.

Zack started and did not halt. He made a perfectly quiet getaway—never opened his head to anybody. He rounded the rear end of the barge, climbed on to the outside edge of the gunwale and crept along, clinging tooth and toenail to the wood. The Nile flowed beneath him and the flash of that knife made him seasick

Luckily the boats were not running. Zack scrambled on with eyes to the rear. The black face of the Sultan peered after him and Zack hustled mightily. Because of his looking backward he failed to see the donkey. The most important donkey had taken advantage of Topknot's absence and came squeezing along the same ledge, nibbling at a bunch of papyrus grass that had lodged against the barge and drifted an inch or so every time he touched it. Any other beast would have given way to a colored gentleman in such a hurry, but this particular donkey was accustomed to having people give way to him. They collided; Zack yelled, but had no time to stop and argue with a donkey. He grabbed the first thing he could catch hold of to swing himself round. The first thing happened to be a stick which proved to be no stick at all—nothing but a chunk that pulled out in his hand. The woodpile toppled on the donkey. That's how the most important donkey went overboard immediately prior to Old Reliable.

The Most Important Donkey Went Overboard Immediately Prior to Old Reliable

For one nerve-racking instant Old Reliable balanced himself on the gunwale after the fashion of a man who is about to dive. Then he dived because he couldn't help it—and yelled because he couldn't help that.

The three white men rushed to that side of the gunboat and saw the Sultan of Bong capering about in bare feet, pointing to the most important donkey and shouting for every one of his people to jump in. Never a man jumped. The Sultan raged and threatened; his terrified servants dodged back to hide in the barges.

"All people's 'fraid crocodiles. Black Effendi he jump in for donkey!" Mahomet Mansour rushed up and explained.

"Yonder's Zack's helmet." The first thing that Colonel Spottiswoode recognized was that white cupola with blue polka-dots, which had fallen into a swift eddy. Like a fishing-bob with draggled streamers it went circling round. "There's Zack! There's Zack! Throw him a rope! Throw him a rope!"

Zack sputtered the water from his mouth. "Dat's all right, Cunnel; I kin swim out!" He grabbed the donkey's halter and let the current drift them past the gunboat, whose wheels fortunately were still. Everybody yelled—everybody threw sticks into the water. The donkey exhibited characteristic composure, marking time until he drifted below the wheels; then Zack personally conducted him toward the shore.

"Look!" Lyttleton pointed excitedly and gripped the Colonel's arm.

A black shape—a crocodile—rose from the water; the terrific jaws snapped and Zack's helmet disappeared in

Continued on Page 36

The Quest of the Golden Goat

Being the Exploits of Jason, Fitted to the Present Campaign

All Chicago, Waiting Ready, Cheered in Chorus: "Here Comes Teddy!"

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON

Book II

I—INVOCATION BEFORE BEGINNING

RUMOR, wild goddess who runneth Conventions,
Help me to sing of the deeds at Chicago—
Bosses who think they conceal their intentions;
Hopeful Progressives conducting their Argo;
Gumshoes and thumbscrews and tight-strangle-holt boys;
There-with-the-jolt boys,
Ready-to-bolt boys;
Driven and led captains working for salary;
Longworths and Rosewaters up in the gallery;
Elephant trainers of every school,
Feedin' the Elephant, cussin' or stabbin' it;
Black-colored delegates, pledged to keep cool—
Groomed, as it were, for Taft's Uncle Tom's Cabinet;
Barnes sneering foxily,
Crane voting proxily,
Hammer-and-tongs work,
Jam-er-along work—
Here a roar,
There a yelp,
As implor-
ing for help;
Now the Mammonites hustle to Barnes for advice,
Now the Teddyites call for a recount on ice—
These, O Rumor, or anything else you can mention,
Belong to our theme, for we sing the Convention!

II—HENEY SITTETH IN COMMITTEE, UTTERETH BYRONIC SONNETS AND IS ANSWERED IN MACHINE-MADE METERS

As Francis Heney in committee sat,
Calm as a man could be, considering
The fact that right before his face and eyes
An asphalt-crushing Juggernaut rolled by,
Pulling in Teddy's friends in squads of twenty
And turning out strange faces marked "For Taft";
Calm as a man could be whose duty 'twas
To warble "Thief!" with clocklike regularity
At Crane and Penrose every single time
These pachydermous bosses rumbled by
Upon the Big Main Squeezer——
As I said,
Frank Heney in committee sat and thus
Byronic sonnets hurled at the Machine:

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Roller, roll!
A thousand votes break over thee in vain—
Half beast, half engine, why shouldst thou disdain
The people's will that drove thee from the poll?
Can Conscience touch thee, when thou hast no soul?
Could Shame affect the hide of Murray Crane?
How can I argue with Sereno Payne,
Whose only god is Corporate Control?

"I have seen dummies run by Schmitz and Ruef;
I have seen patriots broke by Pat Calhoun;
But ne'er before have I beheld such proof
Of shameless scrunch 'neath any sun or moon:
Pirates and bandits farming out the states—
Murder! there go our Texas delegates!"

But, as the merry men came trooping in,
Bearing their loads of strangled delegates,
Cutting their throats and neatly laying them
In careful rows—by practice rendered perfect—
Then signaling Rosy Vic, who drove the Rumbler,
The fatal word, "All set, sir—drive ahead!"—
As thus they worked in labor's love they warbled,
To answer Heney's harsh Byronic lines,
A basso song for bosso voices set:

"When I was young my father said:
'In politics to get ahead—
Republican or Democrat,
There ain't no difference in that!—
To keep in line will be your task
And do the thing your Bosses ask,
And learn from all your trusty mates
The way to rope the delegates:

"'Every little vote added to what you've got
Makes just another vote more:
There's a rule in the Penrose school
That two plus one makes four.

[*Close harmony toot from Steam Roller.*

Cheerful, Though Plundered, the Noble Four Hundred Proclaimed: "A New Party—That's All!"

"'If your Ump says "Out" when the runner's in,
Just stick by the decision, though it's pretty thin;
For every little delegate augmenting your temporary rollcall takes you that much farther toward an enthusiastic majority.'"

And, as the Roller rumbled on, the Keeper of the Score
Chalked down "101 for Taft" and "1 for Theodore."

III—T. R. JASON'S PATIENCE REACHETH THE LIMIT, SO HE TAKETH THE LIMITED FOR CHICAGO

'Twas upon a midday tenuous, Teddy lingered strong and strenuous
O'er an Outlook printer's proof which little relevancy bore,
When a wireless message ticking through the transom came a-clicking
Like some angry beetle kicking, kicking at his office door—
Like some Spiritland Progressives tapping—"We want Theodore!"
Merely this and nothing more.

"Prophet!" cried he. "Bug or weevil, pray what pirate's deed of evil
From Chicago's deepest jobbery art thou bringing to my door?"
Quoth the wireless: "Quick—attention! Barnes is swiping the Convention!
Put the Hat on—get a move on! Catch the Limited before
All your crew are flat as plasters—porous plasters, nothing more!"

Then the uproused Theodore
With a galvanizing roar
Toward a special marked Chicago quite incontinently tore;
Swung aboard so quick he sorter
Cowed the splendid Pullman porter;
So all night in thought he settled, giving vent to nary snore—
Though he very often snorted
As he mentally retorted
To Reaction, shameless waving its corruption-tainted sore.

How the train did rock and teeter!—
Here I drop my Poe-esque meter.
Sparks illumined the engine's stack;
Once or twice she jumped the track
In her desperate endeavor
As she surged,
Teddy-urged,
To the slogan: "Now or never!
Let us hurl the malefactors
And the venomed fame-detractors
To the deep, dark, danky dungeon of the wickedest Bad Actors!"

In a chanticlarion largo
The conductor yelled "Shy-car-go!"
All Chicago, waiting ready,
Cheered in chorus: "Here comes Teddy!"

And they gave him such ovation
As can only happen when
Teddy Roosevelt strikes a station
And orates as man to men.
Whistles tooting, autos hooting!
Oklahoma callyooting!
Harvard, Siwash, hayseed, cultured—one debauch
of college rooting!
Hurling thunder at the foemen,
Teddy galvanized his yeomen.
Here a Bob and there a Bill;
Gifford here and there Medill;
Friends arrived from far Tacoma,
Yonkers, Boston, Oklahoma.

Look! Another demonstration
When, with Johnson's Thief-proof banner,
California's delegation
Banzaied in the Teddymanner.

"Hello, Chester! Well, how's Fresno?
There's Meyer Lissner—George! I guess no
Boss'll hand us razzle-dazzle!
We'll consign 'em to a frazzle!"

So they rallied round his auto,
Teddy bowing left and right.
Many a good Insurgent motto
Split the air, the Boss to fright.
Rich man, poor man, swell and slobby,
Followed to the "Congress" lobby.
From the hotel balcony
Teddy sent a salvo ringing,
Jumping on the Powers that Prey,
Uppercutting, jabbing, swinging
In the White Hope's hopeful way.

And the roomy Teddyquarters
Were alive with ripping-snorters—
Running fires
From real live wires;
Benny Lindsey, little giant,
Smote the gathered grafters pliant
And unholy things that thrive—
Cries of "Eat 'em up alive!"
Now the chorus, swelling strong
To a "Teddy Bulldog" song,
Praised the Strong Man with its cheering,
Shamed the Fat Man with its jeering,
Till the Taft Headquarters, sneering—
Where, as noiseless as a clinic,
Worked the Bosses smooth and cynic—
Heard the roar and named it all:
"The Salvation Army Hall."

Somewhere in the upper regions
You could hear the Dark Horse pacing,
Famed among the ghostly legions
For his energy at racing.

But the Teddychorus, swollen
To defiance, reached the sky:
"Give us back the ninety stolen—
Or we'll know the reason why!"

IV—HE MAKETH A SPEECH ON THE EVE OF BATTLE

In that convincing speech he made
Up to the hilt he dug the blade!

And in those mettled words that rang
He told the truth and shamed the gang.

He spoke of men whose morals go
By 14:20 ratio.

How Bosses, driven from their states,
Could choose a nation's delegates,
And quibble in, by Rule of Doubt,
The men their states had voted out.

How men who turned with frown severe
On the defaulting bank cashier,

Yet served among the public crooks
Who falsify a nation's books.

Some stinging statements passed his lips
On temporary chairmanships

Dependent on the Bosses' nod—
"The People's voice the voice of God?"

Here is a Government whose will
Is based on each man's vote—and still

The choice two million votes decide
Two dozen Bosses override!

"If votes decide you see in me
The Party's chosen nominee—

"If Bosses choose I'll not applaud
Or be a party to the fraud."

So Teddy spoke his latest word
And ninety million people heard:

And all to whom this truth was brought,
Touched by its logic, stopped in thought—

All, did I say? Pauline, nay, nay!
For still the Roller chugged away.

For deals, when square, and facts, when clean,
Ne'er touched the heart of that Machine,
Whose bowels are brass, whose heart is lead,
And solid ivory its head.

(Concluded on Page 29)

MY LADY'S GARTER

"Do You Remember the Very First Thing You Ever Said to Me?"

By Jacques Futrelle

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XXVI

AT LAST came a happening so weird, so fantastic, so bizarre, that Brokaw Hamilton could hardly convince himself that it was a reality. Surely this was the beginning of madness. First was the torturing thought it was just that and nothing else; and out of that grew a keen, childlike interest that kept him waiting tensely for developments, as one does in a fairy story.

In his own room in his own home at dead of night it happened. Pallid and weak and nerve-racked he lay, staring with wide eyes into the darkness. His physicians had gone; his nurse in an adjoining room had dropped off to sleep. Without having heard a sound the financier became suddenly aware of the fact that there was some one in the room. His nurse, perhaps—she had crept in silent-shod to see if he was all right. "Who's there?" he asked.

Instantly he was bathed in light from an electric flash. It dazzled him. He raised his hands to shield his eyes. Simultaneously he discovered that there was a nasty-looking revolver beside the light; it was pointed directly at his breast.

"Now don't call any one and don't move," came a warning from the pall behind the light. "You may put your hands down."

Obediently the millionaire lowered them.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I am The Hawk!"

It was a simple introduction but an effective one. There was almost a touch of pride in the intruder's tone. Brokaw Hamilton forgot that he was ill and sat up straight in bed.

"The Hawk!" he repeated.

"Not so loud, please," came the command. "Don't forget that the nurse is asleep in the next room—and we wouldn't care to disturb her."

"What do you want?" Vainly the financier tried to pierce the darkness beyond the glare of the flash.

"I had an impression that you'd be lonely and I dropped in for a few minutes' conversation," was the cheerful response. "You won't mind if I lock the door into the nurse's room, will you? And the door into the hall? Then you may turn on your night light and we'll be cozy."

Fascinated, the financier watched him as he silently turned the keys in the locks.

"Now," said The Hawk, "you may turn on the light beside your bed."

Mr. Hamilton's hand trembled with eagerness as he reached for the button. He was overwhelmed with curiosity to see this man face to face, but he didn't.

The Hawk was masked. A black hood was drawn down over the visitor's head to his shoulders; a pair of pleasant brown eyes looked out through a narrow slit. He drew up an easy chair and sat down.

"If you'll just remember now that I have this revolver," he remarked, "we'll get along nicely. Nothing's going to happen. I'm here looking for information."

"Information?" the sick man repeated dully.

"You got me," said The Hawk tersely. His voice was rather agreeable, Mr. Hamilton thought—confident, good-natured, vibrant with cheeriness. "You know," The Hawk went on, "if I'm ever taken—not that I ever expect to be, but if I am I'll find myself in some pickle, believe me, concerning one little thing. That's why I am here."

"What are you talking about?"

"Coming down to brass tacks, Mr. Hamilton," said The Hawk, "did you or did you not kill old Daddy Heinz?" He paused. "I know it's a personal question, but I must know the answer."

Yes, it was madness. The financier was convinced now. Suddenly it seemed that everybody in the world knew he had been in the house the night Daddy Heinz was killed! Instinctively he was on the defensive.

"Why do you ask me that?" he demanded.

"You know," The Hawk went on in cheerful explanation, "I was in the house the night Daddy Heinz was

killed; and there's a warrant out against me for his murder. Now I didn't kill him, but I know you were in that house because I saw you. I heard the shots, I ran to the top of the stairs and saw you passing along the hallway with a revolver in your hand. Also I saw you leaning over the body. Then I saw you pick up something—I think perhaps it was a diamond—and then—well, I began to get the idea that the police might have heard the shots and would hustle in, so I grabbed my belongings and hauled my freight. Now what I want to know is whether you killed Daddy Heinz. You see I know I didn't; but there's a warrant charging me with it, and if I'm ever pinched I'll have to know what happened. In a way we are in the same boat."

For a long time there was silence. The financier's hands writhed nervously, then under the friendly stare of The Hawk's eyes he seemed to grow suddenly calm. Here was a fairy tale; he was living a part of it.

"Suppose," he questioned at last "Suppose I should deny I was in that house?"

"Oh, come now." The Hawk was quite good-natured about it. "I saw you, you know. Don't be afraid to tell me; for, believe me, I'm not going to appear in court against you. I merely want to know what actually happened."

Positively there was something winning in The Hawk's manner. Mr. Hamilton felt braced, exhilarated. If this was a fairy tale it was a good one.

"I'll tell you frankly," he said: "I went to the place to see the old man about — about ——"

"The garter thing, I know," interrupted The Hawk.

"While I was talking to him the electric buzz sounded, and it seemed to startle him—the buzz that connects with the front door, I mean. He asked me to step into a rear room for a minute, and I did so. I was there perhaps for five minutes when I heard three shots. I had a revolver. I drew it and ran along the hall with the one idea of protecting myself and escaping. As I ran into the hall I heard the front door bang—some one going out. Daddy Heinz was lying on the floor alone. I went in terrified. I hastily examined the body and I got a splotch of—of blood on my hand!" He shuddered. "There was a revolver on the floor; I didn't touch that; but I did pick up a diamond which, I had reason to believe, came out of the Countess of Salisbury's garter. I was able to recognize it by the old-fashioned cutting—the rose cutting. My intention was to save it until opportunity presented to return it to the rightful owners. I have it yet."

The Hawk nodded understandingly.

"I believe you," he said graciously. "It doesn't sound like the truth at that, does it? But neither would my story, so far as that goes."

Again fell a silence. The Hawk thoughtfully spun his revolver on his finger.

"You went to see old Daddy Heinz because ——"

"Because," the financier finished, "the garter disappeared mysteriously at the very moment I was trying to return it, through the police, to the British Government. I imagined that perhaps Daddy Heinz, from whom I bought it originally, might know something ——"

"I get you," interrupted The Hawk. "And the key to the house? You had one?"

"Yes, Daddy Heinz gave it to me. Previously I had made half a dozen trips there."

The Hawk sat bobbing his head thoughtfully. Mr. Hamilton continued:

"There is a widespread belief that that garter is now in your possession."

"It is," The Hawk agreed. "Like to see it?"

He produced it and dangled it before the financier's astonished eyes. The sheer beauty of the trinket kindled a covetous blaze deep in the millionaire's brain. Involuntarily he reached for it; The Hawk deliberately withdrew it.

"That missing stone," The Hawk explained, "is the one you have. I gouged it out and hocked it with Daddy Heinz the day he was murdered."

"Will you sell that?" asked Mr. Hamilton.

"No," and The Hawk laughed. "I thought you'd had enough of it?"

"I will buy it if you will sell it, and return it to the British Government."

"Nothing doing."

"I'll give you twenty-five thousand dollars for it?"

"No."

"Fifty?"

"No, I have another use for it and, besides, I don't need the money. I've cleaned up a quarter of a million in the last month and incidentally had a lot of fun with Meredith." He chuckled. "He's a funny gink, Meredith."

He rose and stretched lazily. He was slender, almost boyish in figure, graceful, sinewy—built like a steel bridge.

"I'm sorry to have disturbed you," he apologized, "but I had to know how things were, because there might come—might, I say—a time when I'll need to know. And what you've told me, of course, is just between us. Don't let it worry you. And say"—he was struck by a generous thought—"if this garter thing you're mixed up in gets too hot for you, shove it off on to me. I'll stand for it—anything you like but murder. Now me for the tall timbers."

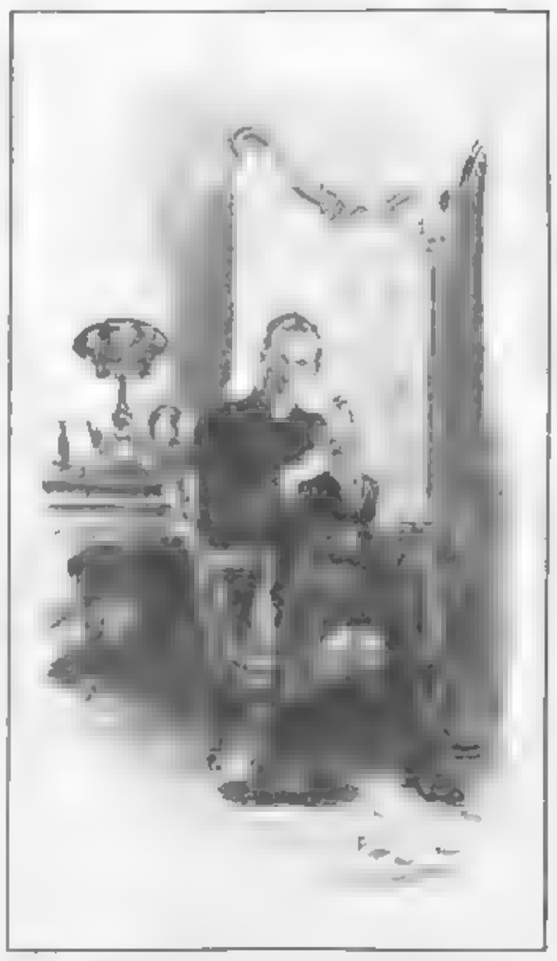
He silently unlocked the door into the nurse's room, then the door into the hall.

"Good night," he said. "Hope you're all right again soon. I'm sorry you're not well. As a matter of fact, I'm rather strong for your family. You know I once had an idea that I'd like to be your son-in-law. Good night."

The door opened and closed silently; The Hawk was gone. The fairy tale was at an end. Brokaw Hamilton turned over comfortably and went to sleep.

. . . . . .

For the second time Detective Meredith was summoned by the Russian Ambassador. The first person he met as he entered the private reception room was Bruce Colquhoun!



Looked Meekly at the Splendor of a Millionaire's Home

XXVII

THERE was something closely akin to elation in August von Derp's manner as he came out of the room where Brokaw Hamilton lay ill and joined Helen on the sun-drenched veranda. Aroused from dreamy contemplation of Long Island Sound, azure-blue in the distance, she glanced up quickly.

"How is father?" she asked.

"He had a most comfortable night," was the reply. "That, together with the assurance from John Gaunt that the fight is off until he is himself again, seems to have acted upon him like a tonic. He is quite cheerful."

"I'm so glad. Positively I could kiss Mr. Gaunt for his magnanimity."

"And better yet," Von Derp continued, the while his eager eyes blazed into her own, "he has practically consented to—to my attentions to you!"

"He has?" There was a curious emphasis in the question; Von Derp opened his eyes inquiringly.

"You speak," he said, "as if ——"

"Let's not talk about it," Helen broke in. "Let's talk about "

"We will talk about it," Von Derp insisted eagerly. "It is the moment I have lived for and longed for. You know ——"

"Oh, dear!" Helen complained. "Why will——"

"Because I love you," he interrupted violently, passionately. In that moment of declaration all the little graces had fallen away from him. "Because there has never been a moment since I first saw you that I didn't love you. Tomorrow your father will give his formal consent: today is mine with you—you!"

Helen regarded him with troubled eyes. Mere man has never solved the mystery of woman; Von Derp, like all the rest of us, failed, and in that instant he realized his failure. Suddenly he was aware of something antagonistic in her attitude.

"Please don't," she requested coldly.

"Why not?"

"Oh, because," vaguely.

"But why? You know I love ——"

"I'm not in the mood for it, if you must know," Helen exclaimed with an angry little spot in her cheeks. "And, besides, you -you have no right!"

"You promised," he protested, "that if I should clear the name of ——"

"You haven't done it," Helen pointed out, "and, besides, now it isn't necessary."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that Mr. Colquhoun has returned."

"You knew that?" Von Derp didn't seem to be surprised. "How did you know it?"

"Oh, I just knew it."

"And Colquhoun's return ——" he began.

"Don't you understand, Mr. von Derp?" Helen asked, and there was almost an appeal in her voice. "Don't you understand that I—I am under obligations to Mr. Colquhoun? That I had faith in him? That it was horrible to me to think that he should have died under a cloud? That there was nothing I wouldn't have given to have lifted that cloud? I had been unjust to him; it was only fair that I should make reparation, even to a dead man!"

Von Derp arose suddenly, his fingers gripped in his palms, his face pallid.

"And," he said steadily with accusing eyes, "you would have used me to—— Your promises to me meant nothing?"

"I made no promises," Helen pointed out. "But I have said that there is nothing I wouldn't have given to do justice to his memory—nothing, understand, even myself! Now that Mr. Colquhoun is alive and is back to prove his innocence; now that ——"

Von Derp didn't hear the remainder of it. He turned away as if in anger and strode to the far end of the veranda, where he stood for a long time looking out upon the Sound with smoldering eyes. Helen regarded him curiously. Here was a new mood in him. She had never believed him capable of strong emotion; always to her he had been merely ornamental, superficial, elegant. Von Derp strode back toward her, his face grave; again he was the mathematically precise, ultra-courteous individual she had always known.

"Miss Hamilton, you have never understood just who I am," he said with that odd twist of speech that was characteristic of him in his serious moments. "Your father understands; but for your information I'll say I'm of a family old in German history and wealthy as your own. But"—and he emphasized the word—"in spite of all that, I am a special agent of the Imperial Secret Service of Germany. I tell you this to make you understand that when you pledged me to—to clear Bruce Colquhoun's name of its enshrouding ignominy, as you expressed it, you came to one who was able to bring to bear a vast experience in matters of this sort."

He paused. Helen's mouth had dropped open a little in her utter astonishment. He was only a policeman! Von Derp paid little attention to her attitude and went on:

From Beyond the Sturdy Panels Came the Muffled Crack of a Revolver!

"I began the task you set for me, but I didn't go ahead with it because ——" He broke off suddenly. "Perhaps I had better stop; I had intended to save you the shame of all this."

"Go on, please," said Helen bravely. All at once something rose in her throat. "Go on!"

Von Derp shrugged his shoulders.

"Instead of proving that Bruce Colquhoun was not The Hawk I found myself proving that he was The Hawk!"

Helen came to her feet with a blaze in the blue eyes.

"I don't believe it!" she said.

"It doesn't really matter whether you believe it or not," Von Derp told her. "He has never explained to your satisfaction who he is, has he? No. Or why it was so necessary to keep his identity hidden? No. He has never explained his absence from Satuit on every occasion when there was a jewel robbery in Boston, twenty-five miles away, has he? No. He has never ——"

"I don't believe it!" Helen repeated doggedly.

"It is susceptible of proof—immediate proof," Von Derp stated. "I knew before you did that Bruce Colquhoun had chosen to return to life. I located him, oddly enough, in the hotel where I live. In my official capacity I searched his apartments, and found, not what I sought, but the Countess of Salisbury's garter! I found some of the jewels stolen in the Boston thefts; I found even some of your jewels! And this was the man whose memory ——"

"I don't believe it!"

"Your attitude," Von Derp informed her coolly with a slight raising of his brows, "is a credit to your heart, not your head. Incidentally it is no compliment to me. Perhaps you will give me an opportunity to prove what I say?" His voice softened strangely. "Believe me, there is nothing vindictive in my attitude. I love you; you don't love me—you do love a man who is not worthy! Could you imagine anything more hideous than sacrificing yourself to that man? And understand me, I haven't reported to the police what I know, and because of my love for you I will not. But let me prove what I say—I can give you all the proof you can demand. If I fail to convince you ——" He shrugged his shoulders. "May I prove it?"

"How?" Helen demanded rebelliously.

"It's simple enough. Will you come to his apartments with me and allow me to show you the things he has stolen?—the jewels for which the police are scouring the world? Will you come?"

"I will!"

Helen didn't hesitate; this was no time for hesitation. Blindly, even against the evidence of her own reason at times, she had come to believe in Bruce Colquhoun; she was wearing his ring now as a token of her faith in him. If he had deceived her —— Her strong young hands closed spasmodically. The run downtown in the motor was made in silence. Von Derp ushered Helen ceremoniously into the public parlor.

"Allow me," he said, "to inquire at the office whether Colquhoun is in. It is not desirable that we should be interrupted."

She nodded and he went away. He was gone perhaps five minutes, then together they went up in the elevator. Not once had it occurred to Helen that she was doing the unconventional thing!

There was only the thought that if Bruce had deceived her she must know it now! She suffered herself to be led along a corridor; together she and Von Derp entered an apartment on the fifth floor. There was something uncanny in Von Derp's silence.

"If everything is just as it was the other day," he explained in a cautious undertone, "the Countess of Salisbury's garter should be here!" With his knifeblade he threw the bolt in a small drawer of an escritoire and pulled it open. "It is here!"

Helen looked, and looking fell back a step with one hand pressed to her eyes. The garter was there, brilliant, beautiful, scintillating. Von Derp paused to gaze triumphantly into her face. In that instant she hated him! He was working at a lower drawer of a cabinet. Finally he pulled it open.

"Here, please," he said quietly.

Again Helen looked and a little cry rose to her lips. She stifled it in helpless agony and stood holding her clenched hands tightly to her lips. The bottom of the drawer was a shimmering, coruscating mass of jewels—a pearl necklace worth many thousands of dollars; brooches, bracelets, rings, necklaces of diamonds!

"For some reason he keeps a portion of the stolen stuff in this other room," Von Derp explained. "If you will step this way?"

"I've seen enough," she gasped helplessly.

"But you haven't seen the most important of all," he declared.

Mutely she followed him; another drawer opened under his magic touch, and there were her own jewels—at least a part of them! The cry came then—rage, mortification, agony! He had lied to her! That great joy that had come to her the other day when she, believing him dead, had found him living, died now! He had said that he had returned to prove his innocence! It had sounded plausible, so like him; and even at that moment he was hiding the jewels he had stolen from her. She swayed a little and Von Derp steadied her.

"Is the proof sufficient?" he asked.

"Home!" she murmured faintly. "Please take me away. I—am ill!"

Von Derp bowed courteously and together they returned to the room they had just left. At that instant the door from the hall opened and two men entered—Bruce Colquhoun and Detective Meredith. There was tense silence for a moment, then Helen drew back with a cry; Von Derp seemed nonplused. Into Bruce's face came a frown.

"Lock the door, Meredith," he directed.

"You'll permit us to go, please," said Von Derp.

"Lock the door, Meredith," Bruce repeated. "Now is the time! We came to this apartment to take The Hawk ——"

"And you will," Von Derp interrupted. "Take him, Meredith—there he stands beside you, this so-called Bruce Colquhoun! Take him! Meanwhile ——" He started toward the door. Helen clung to him desperately.

Meredith, who had seemed oddly befuddled, was galvanized into action all at once. There was grim joy in his face as he strode toward Von Derp.

"We came to take The Hawk," he said. "Hold out your hands!"

"I?" Von Derp started back in amazement. "I, The Hawk? Really, Meredith, you're an amusing person." He burst out laughing. "I, The Hawk?"

The perfect sincerity of his laugh, his manner, his tone caused Meredith to stop and look round helplessly at Bruce. Helen dropped down into a chair.

"Perhaps, Miss Hamilton, you had better go?" Bruce stood beside Helen solicitously. She shook her head.

"And where, pray, did you get the impression that I was The Hawk?" Von Derp taunted Meredith. His shallow eyes had narrowed to mere slits.

"I know it," Meredith declared forcibly. "I know it because ——"

"Well?"

"First, because there have been no crown jewels stolen from Germany. I have that on the direct authority of the chief of the Imperial Secret Service."

"Naturally," and Von Derp shrugged his shoulders, "he doesn't let American policemen into secrets of that nature."

"Also I know it because you lied to me about the plan of that house where I found you that night. You said you had mailed it to me. As a matter of fact Mr. Colquhoun mailed it to me! He picked it up aboard the motor boat where you had dropped it."

"He's—what do you Americans say?—he's bluffing."

"And furthermore," the detective drew two photographs and a slip of paper from his pocket, "I know it because I have exact indisputable proof with me. Here is the thumbprint of The Hawk made in blood in his last robbery; here is a duplicate of that thumbprint found on the Pyramid, showing The Hawk had been there."

"Naturally," Von Derp nodded. "He lived aboard the boat."

"And last, on this slip of paper I have Mr. Colquhoun's thumbprint. It is not the same! You can still convince me that you are not The Hawk, here, now! Do you dare to put your thumbprint beside these other three?"

"Certainly," said Von Derp obligingly. "How shall I make the impression? There's a plate-glass tray there; it will take an impression admirably. Allow me," and he moved toward the bathroom, "to step in here and put a little soap on my thumb so we may get a good print."

He disappeared into the bathroom, and the door closed behind him with a crash. From beyond the sturdy oaken panels came the muffled crack of a revolver!

"Good Heavens!" Meredith dropped back. "He's killed himself!"

The world swam round Helen; she screamed once, then fainted. Her last impression of visible things was of Bruce and Meredith battering at the door.

"If You'll Just Remember Now That I Have This Revolver, We'll Get Along Nicely"

XXVIII

WHEN consciousness returned to Helen she was being held close in Bruce's arms, his eyes burning into hers, his face seared by the torture of anxiety

"—is he dead?" she faltered

"No," said Bruce, "he escaped. Meredith's gone in pursuit. He locked the door and fired the shot to make us think it was suicide. While we were trying to break in he stepped out on the fire-escape, ran along to the window opening into the hall and got away. It took us fifteen minutes to smash the door; he has just that much start of Meredith!"

Helen closed her eyes, infinitely relieved. It was best that he should have escaped, for after all —— Suddenly she remembered that she was being held very tightly in a young man's arms, and struggled to free herself! And that young man was a thief! He had stolen her jewels.

"Let me go," she panted angrily.

"No." Bruce held her.

"You must! I—you ——"

"Why?"

"Because you—you—I hate you; you are a thief!"

"Indeed!" Bruce pinioned her arms and gazed deeply into indignant eyes with a slight smile. "What have I stolen?"

"Jewels, my jewels, other people's jewels!"

"The Hawk—Von Derp—stole those, not I."

"Then what in the name of goodness are all those things doing here in your apartment?"

"This," said Bruce, "is not my apartment; it's Von Derp's apartment. Meredith and I came here to arrest him!"

"Von Derp's apartment?" Helen was so amazed she forgot to struggle. "But he said—he brought me here to

(Continued on Page 33)

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 10, 1912

Impeaching a Judge

NOBODY has charged that Robert W. Archbald did anything very bad. Nobody has imagined that it was ever within his power to do great and irreparable injury. As Circuit Court judge he might, at most, have sought to hand the railroads a million dollars now and then, subject to a reversal by the Supreme Court. As one of the five judges of the Commerce Court he might have cast his vote in favor of permitting the roads to increase freight rates, say, one or two per cent—also subject to review by the Supreme Court. Considering that the wealth of the United States is about a hundred and fifty billion dollars, the utmost he could have done by the greatest possible misuse of his powers would have amounted only to petty larceny. The first and most important allegation against him is that he tried to buy a culm bank from the Erie Railroad and if he had succeeded would have made a profit of eleven thousand dollars. That gives the measure of the whole charge against him—petty favors to be compensated by petty favors.

Yet to bring this alleged small grafter to trial we must employ the tremendous machinery of impeachment, designed to deal with the deepest villainies against the state—with a Benedict Arnold who stabs at the nation's heart, or a new Charles I whose plots involve destruction of liberty. This is absurd. It is like being obliged to mobilize the North Atlantic fleet in order to run down a smuggler's dory.

If Archbald is guilty of the charges brought against him he is, undoubtedly, unworthy to be a judge or to hold any other public trust. He should be dismissed as a matter of course, for the same reason that a prudent bank president dismisses a teller who is proved to be a confirmed gambler—and without much more fuss.

The Socialists' Example

IN ORGANIZATION and tactics, at least, other political parties can learn something from Socialism. Delegates to that party's national convention are directly elected by the party members in each state, and the representation from each state is based on the number of party votes cast. There are no Southern mercenaries. Every delegate elected represents a bona-fide party constituency.

National committees of the old parties are chosen by the national convention for four years. Thus the national committee of 1912 represents the faction that was dominant in the convention of 1908—and seats contested delegates accordingly. The Socialist national committee is elected for a short term, subject to recall, by the party membership; so it represents the faction or policy that is dominant at the moment it is acting, and it has nothing to do either with seating contested delegations or appointing a temporary organization. The uncontested delegates, being called to order by the chairman of the national committee, form their own temporary organization, including the election of a committee on contests and a chairman for the day. There is no complicated machinery of local conventions and powerful, long-term committees to mock the party voter. The convention must reflect the will of a majority of the party voters, because it is directly elected by them; and the delegates, immediately upon assembling, take proceedings into their own hands.

Whether this democratic arrangement would long survive if the Socialists were winning important offices and thereby making it an object for interested gentlemen to thwart the will of the voters, we do not pretend to say; but the example is worth studying.

Party Allegiance

IF AN elderly American citizen of good reputation and steady habits presented himself at the hotel he had patronized for many years and was met at the door by the manager, who slapped his face, seized his watch and kicked him into the gutter, we suppose he would highly resolve never to enter that hotel again. Yet the resolution would entail considerable inconvenience. There would be the bother of looking up a new hotel, the painful uncertainty as to whether he was going to like it, the getting acquainted with strange corridors and apartments, the giving new directions about mail; in fact, if you put "political party" in place of "hotel," a great many thousand elderly Americans will stick to the old shop—hoping the management will be better next time—rather than take the trouble to make a new connection.

"I never deserted a party until it had deserted itself!" said Talleyrand, who was one of the world's most experienced deserters; but the opposite notion that a man's first political duty consists in sticking to a party he has once joined, no matter how little it represents him, is still rather prevalent among the elderly. This is about as though the total-abstinence members of a certain church, whose edifice lost its ecclesiastical character and finally became a saloon, should feel bound to keep on going there just the same.

There are those whom a party supports—principally officeholders. Their unswerving fealty to the party, irrespective of its conduct and principles, is easily understood and entirely logical; but there are those who support the party—mere voters. Why they should continue to support it when it no longer represents them is a mystery!

Rail and Water Freight

ST. LOUIS is especially well situated in respect of water traffic. Sixteen thousand miles of navigable rivers—including the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Illinois, the Ohio and its tributaries—practically converge at her levees. In 1880 the total in-and-out movement of river-borne freight at St. Louis amounted to nearly two million tons. In 1890 it had fallen to little over one million tons; in 1900 to three-quarters of a million; in 1905 to less than four hundred thousand tons; in 1910 to less than two hundred thousand tons, or only one-tenth what it had been thirty years before. Meanwhile the rail-borne traffic at St. Louis steadily rose from ten million tons in 1880 to over fifty millions in 1910. In 1880 the river traffic was nearly twenty per cent of the total by rail and by river; in 1910 it was only one-third of one per cent of the total.

Something more than channel improvement is necessary to overcome this condition. There is already an average low-water depth of eighteen feet between St. Louis and the Gulf; but the city's total receipts and shipments of freight by the lower Mississippi have fallen from over a million tons in 1880 to less than a hundred thousand tons in 1910; and in the last five years, though we have been discussing waterways with such persistence, river traffic has shrunk progressively. The truth is, the railroads have absolutely captured the field and are prepared to defend it. Chicago receives about nine million tons of freight yearly by lake; but much more than half of that is iron ore, and her traffic by rail probably amounts to two hundred million tons. Besides channel improvement there must be a big organized effort to attract water business.

Railroad Combination

WE NOTE with pleasure that the Missouri Pacific and the Chicago & Northwestern have made a traffic compact, whereby through trains will be operated in both directions between Kansas City, Omaha and the Twin Cities; and Wall Street dispatches report a similar arrangement between the St. Paul and the Frisco systems.

A dozen years ago railroad combinations were usually effected by vast stock-juggling operations—as when the Rock Island-Frisco crowd sought to capture Northwestern by running the stock to the ceiling and using bank credits by the tens of millions; or when Hill and Morgan bought Burlington outright from the stockholding public and sold it back at a largely enhanced price to the bondholding public. There was usually a huge deal, a huge draft upon bank credits, and incidentally a huge rake-off for somebody. Invariably the amount of securities outstanding in public hands was increased. We trust that phase has passed. Benefits of through service can be secured without it.

Law still prohibits the roads from making reasonable and useful traffic agreements with one another except where they are not "parallel and competing"—that is, competing theoretically. That stupid phase will pass also, and coördination of the railroad systems will proceed naturally instead of by expensive Wall Street spasms.

The Melons of the Future

AMAZEMENT must possess the ghost of Henry Hudson if it is aware of the pleasant predicament that now confronts the Hudson Bay Company. The company's shares have a par value of ten pounds each and a market value of about one hundred and thirty pounds, and it is trying to devise some sort of melon cutting whereby the par value of stock will be brought up within hailing distance of the value of assets. The enormous increase in the market price of its stock is mostly due, of course, to the enhanced value of its lands. Last year's sales of farm tracts netted a little over nineteen dollars an acre. It is now some three hundred years since Hudson discovered the great inland sea that bears his name, on whose waters he was set adrift to perish by his mutinous crew. He was looking for a northwest passage to Asia. Though sixty starving survivors of the first attempt to settle Jamestown had been induced to return thither about that time and try it again, and Champlain was founding Quebec, the European mind still in the main regarded all the land north of Mexico merely as a troublesome barrier in the way to the East. Sixty years later the grant out of which the Hudson Bay Company grew was valued solely for the monopoly of fur trade it carried. It is only in our own generation that great value has been discovered in the cold land itself.

The point obvious is that North America still contains many Hudson bays—regions now regarded as waste for all agricultural purposes, which at some future time will pay thirteen for one in products of the soil.

Incompetent Bank Directors

NOT long ago a national bank in a country town of only a few thousand inhabitants was closed by the bank examiner. The concern was a pretty complete wreck and had not been in a solvent condition for several years. During that time it had been examined the usual number of times and its crippled condition had not been discovered. Naturally some people blamed the bank examiner and pointed to the case as further proof of the superficiality of bank examinations in general.

The trouble with this bank was that for a long time the cashier had been systematically robbing it and covering his defalcations with forged notes, until finally the greater part of the nominal assets consisted of forgeries. The names forged to the notes were mostly those of people living in the town or its vicinity, who were in good credit there. The board of directors comprised the usual quota of local business men, who were supposed to be personally acquainted with people of credit in that neighborhood.

Who should have detected this constantly growing mass of forgeries—the local directors or the bank examiner, who at most spent two days in the town two or three times a year, and who by no stretch of imagination could be supposed to know local signatures? In fact, the directors remained blissfully ignorant of the condition of their bank until the examiner—his suspicion aroused by an incident—unearthed the defalcation. It is a regrettable fact, applying both to national and state banks, that in a great many cases the bank examiner, and not the local directors, discovers that the concern is being looted.

Government Expenditures

THE decade from 1870 to 1880 is memorable in that there was no increase in Government expenses. With that exception, though great economies have been projected and effected at Washington on paper, the Government has scarcely ever in a given year spent less than in the year before, unless panic cut short its revenues or the close of a war enabled it to return to a peace footing. In the last twenty years not even panic has effected an important reduction in outgo, while we now spend on a peace footing considerably more than when at war with Spain, and expenditures a head have tended quite steadily to rise. Broadly speaking, every dollar appropriated is a permanent charge and goes on forever. In the last four years aggregate disbursements have run just under seven hundred million dollars, varying little from year to year. Meanwhile a new impost—the corporation tax—has been introduced and its yield of thirty millions a year has kept the balance on the right side of the ledger. Meanwhile, also, the pension roll has fallen by about eight millions, standing at little over a hundred and fifty millions in 1912; but the new pension bill is coming into effect and it will immediately increase the pension roll by at least twenty-five millions a year, nearly absorbing the yield of the new corporation tax.

No doubt the Government will never spend less. No doubt it will spend more and more. The problem is to get value for the money—something that we don't do now, by a long shot.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Original Wilson Man

THIS country is dotted, nay, speckled, with men whose total achievement in life is summed up in the college class numerals that adorn their names. You step on them in every university club in the country, the men who graduated and, having attained that distinction, never attained any other, except, perhaps, membership in a Greek-letter fraternity, all of which entitles them to go to class reunions and anniversaries and to make up the scenery at frat banquets, and gives them their sole topic of conversation, which is the big men who graduated with them—with them, mark you—and having survived the handicap of the association, have made successes. One of the chief features of the ritual of the Reflected Glory Boys is: "Why, of course, I know him. We were in the same class together at dear old ——" whatever dear old institution it was that sheltered them simultaneously.

Ordinarily the men who strike twelve are not the men who remember their college life, but the men who forget it. The acute rememberer of what happened at dear old Beegin while the class of '76 was macerating its opponents hasn't anything else to remember. The climax of his career—as with all of his kind—came when they squeezed him through, stuck a cap and gown on him, handed him a diploma on which he learned his name was Jacobus instead of Jim, and turned him loose.

Ordinarily, I say, this is what happens. I mention these things not insinuating that colleges and universities do not have their uses, but merely as a preliminary to the introduction of one professional graduate who, retaining that fervid interest in his university, still has had time—and ability—to put over some other enterprises besides a class dinner and a frat convocation, one of said enterprises being a candidate for the presidency of the United States.

I refer to William F. McCombs, Princeton, '98, otherwise known as Bill McCombs. He has all the earmarks of the chap who speaks of his alma mater with the tremolo stop on, and might have fitted himself for the old-grad profession without half trying, for he is intensely Princeton; but he spread out a bit, so to speak, and instead of specializing on Princeton, he specialized on the president of Princeton—a difference there—and, if things go well, he expects to add a president of these United States to his specialties.

About all that was known of Woodrow Wilson by the bulk of the people of this country three years ago was that he is a person who looks, in his pictures, as if he would crack his face if he smiled, and that he has written a history of the United States which is reasonably easy to obtain by the payment of a small sum down and the rest in equal monthly installments. Now at this moment the bulk of the American people know more about Woodrow Wilson than he knows himself—know about his ancestry, his posterity, his habits, tastes, emotions, the way he likes his eggs, how he parts his hair, the sort of a bath he takes, what he prefers in the way of socks, whether he wears union suits or not, and many other intimate and personal details.

A Short Road to Fame

MOREOVER, the bulk of the people now refer to him as Woody, and call his daughters by their first names, and Mrs. Wilson has already been enticed several times into telling the female reporters what she thinks of politics, which marks the real height of fame in this country. A man can feel sure he has arrived when they ask his wife what she thinks of politics—and print what they think she ought to say, instead of what she says. In other words, Mr. Woodrow Wilson, in the space of three short years, has expanded from academician to acme, from pragmatist to pinnacle, from author to apex, and, assuming that you ask why this is so, I hasten to answer this is so largely because of William F. McCombs, Princeton, '98.

To be sure, it isn't all because of William F. McCombs, Princeton, '98. Let] us not, by any chance, overlook Thomas Jones Pence, of whom more hereafter, or William McAdoo, or Walter Page, or Senator Gore, or Fred Lynch, or Bill Hughes or many others who helped elevate Professor Wilson to his present proud position of being the White Hope of the Democracy; but at the moment William F. McCombs, Princeton, '98, is the subject of these remarks. If it ever becomes necessary to fix the identity of the Original Wilson Man—and it won't be unless the Original Wilson and a majority of his fellow American citizens are in favorable ballot conjunction next November—McCombs must be selected for that distinction, if it shall turn out thus—next, of course, to Woodrow himself. McCombs, as I have intimated, is a graduate of Princeton. While there he formed a close friendship with Wilson, then a professor of some intricate kind, and the friendship continued when the professor became president of the university.

PHOTO BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK

He Played the Game Out in the Open

After a time Wilson sought a career in politics. It is quite likely McCombs had much to do with the seeking. At any rate Wilson was elected governor of New Jersey, and not long after he was inaugurated and had stepped on the political face of the Honorable Jim Smith in an academic but effective manner, in the matter of the United States senatorship, thereby gaining some acclaim outside of Jersey as well as within the same, it occurred to McCombs, to Page, to McAdoo, and some others, that the water in the Democratic-presidential-nomination swimming hole was fine and that Wilson should go on in. So one bright morning, a year ago last March, McCombs hired a few rooms down on lower Broadway, New York, put up some ten thousand dollars of his own money as a preliminary, and announced himself as chairman of the Woodrow Wilson National Committee.

He continued in that position until Wilson was nominated at Baltimore by the Democrats. The talk, as this is written, is that he will be made chairman of the Democratic National Committee and run Wilson's presidential campaign as he ran the ante-convention campaign. Whether or not, he ran the before-convention campaign, and his success was as remarkable as his work was difficult. McCombs is thirty-six years old. When he was a boy of nine or ten he was thrown from a buggy in Arkansas, where he was born, and lamed for life. He is frail and slight; and there hasn't been a day since his accident when he has not suffered physical pain. But although one of his legs was lamed, nothing happened to his spirit, his courage, his determination or his intelligence.

McCombs put in a card-index system, classified and briefed all the letters about Wilson that were received, organized a field force, put Tom Pence in charge of the publicity in Washington and went at it. He personally financed the first trip Governor Wilson took to the Pacific Coast, and he had a good deal to do with the kind of speeches the governor made out there. It was a sort of introductory trip for Wilson, and McCombs saw to it that the oratorical credentials the governor produced were right and suited to the occasion. He enlisted men in various parts of the country, organized in states, worked night and day and kept his head.

His only previous political experience, in a specific way, was when he ran for the assembly in New York City, as a Democrat, and was beaten. He therefore wasn't handicapped by any barnacled political notions. Being young, the old organization gum-shoe deal and double-deal methods did not appeal to him. He has a fresh viewpoint. He played the game out in the open. When he sent a man into a state he didn't send him sneaking in to try to fix up something with the bosses, but he sent him in and instructed him to tell all comers he was after Wilson delegates and to advertise that fact in the papers. Moreover, he had the great good sense to keep away from the bosses, and his card-index grew to such proportions that he had tabs on Wilson and anti-Wilson men in every section.

Big men—not bosses, but men who believed in Wilson as the man best fitted to be the Democratic candidate—came into the movement. They all worked in harmony with McCombs and his advisers. McCombs sat steady during the Harvey-Watterson-Ryan-Wilson squabble, through the Joline letter episode, through the attacks on Wilson for anti-emigrant sentiments, and kept his head. That is his main strength—keeping his head.

Then the convention came. McCombs moved to Baltimore. His generals came with him—Gore, Hughes, Lynch, John Sharp Williams, Davies, and the rest—and they took advantage of every circumstance, including the very powerful W. J. Bryan circumstance. As the ballots progressed McCombs was there, steady as a rock. "We haven't won," he said continually, "but we're winning." They didn't tie up with the bosses, and they won, as was inevitable.

Whereupon, as has often been the case, it was proved that American politics is a most various and mutable contraption. Two years ago McCombs was a lawyer in New York, aged thirty-four. He was known in Princeton circles, and that was about all. Now he is a recognized political leader—and justly so; and the way seems open for him to go as far as he likes. Without detracting from any person whatsoever, McCombs is largely responsible for Wilson's success as a candidate, and for these reasons: He has courage, sense, organizing ability and keen political sagacity. Moreover—and this is most important—he recognizes new conditions and applies suitable methods, instead of relying on the traditional practices of the old order. The country has just begun to hear from William F. McCombs, Princeton, '98.

Always on the Job

WHEN campaigning in Wisconsin for a reëlection for governor Senator La Follette was met with the charge that he had made a great political machine for his own use and benefit out of the game wardens, and had appointed many useless game wardens for political purposes—that he had padded the game-warden rolls, in fact.

In that campaign La Follette was working for a direct primary law. He wanted to abolish the caucuses, and one of his favorite arguments was in this manner:

"Under the present system we have too many caucuses. There are caucuses for delegates to the various conventions—caucuses duplicated and reduplicated. Why, I venture the opinion there isn't a man in this audience who has attended all the party caucuses this year. If there is such a man let him speak out."

One night at a big meeting he asked the same question.

"I have attended all the caucuses this year and last year!" shouted a man who sat in the front row.

"Ah, indeed!" returned La Follette. "And may I ask who you are, my friend?"

"I am one of your game wardens!" the man replied.

Thousands Buy It By The Box!

This cheapest and handiest refreshment becomes cheaper and handier still. Every delicious, fragrant stick means hours of enjoyment—whether resting, working or exercising.

Look for the spear

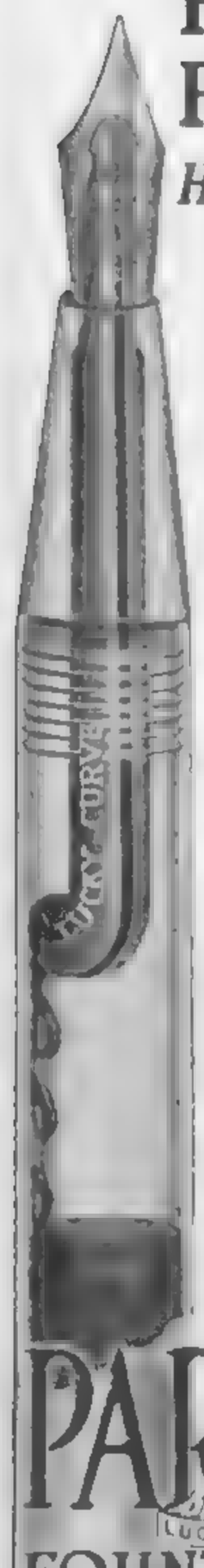
Why Don't You?

The mouth is kept moist and fresh—the breath purified—the teeth brightened and preserved. So get enough of it while near it so you'll *have* it when you *want* it. It costs less by the box—of any dealer.

The flavor lasts

Nothing Leaks except Fountain Pens.

How to Stop It:



IF they can make great steam boilers, vast water supply systems and pipe lines for oil that won't leak, why can't they make fountain pens that won't leak?

They can. George S. Parker, of Janesville, Wisconsin, makes them.

Mr. Parker found out that ink always stays in the feed tube of an ordinary fountain pen, even when point up in your pocket. It won't all run down.

The air in the pen gets warm from your body and expands—expands up through the inky feed tube. It blows the ink up with it—up and out all over the writing end of the pen, to smear your fingers when you remove cap to write.

"If I can get that ink down out of the feed tube, my pen won't leak," said Mr. Parker.

So he *curved his feed tube* to touch the barrel. That touch creates Capillary Attraction. And Capillary Attraction sucks the ink down out of the feed tube before the expanding air ascends. Thus, nothing but air meets the end of a Parker Pen.

The curved feed tube is called the Lucky Curve. Capillary Attraction is the force in Nature that makes a blotter suck ink, etc.

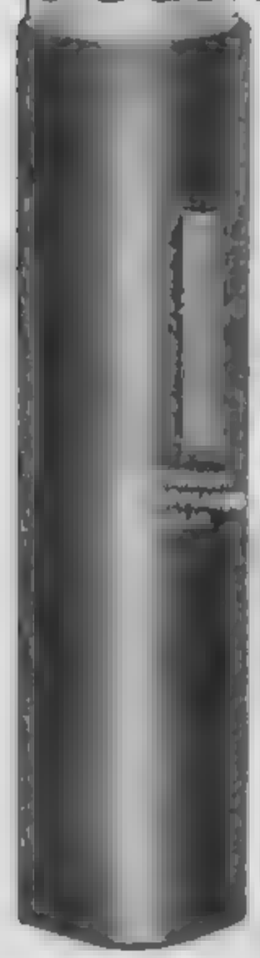
Parker Pens write fine—never [illegible] 14k gold pens are [illegible] with polished Iridium. Parker Spear Head Ink Controller makes ink flow velvety.

Standard style Parker Lucky Curve Pens $1.50 to $150.00, according to size and ornamentation.

PARKER

LUCKY CURVE

FOUNTAIN PEN



New Parker Jack Knife Safety Pen

won't leak even if carried upside down in trousers pocket. *Pen [illegible] size for lady's purse.* Prices $2.50 up.

New Parker *Disappearing* Clip

[illegible] the mail, but *disappears* [illegible] when you remove cap to write.

[illegible] Parker Pens [illegible] extra, [illegible] same [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] trial. If any Parker Pen [illegible] leak or skip [illegible] as it should, return it [illegible] purchase. We protect dealers [illegible]

Tomorrow is a bad day. *Today* is the day.

Parker Pen Company

80 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

New York Retail Store
11 Park Row, Opposite Post Office

THE SUGAR INDUSTRY

By ROGER W. BABSON

AFTER man killed an animal, ate the meat and used the skin to cover his nakedness, he immediately hunted for something sweet to eat; in fact, it is said that this is the reason why, before the days of transportation, men congregated in the tropics where sugar grew and where this great desire for the fruits of life was satisfied for the asking. The analytical chemist tells us there is a definite amount of sugar in the human system, which may not be materially increased or diminished without detriment to health. The processes of life are continually consuming it and the amount used must be replaced by sugar, starch or the product of fermented sugar—that is, alcoholic drinks. This, by-the-way, is why the excessive drinker cares nothing for sweets and the lover of candy does not drink to excess.

Sugar—as sugar—was evidently unknown to ancient writers, as honey was the synonym for sweetness. They were not familiar with the production of sugar from vegetable products by mechanical means. At present the production of sugar is one of the foremost industries; and yet this development is very recent, though in India, the home of the sugar cane, there are still in existence rudely constructed machines that are the counterparts of those in use a thousand years ago. Sugar cane was introduced into Europe by the Crusaders, was grown in the Isle of Cyprus in the twelfth century and was introduced into America in the sixteenth. Previous to 1747, all sugar was produced from cane. In that year a German chemist demonstrated that sugar was present in other vegetables, especially in the sugar beet, a Brobdingnagian relative of the ordinary table beet, but containing a larger percentage of sugar. The first commercial production from this source was undertaken in Silesia about fifty years later. Sugar is present in the sap of the maple tree and is obtained by boiling down the sap, leaving the sugar as residue. About 12,000 tons of maple sugar are now being produced annually in America. Since the Pure Food Law has prevented the addition of cane to maple sugar, the amount marketed as maple sugar has materially diminished, though the real amount produced is as great as ever.

How Sugar Is Refined

Sugar cane is a plant similar in appearance to Indian corn and is grown in tropical or semi-tropical countries. Propagation by means of cutting has been practiced so long that the power to produce seed is almost gone, though a few seedlings have been found in Barbados. Should this power to produce seeds be conserved, there will be an opportunity for the vegetable pathologist to improve the plant by intelligent breeding. The plant is perennial, with creeping roots sending up a number of shoots from eight to twenty feet high.

These stems are divided by joints like bamboo cane, and each section is two-thirds filled with a very sweet, juicy pith. The usual method of extraction is to crush the cane through powerful rollers, the juice falling into vats. There it is treated with a solution of lime, while just under the boiling point, to neutralize the acid present.

This juice is concentrated by boiling, which process expels the water, while the grosser impurities rise to the top as scum. When sufficiently concentrated the syrup is conveyed to wooden troughs, where it congeals. Then it is put into hogsheads with holes in the bottom, through which the molasses drains off. Sometimes the molasses is expelled from the sugar by centrifugal force. The resulting product is the muscovado or raw sugar of commerce. This raw sugar is bought by the refineries and by them refined by filtration through cotton cloth, animal charcoal and other substances into coffee-crushed, brown, granulated, loaf and confectioners' sugar. The different kinds are produced by changes in the method of treatment while passing through the process of refining.

In extracting the sugar from beets the initial process is different. Diffusion is practiced. In this method the beets—and sometimes cane—are cut into small pieces, and the sugar is extracted by washing through repeated charges of water. The treatment of the extracted syrup is similar to that used in the manufacture of cane sugar. The residue from the beets is dried and used as a breakfast food for cattle—not especially nourishing, but quite filling! The molasses is graded according to the quality and is used for many purposes. The best grade is used in the household; the poorer grades are used for feeding cattle and horses.

Another grade is used by plumbers to seal the traps in the plumbing of unoccupied houses during freezing weather. Experiments are being made with the idea of utilizing the waste pulp from the cane mills for the manufacture of paper, but no very satisfactory results have as yet been obtained.

A very tidy business was carried on by the thrifty Yankees of three generations ago, who shipped to the West Indies and Surinam cargoes of salt fish, shooks for hogsheads, Yankee notions and New England rum, bringing back sugar and molasses, from which rum was made. Years ago, when sugar was far higher than at present, before the development of the beet-sugar industry, there was a much greater demand for molasses than exists today. When the village grocer received a hogshead of molasses it was considered an event equal to the annual visit of the circus. The hogshead was an enormous affair, weighing a thousand pounds, and was escorted in state to its throne, while the empty one was rolled out-of-doors, where small boys extracted the molasses sugar from the bottom by means of long sticks thrust through the bunghole. There is a better understanding of the sugar business today and there is now no residue of molasses sugar in the hogshead's bottom! No—not an atom. The sugar of the present day is almost universally that known as granulated.

SOURCES OF SUPPLY

YEAR	UNITED STATES BEET TONS	UNITED STATES CANE TONS	PORTO RICO CANE TONS	HAWAII CANE TONS	PHILIPPINES CANE TONS
1840	.....	54,000			
1850	.....	120,000			
1860	.....	119,000			
1870	500	80,000			
1875	200	77,000			
1880	500	127,000			
1885	600	135,000			
1890	3,500	222,000			
1895	29,000	24,000			
1900	77,000	150,000	80,000	322,000	55,000
1905	216,000	279,000	213,000	384,000	145,000
1910	455,000	311,000	320,000	485,000	150,000

A study of the above table shows how the trifling 54,000 tons of cane sugar of 1840, produced in Louisiana, has grown to the enormous total of 311,000 tons of cane—Louisiana and Texas—and 455,000 tons of beet sugar, grown in a dozen states; or, including colonial America—Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines—to the grand total of 1,721,000 long tons. It also shows how the sugar production has increased under American administration of the islands: Porto Rico has increased from 80,000 to 320,000 tons; Hawaii, from 322,000 to 485,000; and the Philippines, from 55,000 to 150,000. These facts may incidentally throw some light on the reason for the annexation of these colonies.

The United States proper, however, should do much better; and it is often suggested that we are educating the Cubans, the Porto Ricans and the Filipinos to raise what we ourselves should raise in this country. In 1840 Germany, though small geographically compared with the United States and in practically the same latitude, produced 2,500,000 tons of beet sugar. The total of Continental Europe's production of all sugars aggregates nearly 10,000,000 tons. The United States, however, consumes considerably over 3,000,000 tons and produces less than 1,000,000, importing the remainder. Of the 2,500,000 tons imported, more than one-third comes from our colonies, while the rest is produced by other nations.

Production of sugar from the sugar beet is profitable. Under the protective tariff now in force the cultivation of the beet has prospered. Agricultural journals and the state and national agricultural experiment stations have published articles on the subject, and it is unanimously agreed that sugar may be produced in nearly every state in the Union. The following table will show the growth of the industry in the United States, the figures for the last year being subdivided by states:

1901	FACTORIES	ACRES	TONS WORKED
United States	36	175,000	1,686,000
1905			
United States	52	307,000	2,666,000
1911			
California	10	83,000	882,000
Colorado	16	122,000	1,257,000
Michigan	16	113,000	820,000
Fourteen others	23	110,000	1,122,000
Total	65	428,000	4,081,000

The fourteen other states having beet-sugar factories are as follows: Utah, 5; Wisconsin, 4; Idaho, 3; while Arizona, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, New York, Ohio, Oregon and Washington have one each.

Beet Sugar on a Business Basis

Most agricultural products, such as grain, fruit, truck, hay, and so on, leave the hands of the producer in a finished condition, ready for the consumer; and the only expense to be met is that of merchandising and transportation. With sugar, especially beet sugar, a different usage prevails. Capital must be employed, as it is impracticable for the individual grower of beets to manufacture sugar. There must be a large initial investment of capital for a factory. The factory must be centrally located in a large region favorable to beet culture. When we consider that beets are very bulky and heavy, and yield only about 12 per cent of marketable product, and also that beets are perishable, it becomes apparent that all transportation of worthless material must be avoided and the sugar must be extracted on the spot.

If all successful businesses are three-legged stools—supported by capital, labor and intelligent management—no leg of which can shirk its duty without impairment of stability, then certainly the beet-sugar industry is no exception.

Capital must be reasonably sure of returns, the grower must be sure of a near-by consumption, and both require business management and mutual confidence for success.

Though the policy of the Government toward raw-sugar production has varied, there has been a fairly uniform growth in the industry. After repeated attempts, beet sugar was first placed on a business basis by Mr. Claus Spreckels, who started a beet-sugar factory in California in 1888. Others were started in Nebraska in 1889. Since then the industry has rapidly developed, as the table above shows.

Modern methods and up-to-date factories, encouraging the best efforts in agriculture, have increased beet-sugar production from 5000 tons in 1891 to 20,000 in 1894, to 40,000 in 1896 and to 500,000 in 1911. We have the land—we also have the labor, skill and capital; and when each can have confidence in the others, and reasonable assurance of a stable policy on the part of the Government, there will be no obstacle to prevent us from producing all our own sugar with pleasure and profit.

The sorghum plant is also an important source of the world's supply of sweets. It bears a very close resemblance to the sugar cane, but can be grown in much colder latitudes. In the sixties our Agricultural Department introduced the plant at a cost of $2,000,000, approximately, and the sorghum craze is still fresh in agricultural minds. It was welcomed as a panacea against financial difficulties among farmers and has proved a valuable acquisition, the value of the products from this source totaling about $4,000,000 annually.

The principal product is the so-called corn syrup, amounting to about 20,000,000 gallons annually, while the straw is used in the manufacture of wrapping paper. This plant is the source of most of the glucose, which enters largely into the manufacture of confectionery.

Unlike most industries, the sugar industry has had so few failures and been so concentrated that separate statistics of failures have not been kept. Disasters to raisers of sugar cane have come through war and political troubles, to which most

sugar-crop failures have been due rather than to weather. As our Western farmer prays for rain and sunshine, so the owner of a sugar-cane plantation desires peace and freedom from revolutions; in fact, the same thing in a general way applies to raisers of beet sugar in this country, as they fear tariff reduction infinitely more than lack of rain, frosts or any other freak of the weather.

Moreover, comparing the growth of the sugar industry with the composite plot of business conditions, we find the effects of panics, depressions or booms are but very temporary. People seem to be determined to eat a certain amount of sugar whatever the condition of general business. As the candy and liquor businesses are both greatest in centers of moderately paid working people, such as mill and factory hands, so the production of such commodities seems to increase continually irrespective of conditions. An overproduction of sugar may be readily imagined—and, in fact, it was that which really caused the formation of the American Sugar Refining Company some twenty years ago; but, so long as any abnormal production is provided against, a constant increase in demand with a slight increase in price may be expected.

Though I always dislike making the statement, nevertheless it is the truth that the greatest opportunities for the young man to make money today lie in the production, manufacture and sale of the luxuries—or the good things of life—rather than the necessities. Even the fact that our exports of sugar are practically nil of itself shows the tendency of a continually increasing consumption, irrespective of our needs. Therefore it is safe to say that at the present time there is little indication of anything but prosperity for those interested in the industry. This should be especially reassuring to the thousands of readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST who are engaged in the sugar industry, in the glucose industry or in the manufacture and distribution of candies, fruits, bakers' supplies and all the other products an Englishman laconically groups under the head of "sweets."

You and I know where some of the sugar goes. The sugar barrel and the flour barrel break about even nowadays, especially if there are many children. The consumption per capita of the United States has increased as shown by the following table, which also shows the approximate average price per pound:

	POUNDS PER CAPITA	PRICE STD. A GRANULATED
1878	34.3	$0.0804
1883	51.1	0.0814
1888	56.7	0.0669
1893	63.9	0.0472
1898	61.1	0.0484
1908	81.	0.05
1911 (Estimated)	85.	0.06

This shows that our consumption per head has increased practically 150 per cent in twenty years and is still growing, though the price has been reduced. How can we help it? If we really wish to do so the remedy is simple—put in two lumps instead of three and cut out part of the candy. Of course a certain amount of sugar is healthful; but there is no doubt that we are far above the normal line! Compare the consumption per head of the different European countries—then visit Ellis Island, view the immigrants and note if they appear weak and pale; in fact, the consumption per head of sugar in the leading countries abroad is as follows: Italy, 8 pounds; Spain, 11; Russia, 20; Austria, 25; Belgium, 32; France, 36; Germany, 42; Switzerland, 55; Denmark, 76; United States, 85; England, 92. No wonder we sing Sweet Land of Liberty and that people of foreign lands are coming here!

The Ownership of Refineries

The whole world produces in round numbers 8,700,000 tons of beet and 8,400,000 tons of cane sugar annually; and, aside from what is spilled, all is being consumed. That much more, however, is being consumed than required is an established fact; and one of the best ways by which we can help reduce the cost of living is by using less sugar! This would mean, moreover, not only lower grocers' and candy bills but also smaller physicians' and dentists' bills!

In connection with sugar one unconsciously thinks of the Sugar Trust, whose affairs have occupied considerable space in the public press. The directorate in the past has not shown that publicity about the company's affairs the investing public is expecting at present. The original directorate has been superseded by a new one, which has promised to be good. The last annual report was very explicit in regard to the company's present and future intentions; and from the investor's standpoint it seems very creditable.

The company has no bonded indebtedness, and has ample resources for taking advantage of all its discounts and of every opportunity offering safe and profitable securities for its investments. The income from investments shows an increase of nearly a million dollars over that of the previous year. The company produces no raw sugar, but depends upon the world's markets for its supply.

Though the sugar crop of 1911-1912 was 1,400,000 tons less than the preceding year, the margin between raw and refined sugar was $0.892 a hundred pounds against an average of $0.864 for nine years, that margin being about seven-eighths of a cent a pound. This represents the difference between what the refiner pays the grower and what he receives for his product. From this margin he must compensate labor, absorb the heavy loss from impurities in the raw sugar, pay manufacturing and selling expenses, allow for depreciation of plant and a distribution to stockholders.

There are many companies engaged in the production, manufacture or sale of sugar—some good and many bad. The small investor, however, who desires to become interested in the industry will confine his first purchases to the securities of the American Sugar Refining Company and the American Beet-Sugar Company; and the following is a description of these.

AMERICAN SUGAR REFINING COMPANY

STOCK—PAR VALUE, $100

There is $45,000,000 each of common and cumulative seven per cent preferred stock. Both classes of stock have equal voting power. Dividends on both the common and the preferred are payable quarterly on the second days of January, April, July and October. The stock sells ex-dividend on the first days of March, June, September and December. There is no bonded debt.

The American Sugar Refining Company was organized on January 10, 1891, in New Jersey, to succeed the Sugar Refineries Company, or Sugar Trust, which was organized in 1887 and controlled the leading refineries of the United States. It was the first so-called trust or industrial to receive attention from speculators.

The company owns property located entirely in the United States. 1—Refineries: in fee, Jersey City, New Jersey; Boston, Massachusetts; and New Orleans, Louisiana; entire stock owned, Brooklyn, New York, and Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. 2—Warehouses owned in fee in Chicago and St. Louis. 3—Brooklyn Cooperage Company, entire stock owned—shops and warehouses in Brooklyn, Boston and New Orleans; also stave mills in the Adirondacks, in Pennsylvania and Missouri; and timberlands. 4—Brooklyn Transportation Company—entire stock owned; stables and equipment in Brooklyn and Jersey City. 5—Brooklyn Distilling Company—entire stock owned; distilling property in Brooklyn. 6 Insular Improvement Company—entire stock owned; own real estate in San Francisco. The company also owns one-quarter of the capital stock of the National Sugar Refining Company.

The beet-sugar companies in which the American Sugar Refining Company is interested are reported as follows: Alameda Sugar Company, California; Spreckels Sugar Company, California; Utah-Idaho Sugar Company, Utah; Amalgamated Sugar Company, Utah; Lewiston Sugar Company, Utah; Great Western Sugar Company, Colorado; Michigan Sugar Company, Michigan; Iowa Sugar Company, Iowa; Menominee River Sugar Company, Michigan; Continental Sugar Company, Ohio.

The American Sugar Refining Company is controlled by New England interests. Its official office is at Essex and Washington Streets, Jersey City, New Jersey, and there is also an office at 117 Wall Street, New York. The stocks of this company are listed on the New York Stock Exchange and are traded in on the unlisted department in Boston.

Since its organization in 1891, the company has paid the following dividends on its capital stock: On the preferred, 7 per cent a year; on the common, 4 per cent in 1891, 9 per cent in 1892, 22 per cent in 1893, 12 per cent from 1894 to 1900, and 7 per cent from 1901 to date. Following is the range of prices and dividends since 1901:

	RANGE OF PRICES		DIVIDENDS PERCENTAGE	
	COMMON	PREFERRED	COMMON	PREFERRED
1902	113 —135	113 —122	7	7
1903	107 —134	115 —123	7	7
1904	122 —153	122 —141	7	7
1905	130 —154	133 —141	7	7
1906	127 —157	128 —140	7	7
1907	92 —138	106 —131	7	7
1908	99 —138	105 —131	7	7
1909	115⅞ —136⅝	118 —131	7	7
1910	111½—127½	111½—124	7	7
1911	112¼ 122⅜	111 —119¼	7	7

Both the preferred and common stocks of the American Sugar Refining Company I consider safe for the small investor to purchase. So far as earnings are concerned the preferred stock stands exceedingly high, and if it were preferred as to assets as well as to dividends it would probably be considered the most conservative preferred industrial listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Though not generally known, on dissolution the preferred would share only equally with the common in the division of the assets, which takes away from this preferred stock a distinct advantage that most preferred stocks have.

Sugar Statistics

This makes the preferred stock no safer as to principal than the common, though this preferred has first call upon the earnings. Of course if any reader should insist that I select either the preferred or the common as an investment I should be compelled to select the preferred; but I am inclined to recommend the purchase of an equal portion of both the common and the preferred at the same time.

The reports of the American Sugar Refining Company for the years ended December 31, 1911, 1910 and 1909 are as follows:

	1911	1910	1909
Profits from Operations	$8,834,201	$3,077,143	$6,209,698
Interest on Loans and Deposits	520,396	398,962	451,642
Interest and Dividends on Investments	3,241,106	2,273,473	3,144,039
Net Profit Realized from Investments	1,487,351	630,824	958,490
Total Net Income	$14,083,054	$6,380,502	$10,823,869
Common and Preferred Dividends—7 per cent	6,299,958	6,299,958	6,299,951
Balance	$7,783,096	$80,544	$4,523,918
Earned on Entire Stock	15.56%	7.09%	12.03%

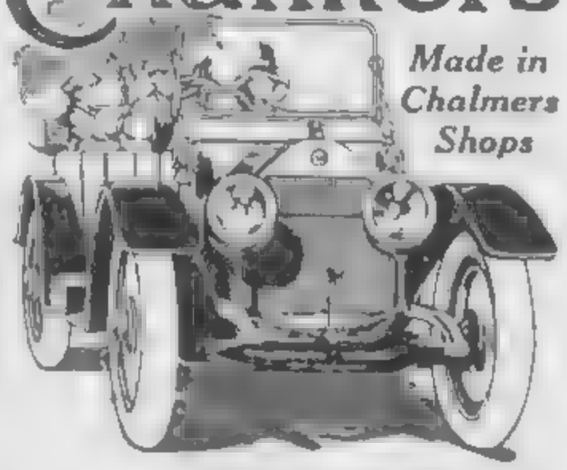
AMERICAN BEET-SUGAR COMPANY

STOCK—PAR VALUE, $100

There is $15,000,000 of common stock and $5,000,000 of non-cumulative six per cent preferred stock, which is preferred as to assets. Dividends on the common stock—the initial dividend of one and one-quarter per cent was paid on November 15, 1911 are payable on the fifteenth of February, May, August and November. The stock sells ex-dividend about the twenty-seventh of January, April and July and on the twenty-sixth of October. Dividend meetings are held about the fifth of January, April, July and October. Dividends on the preferred stock are payable on January second, April first, July first and October first; and the preferred stock sells ex-dividend on March twenty-first, June twentieth, September twentieth and December sixteenth. Preferred dividend meetings are held about the second of March, second of June, first of September and fifth of December. Both stocks have equal voting power, and both the preferred and common are listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

The American Beet-Sugar Company was organized on March 24, 1899, under the laws of New Jersey. The company is said to own in fee the following lands: at Oxnard, California, 1691 acres; at Chino, California, 4435 acres; at Rocky Ford, Colorado, 5841 acres; and at Lamar, Colorado, 6750 acres; it also owns shares in irrigation canals in both states. The location of the factories and their daily capacity are reported as follows: Chino, California, 700

Chalmers



Made in Chalmers Shops

1913 Models

	"Six"	"Thirty-Six"
Touring Car, 5-passenger	$2300	$1850
Touring Car, 7-passenger	2500	2050
Torpedo, 4-passenger	2300	1850
Roadster, 2-passenger	2300	1850
Limousine, 7-passenger	3700	3250
Coupé, 4-passenger	2700	2250

"30" Touring Car, 5-passenger, $1500
"30" Torpedo, 4-passenger 1500

Comfort, Convenience and Beauty—added to well established mechanical excellence—are the big features of the Chalmers 1913 cars. We believe no cars at any price can surpass our 1913 models in these important qualities.

Go to see these cars. Test the *Comfort* of the luxurious Turkish cushions; the over-stuffed upholstery; the long wheel base; the improved springs; the big wheels and tires.

Try the *Convenience* of the Chalmers self-starter; electric lights; dash adjustment for carburetor; demountable rims; ideal arrangement of all control apparatus on the dash.

Note the *Beauty* of the long, graceful lines; the flush-sided metal bodies; the sweeping bell back; the nickel trimmings; the sumptuous finish.

How We Build Quality Into Chalmers Cars

In presenting to you our 1913 line of cars we wish to emphasize the fact that Chalmers cars are made almost entirely in Chalmers shops by Chalmers men and under Chalmers supervision. This insures that they are right mechanically.

No other manufacturer makes a greater proportion of the vital parts of his car than we do. We make hundreds of parts which others buy outside. For we can make them better than others. Also we can make them more economically. And this saving we hand on to you in added value throughout the car.

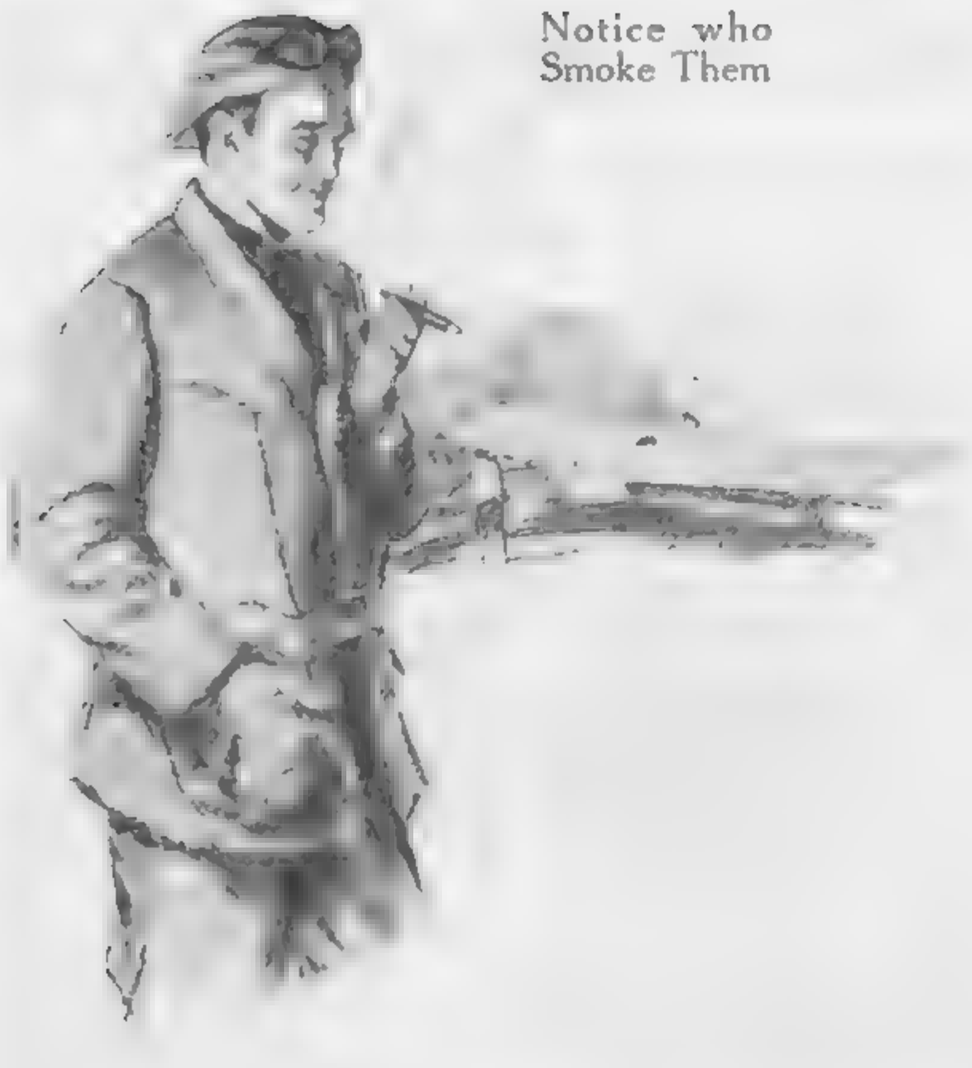
The making of an automobile is fascinating. Especially so to you who are considering the purchase of a car. For the way your car is made determines the way it will run and the service it will give.

We are proud of the way Chalmers cars are built. So we are going to tell you, in a series of advertisements, interesting facts about the Chalmers factory. Look for these in later issues.

In addition we shall be glad to send you a book telling about the building of a Chalmers. Mail the coupon and you will receive the book and our 1913 catalog. Both are worth having.

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

[illegible]
Name
Address



Notice who Smoke Them

In "tuning up" for business or pleasure no cigar is more satisfying than a Preferencia. You'll make a long flight to find anything so good.

La Preferencia

"30 minutes in Havana"

The brand with the altitude and endurance records for its class.

Wins friends because it's made that way. Holds them because it doesn't change.

The biggest selling

10c CIGAR

in the World

Any shape you prefer—always "Preferencia."

Special.—For vacation season—25 in tin package.

A "short smoke" suggestion—the 5 cent size.

HAVANA-AMERICAN COMPANY
111 Fifth Avenue
New York

tons; Oxnard, California, 2000 tons; Grand Island, Nebraska, 300 tons; Lamar, Colorado, 400 tons; Rocky Ford, Colorado, 1000 tons; also leases—for twenty-five years from October 1, 1907—the Las Animas Sugar Company, owning 5550 acres of land at Las Animas, Colorado, and a factory with a daily capacity of 800 tons. The irrigating canals have the following capacity: Lamar, 18,671 acres; Rocky Ford, 5040 acres; Catlin, 810 acres.

The fiscal year of the company ends on March thirty-first and the annual meetings are held on the fourth Tuesday in May at Jersey City, New Jersey. The company's main office is at 32 Nassau Street, New York; its corporate office is located at 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, New Jersey. The range of prices and dividends on the stock since 1901 are as follows:

	RANGE OF PRICES		DIVIDENDS PERCENTAGE	
	COMMON	PREFERRED	COMMON	PREFERRED
1902	30 —30	. . .	0	6
1903	26 —30⅛	73 —84	0	6
1904	19 —25	74 —80	0	6
1905	22 —36⅛	77 —89	0	6
1906	20⅛—35	83 —90	0	6
1907	7⅞—23⅛	75 —80	0	6
1908	9⅛—25	65 —82	0	6
1909	20¼—49¼	82 —89	0	6
1910	24 —47⅛	89 —95⅛	0	6
1911	39½—59⅞	92½—101	1½*	6

*Initial dividend paid November 15, 1911

The reports of the American Beet-Sugar Company for the years ended March 31, 1911 and 1910, are as follows:

	1911	1910
Gross Earnings	$8,344,792	$6,98[illegible]
Other Income	[illegible]	[illegible]
Total	[illegible]	$7,009,644
Operating Expenses	[illegible]	[illegible]
Taxes	[illegible]	[illegible]
Depreciation	[illegible]	[illegible]
Interest on Loans	[illegible]	[illegible]
Interest on Certificates of Indebtedness		[illegible]
Rental of Las Animas Factory	80,000	[illegible]
Miscellaneous Deductions	68,391	[illegible]
Total Deductions	$6,403,452	[illegible]
Balance	$1,953,560	[illegible]
Preferred Dividends—6 per cent	300,000	300,000
Net Surplus	$1,053,560	$1,097,252
Earned on Common	10.96%	7.31%

The stocks of the American Beet-Sugar Company do not, of course, stand so high as those of the American Sugar Refining Company. However, the preferred stock of the American Beet-Sugar Company should be a fairly safe and conservative investment, though it differs in one important respect from the preferred stock of the American Sugar Refining Company, described above. The preferred stock of the American Sugar Refining Company is seven per cent, preferred as to dividends and cumulative, but not preferred as to assets; the stock of the American Beet-Sugar Company is six per cent, preferred as to dividends, but non-cumulative and preferred as to assets. This means that the American Sugar Refining Company preferred stockholders have a much better claim on the dividends than have the preferred stockholders of the American Beet-Sugar Company; but the preferred stockholders of the American Beet-Sugar Company have first claim on the assets—those of the American Sugar Refining Company must share the assets, in case of dissolution, with the common shareholders.

Prices Likely to Rise

The common stock of the American Beet-Sugar Company cannot at the present time be considered an investment, but is considered an attractive speculation. A systematic development of the beet-sugar industry, as recommended in this article, should materially enhance the value of this Beet-Sugar common stock; but otherwise this stock may seriously decline, and this Beet-Sugar common is rather too speculative for the small investor to chance. In connection with these remarks I will emphasize a general principle—namely: Usually when a preferred stock is non-cumulative the greatest opportunity for profit lies in the purchase of the common stock of said company; if the preferred stock is cumulative it is usually best for the small investor to purchase the preferred.

The congressional committee appointed to investigate the American Sugar Refining Company has reported, after six months investigation, "that the great majority of stockholders—20,206—acquired their stock at an average price of $120-$130 a share. The assets resulting from twenty years of prosperous business are so large that there seems to be enough value behind each share of stock to equal the price paid for it by present holders." The present House of Representatives, on March twelfth, passed the bill removing the duty of one and one-half cents a pound on sugar; but at the time of writing the Senate has not acted.

There appear to be good grounds for anticipating constantly increasing prices for sugar as well as for most other products of agriculture. Raw sugar will be produced by cheap or unskilled labor under the management of intelligent supervisors, though in small productive units. As the price paid to organized labor, coupled with shorter hours and the attractions to be found in the centers of population, increases, the attractions of rural life diminish. Productive agriculture is busy only a portion of the time, because of climatic conditions. This tends to broken time and transient employment, a condition that makes increasingly difficult the problem of securing competent labor by the farmer. This scarcity of help, together with increasing population and the gradual occupation of farming lands for other purposes, will necessitate yet higher prices. This may be partially offset by more intensive agriculture and more scientific management. In the sugar-beet industry these factors are especially available, inasmuch as the centralization of money in the factory end could easily finance experimental educational efforts that would not be undertaken by the individual acting as a unit.

The Sweet By-and-By

If the people of our United States are to produce their own sugar they must bring to the industry the best of head, heart and hand. As we expect to receive the benefits of an enlightened community we must, in turn, give to our occupation the same standard of enlightened effort. Whenever enlightened labor competes with unenlightened labor in a fair field the skilled labor is able to hold its own unaided. This means that intelligent concentration and exertion are to be practiced, as these are the results of "head," which is all that counts. Careful students in both political parties differ in regard to the benefits of a protective tariff to the people, as a whole; but, to one who looks below the surface, it appears that the nearer the place of production to the place of consumption, the more profitable should be the operation both to the consumer and the producer, all else being equal.

On the other hand, it is not so easy to perceive the benefits derived from a greatly enlarged production at one's very door, with transportation charges eliminated, as it is to see the sum of $60,000,000 in one "lump of sugar" received from taxes! It, however, should be remembered that this $60,000,000 must be raised in some way; for, so long as we are to have all the fun of being "free citizens," we must be willing to pay the bills. Personally I do not see how a reduction in the tariff would seriously affect the American Sugar Refining Company's securities; but tariff legislation might seriously depreciate the value of the stock of the American Beet-Sugar Company and allied corporations dependent on the beet-sugar industry.

As suggested in the first paragraph of this article, just as soon as man stripped the backs of animals and the bark from trees he provided himself with sweets—and the same instinct seems to be in man today; in fact, as time has gone on, the sweets have become classed with the necessities of life—and, after all, who has a right to say what are necessities and what are not? As the first purchase of the little child is a stick of candy—as the first present to the loved one is a box of chocolates—is it any wonder that the sugar industry is prosperous and that the demand continually increases?

Moreover, when one considers the small per-capita consumption of the more frugal European nations, will not the industry receive a still greater impetus when these hard-working peasants begin to taste the good things of life? In short, the refiners of sugar are almost certain to grow richer for many years to come; and if the producers receive a square deal from the refiners they should also share this increased prosperity that the sugar industry is enjoying.

THE QUEST OF THE GOLDEN GOAT

(Concluded from Page 19)

V—CONVENTIONAL PROCEEDINGS

It's not my remotest intention
To review the Chicago Convention—
  Antiquated, baronial
  Bill Barnes' testimonial—
Yet it merits our passing attention.

It opens, of course, with a prayer
And a fight and a national air;
  Then Rosewater fragrant
  Brings dissonance flagrant
By rooting for Root in the chair.

Then the Teddyites yell for their Chief,
And, by way of some comic relief,
  Shout: "Fudge!" and "Pooh-pooh!"
  At divine Elihu,
While they garnish their tributes with "Thief!"

There's the steam-rollcall—hence Mr. Root.
There's the man with the bolt in his boot,
  Who breaks up the parley
  Of Buttermilk Charley
With "Cocktails!" The bilious galoot!

For Hadley a boomlet or two;
Then a Teddy stampede which, when through,
  Doesn't bring the Big Chief—
  To the lasting relief
Of Hilles and Harry S. New.

O'er Taft they attempt to enthuse;
Then they call for Dark Horse Charley Hughes—
  Then a black delegate
  Makes a speech for his state,
With object, of course, to amuse.

The Credentials Committee's so fair
They can quarter-split half of a hair:
  But their long suit and graft
  Is reporting for Taft—
Which is plainly the reason they're there.

Frank Heney they murder with files;
They hypnotize Hadley with smiles:
  They boost their selections
  By squelching objections
Mid quibbles in ninety-nine styles.

But the Progronauts, seeking Bill's Goat,
Proclaim that they simply won't vote
  With a gang so bereft
  That they fatten on theft—
May their nourishment stick in their throat!

. . . . . .

So, at last, when the way was rolled tight
E. Root manned the Roller polite,
  And on whistles of steam
  Played the following theme:
"We Nominate Taft—well, good night!"

They started to go with a vim
When some one acquainted with him
  Yelled in slaughterhouse German:
  "*Ja, hoch* also Sherman!"—
Why will people drag in poor Jim?

And immejutly after the ball
Ted gathered his hosts in a hall
  Where, cheerful, though plundered,
  The noble Four Hundred
Proclaimed: "A New Party—that's all!"

VI—TRUSTFUL ANTICIPATIONS OF A SOLID DEMOCRACY

And now, the tumult and the shouting quitting.
The Trusts who, in the Colosseum sitting,
Had viewed the drama's dialogue and action—
The last act with tremendous satisfaction—
Shook hands in calm complacence, lit cigars
And sauntered over to their motor cars.
"Thank God!" they sighed. "That job is nicely o'er!
Now, Jeems, please drive us round to Baltimore!"

Sense and Nonsense

The Doctor's Dilemma

A DOCTOR in an Iowa town had been very busy for several days and was worn out and sleepy when he got to bed one morning about two o'clock.

Just as he dropped off a summons came from a house half a mile away. The lady of the house, the call said, was dying of a heart difficulty.

The sleepy doctor got into his clothes somehow and went to the house, where the patient—a very stout woman—was in bed, breathing stertorously.

The doctor could find nothing specially wrong, but the woman was panicky.

"Cough!" he ordered. She could not. Then he put his ear over her heart and said: "Count slowly."

Next thing he knew he woke to hear the woman counting faintly:

"Ten thousand and forty-seven—ten thousand and forty-eight— "

Crosseyed Justice

THE late Wilbur Sanders, of Montana, once United States senator from that state, rode into a Montana mining town one afternoon and found the entire population about to lynch a man who had been stealing ore.

Sanders pushed his way into the crowd.

"Stop this!" he thundered. "Stop this! I protest! There has been too much of this sort of thing in Montana. We must break up this habit we have of hanging men without a trial by law. You must not hang him now. Let us give him a fair and impartial trial as prescribed by law, and then hang him!"

When Honors Come Singly

A NEGRO, representing a small negro school, traveled through the South, conferring the degree of Doctor of Divinity on all preachers who could raise fifty dollars for expenses.

He got into a small Georgia town one day and told a negro minister he could have the degree of D. D. for fifty dollars. The preacher was taken with the idea; but when the night for the conferring came he sadly announced to the assembled congregation and the degree conferrer that he had been able to raise only twenty-seven dollars.

The degree conferrer refused to cut the rate.

"In that case," spoke up one of the deacons, "an' inasmuch as we has twenty-seven dollahs, I move that on this occasion we pay the man the twenty-seven dollahs, an' instid of gittin' D. D. that we be content with our pastor havin' one D!"

Gaynor Was Willing

AN INVENTOR who had a new kind of parachute wanted to test it by jumping with it from the top of the tallest building in New York. He was refused permission by Fire Commissioner Johnson and began pestering Mayor Gaynor.

After two days of annoyance the mayor wrote to Johnson:

"*Dear Commissioner:* The bearer of this note wants to jump from the top of the tallest building in the city. Let him!"

Looking Ahead

THE hotels in Baltimore were somewhat crowded—somewhat—during the Democratic convention, and service in some of the restaurants was slow.

One morning a big, well-dressed man walked into one of the hotel dining rooms and pounded on a table. The captain of the waiters and a waiter came over.

"Breakfast card!" ordered the big man.

They gave him a card and stood at attention, whereupon the guest proceeded to order a most ornate breakfast. When he had finished he looked over the captain's record of the order and approved it.

"We'll serve it right away, sir."

"Serve it right away!" roared the big man. "Who asked you to serve it right away? I'm ordering this breakfast now for tomorrow morning!"

"Such perfect bouillon!"

IF your guest doesn't say this, she surely *thinks* it when you offer her Campbell's Bouillon.

So clear and dainty yet so full of nourishment, this delightful bouillon is a good example of the exceptional qualities you find in

Campbell's SOUPS

Our clear soups and vegetable kinds have that delicacy of flavor and color, combined with tempting richness, which appeals to the most exacting taste; while our heartier soups are equally remarkable for their substantial quality and wholesome food-value.

With your choice of Campbell kinds at hand you welcome with perfect ease both the looked-for and the unexpected.

Order not less than a dozen; and be prepared.

Little Miss Hoppety Hopper—
Always both lively and proper—
Enjoys *Campbell's* fare
From her toes to her hair
And dances so nothing can stop her.

21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
	Tomato-Okra Vegetable
	Vermicelli-Tomato

Look for the red-and-white label

The 228 Principal Trading Centers

What Constitutes A Good Distribution?

EACH of the 228 centers has a population of 25,000 or more. The total population of all these centers is 28,763,000 or 31% of our entire population. From these commercial nuclei radiate our railroads, street railways, steamship lines, and even the pack trains of the hinterland.

Adjacent and tributary to each center for miles in every direction lives a progressive and affluent suburban population which for any article of importance is considered by merchants as belonging to the "city's trading population."

These cities are truly centers of trade. The problems of "securing a good distribution" always center in or radiate from these basically important 228 cities.

We know of two firms—A, who has 146,000 selling outposts, and B, who has less than 250. We believe that each has a magnificent distribution.

A's goods at five cents apiece have frequent sales. Every one sells them—even the little sawmill store in Minnesota and the emergency store on the rim of the great city.

The purchase of goods from B involves a far greater investment in each purchase, is of far greater importance, and in any home or any business occurs infrequently. To buy an automobile, a piano, an electric crane, a filing system, or a motor truck, the purchaser thinks long, and then goes on the interurban to Indianapolis, Rochester or Boston to buy from B's dealers.

While A uses *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal* because of their more than 3,500,000 earnest, affluent readers—it is *quantity*, however, that bulks large in *his* estimate of their value.

But B must depend absolutely on "creating confidence" and must use mediums that are recognized as standing for right and progress.

B knows that the purchase of his goods is a matter of moment with any one, and that any one is glad to ride for an hour or two to consummate the purchase in one of the 228 cities.

These 228 cities are the trading centers of the country. Everything of importance or real moment is purchased in these centers by those families within "trading distance."

Forty-six per cent of the entire circulation of *The Saturday Evening Post* and of *The Ladies' Home Journal* is in these cities of 25,000 or more. Within a twenty-five-mile radius of these centers lives a suburban population *not here included*, but "who buy in town."

Whether your product requires a limited big-city distribution or is sold generally by a multitude of small stores, if it possesses quality value, you may influence one home in four of the homes commercially worth while through *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

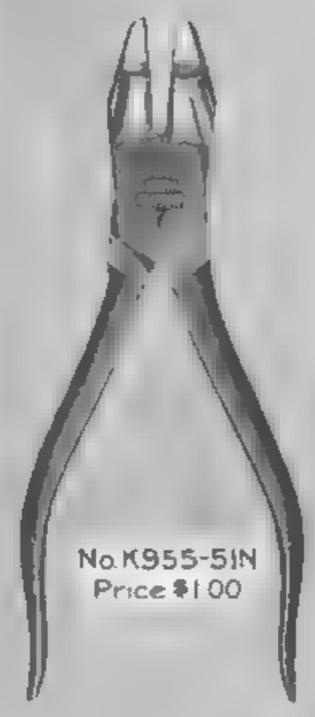
A book on the subject of advertising may be obtained gratis by those interested.

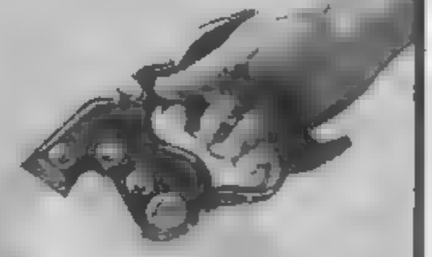
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA

The Ladies' Home Journal — The Saturday Evening Post

E. C. SIMMONS
KEEN KUTTER
TRADE MARK REG. CUTLERY U.S. PAT. OFF.
-AND-
TOOLS





Everybody Wants Good Tools

Keen Kutter Tools are not made haphazard, nor by guess. They do not embody crank ideas. Skilled workmen have found, through an infinite amount of experience, that a tool, to be most convenient and most useful, must be made in a certain way.

Pick up any Keen Kutter tool and "heft" it. You find it has the right "feel." It balances right, the weight is right—it "comes right to your hand." That's what is meant by tool-making science. It is what distinguishes Keen Kutter tools from all others.

There is a Keen Kutter Tool for *Every* Possible Need

Nearly all dealers sell Keen Kutter tools. Look for the trade mark, found on every tool.
If Keen Kutter tools are not found with your dealer, write us.

"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten"

Trade Mark Registered. —E. C. SIMMONS

Send for free booklet No. 896 showing full line of tools, cutlery, etc.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY (Inc.)
St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.

MY LADY'S GARTER

(Continued from Page 21)

your apartment to convince me ——" She stammered on into silence. "Well!" she exclaimed, "and he is really The Hawk—he and not you?"

"He is really The Hawk," Bruce assured her. "I will pay him the compliment of saying that he is one of the most gifted young men of my acquaintance. He was prepared for everything on earth but that thumbprint test. He had even forged indisputable credentials which, in an emergency, he used to identify himself to Meredith after Meredith had actually caught him in a theft!"

"Then"—Helen wriggled out of the encircling arms and pushed him away—"then who are you?"

"I? That's so, you don't know me, do you?" Bruce was apologetic. "I am one of the most cordially hated men in the world. I'm in the diplomatic service of Russia, despite the fact that I'm an American. I've been in that service for years, and have been honored with the confidence of the Czar. He exalted me to a position beyond my actual worth, and so it devolved upon me to come in conflict with the nihilists. I defeated a plot that had for its purpose the death of the Czar, and the nihilists passed sentence of death upon me. Never in the history of the world has a man been so persistently pursued as I have been; through Siberia, China, Japan, Hawaii, through Central and South America, for more than a year they have sought me. Twice I have been slightly wounded; four times I have been betrayed by people I trusted. Finally I reached the point where I trusted no one—the police least of all. I locked my identity within myself, and even then ——"

"And even then?" Helen asked.

"And even then they found me in Satuit. There was only one thing to do—to run; and I did run. However, I came back, you will remember, to see if you still wore the little ring. You found it, I see. I thank you. I had not given my pursuers credit for their shrewdness. They traced me back, and the explosion on the Pyramid was the result. As I told you I ran away from Meredith and his men that night because I thought they were the nihilists. Aboard the Pyramid I heard a clock ticking—and to me a clock ticking means an infernal machine. There was no clock aboard the Pyramid. I didn't wait; I went straight over the far side and was a hundred feet off when the explosion came. In the excitement I swam ashore and escaped, allowing the police, the nihilists, the world at large—everybody—to believe that I was dead! That gave me opportunity to haul in fourteen of the nihilists in Paterson, New Jersey, with the aid of special agents of the Russian Government who are under orders of the Russian Ambassador. At the same time half a hundred others were taken in Russia, and I think it is safe to say that the most powerful band of assassins in the world is broken up." He paused and stared deep into the wondering eyes. "I love you," he added irrelevantly.

"But—but what is your name?" Helen stammered, her face suffused. "You told me that Colquhoun ——"

"Oh, my name! It's Treadway—Bruce Treadway, of Virginia stock. My mother was a Colquhoun, a descendant, by the way, of the Countess of Salisbury to whom in 1344 Edward III gave the jeweled garter that has been so prominent in matters concerning you and me. By the way," he added, "did you ever see that garter?"

"Yes," said Helen. "I saw it in the drawer ——"

"Oh, that's the one that was stolen from the British Museum," Bruce informed her. "Here's another." He produced the glittering trinket from his long pocketbook; Helen caught her breath sharply. "There were two of them, it seems, so ——"

"Naturally a lady would require two," said Helen.

"This one remained in my family, but I was never able to identify it perfectly until I picked up a photograph—the photograph you saw on the Pyramid—in New London. As a matter of fact, at that time I was out of touch with my government, with my friends, and I contemplated selling this to replenish my supply of cash ——"

"Sell that?" exclaimed Helen. "Indeed you will not!"

"That's right, I will not," Bruce agreed. And again, irrelevantly: "I love you!"

"Bruce Colquhoun!" and Helen struggled in his arms, "if you kiss me I shall scream."

"And if you don't kiss me," he said solemnly, "I shall scream. It might make it unpleasant for you, because there are four detectives waiting outside the door for my permission to come in."

. . . . . .

Dexter, of Scotland Yard, was an amazed person when he was summoned to police headquarters that afternoon, and the Countess of Salisbury's garter, with one of the diamonds missing, was placed in his hands.

"Where did you get it?"

"It was among the stolen jewels recovered in The Hawk's apartments," Meredith told him curtly. "Give me a receipt for it and hustle it over to London before something else happens to it."

"But, I say, you know, who had it?" Dexter insisted. "What millionaire was it that ——"

"Oh, forget it," Meredith advised. "It wasn't John Gaunt anyway."

"But, you know—gad! It's too bad! I was convinced Gaunt had it, you know; I even searched his house for it. Too bally bad, eh, what?"

. . . . . .

Four days sped by, during which Meredith and his men raged, but there was no trace of The Hawk. A portion, but only a portion, of the stolen jewels had been recovered; obviously, judging from The Hawk's manner of living, the remainder had been converted into cash through some subterranean channel. Early in the afternoon of that fourth day Meredith's 'phone rang.

"Hello!"

"That you, Meredith?"

"Yes."

"This is Bruce Colquhoun. Von Derp—The Hawk—will be in Daddy Heinz' old place at four o'clock this afternoon. Place your men after he enters the place, not before, and you'll get him. Look out for the back way too."

"Thanks." Meredith's heart beat faster. "How do you know he'll be there?"

"I'll explain when I see you. Now don't fail if you want The Hawk!"

"If I want The Hawk!" Meredith repeated grimly. "All I'd give to get him is one of my arms, that's all."

"All right. I'll see you this evening some time."

So it came to pass that while Meredith's men were anxiously awaiting the specified hour, a pale, clean-shaven young man in rigid clerical attire, with thick eyeglasses and brown hair brushed back smoothly from his placid brow, strode up the walk to the front door of Brokaw Hamilton's home and rang the bell.

"Please be good enough," he requested of the footman, "to hand my card to Miss Hamilton—the Rev. Mr. Arthur Wallace!"

He put his hat on the floor, sat down with his fingertips humbly touching, and looked about him meekly at the splendor of a millionaire's home.

"Miss Hamilton," the returning footman reported, "has gone out."

"Too bad," commented the caller gently. "May I leave a note for her?"

The footman bowed and conducted him to a desk in the library adjoining. After a short interval he began writing:

My dear Miss Hamilton: I loved you—that accounts for everything. There's nothing I wouldn't have done to win you. I did steal; I would have done murder—would have, but didn't. Every other charge the police bring against me is correct.

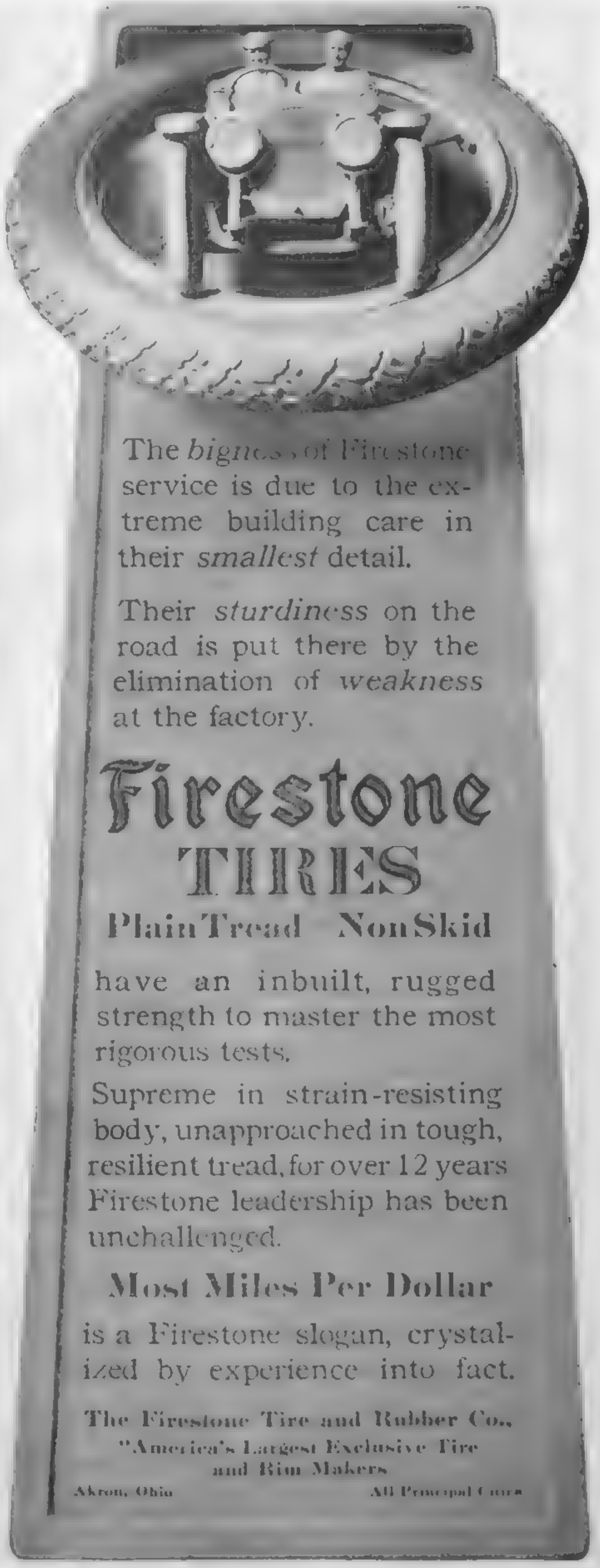
The first thought of placing my identity upon the shoulders of Bruce Colquhoun came the day Meredith asked him for that handwriting specimen. Only chance had led Meredith so close to me, and here was an opportunity too good to overlook. That handwriting incident gave me an idea. I searched the Pyramid to find a sample of Mr. Colquhoun's, and did find it—a laundry list. If the handwriting experts hadn't disagreed then—oh, well!

I am leaving with the footman a parcel containing some few of your jewels that were not found in my apartments. Please don't think too badly of me.

Sincerely,
THE HAWK.

The clerical young man sealed the envelope and handed it, with a parcel, to the waiting footman.

"If you will please see that Miss Hamilton in person receives these?" he requested


The bigness of Firestone service is due to the extreme building care in their smallest detail.
Their sturdiness on the road is put there by the elimination of weakness at the factory.
Firestone
TIRES
Plain Tread Non Skid
have an inbuilt, rugged strength to master the most rigorous tests.
Supreme in strain-resisting body, unapproached in tough, resilient tread, for over 12 years Firestone leadership has been unchallenged.
Most Miles Per Dollar
is a Firestone slogan, crystalized by experience into fact.
The Firestone Tire and Rubber Co.
"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers
Akron, Ohio
All Principal Cities

3A PREMOS

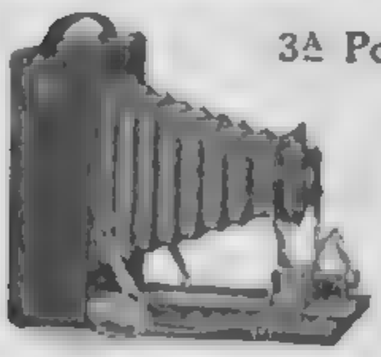
Our newest models, just out, made especially for those who want to take the most popular size of amateur pictures—3¼ x 5½.

This size is just right for post cards; unusually effective for landscapes and street scenes, when used horizontally; while vertically, it is ideal for portraiture.

Incorporating the very best in Premo construction, these cameras offer a choice in price and equipment to meet the requirements of anyone. And they all make excellent pictures.

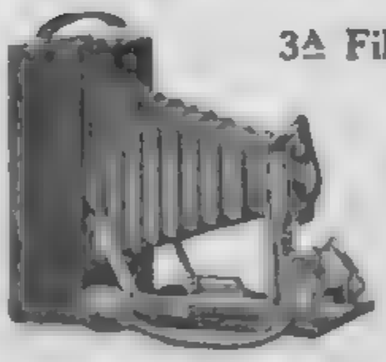
3A Film Premo No. 1, $12.50

Loads in daylight with Premo Film Pack. Open back, drop in pack, close back and it's done. Fitted with tested Planatograph lens, Kodak Ball Bearing shutter, reversible finder, two tripod sockets, and nicely finished. Remarkably light and compact.



3A Pocket Premo C, $15.00

Takes films or plates with equal facility; permits ground glass focusing with either; fitted with tested Planatograph lens, Kodak Ball Bearing shutter, rack and pinion focusing attachment, two tripod sockets, reversible finder, and is as light and compact as the average purely film camera.



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Takes films or plates with equal facility; permits ground glass focusing with either; fitted with Planatograph lens, Kodak Automatic shutter with Kodak Autotime Scale, rack and pinion for focusing, swing bed, rising and sliding front, two tripod sockets, reversible finder, and is very light and compact.

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meekly. "And while I am here may I use your telephone, please?"

"Certainly, sir."

The footman held open the door of the booth and the young man disappeared inside. Two minutes later the New York police headquarters was on the other end of the wire.

"Mr. Meredith is out, isn't he?"

"Yes," came the reply.

"Please tell him when he comes in that once upon a time he remarked that The Hawk could never make a monkey of him again, and add that The Hawk has made a monkey of him again. Inform him that it was not Bruce Colquhoun who sent him on the wild goose chase to West Thirtieth Street but The Hawk in person."

"Who—who ——" There was a stammering at the other end of the wire. "Who is this?"

"The Hawk!"

"Holy Moses! Where are you?"

"Where am I?" The young man smiled blandly. "I am in Jersey City. Give my regards to Mr. Meredith. Goodby." He was about to hang up. "Oh, one other thing," he called. "It wasn't The Hawk who was wounded that night the bloody thumbprint was left in Boston, although it was The Hawk's thumbprint all right. The man who was wounded was The Hawk's accomplice in the Boston robberies. Goodby."

The murderer of old Daddy Heins was never found. Brokaw Hamilton was convinced that the murderer was not The Hawk, but possibly some other crook who, disgruntled, had come in, demanded money and been refused. He considered the matter in detail one day when he mailed a single unset diamond to Scotland Yard, London.

XXIX

"YOU know," said Helen, "I've only one objection to marrying you."

"That being?" Bruce inquired.

"It seems inevitable that when a young man saves a young woman from drowning he marries her."

"That doesn't necessarily follow," Bruce pointed out. "I saved three once."

A long pause followed: Helen was staring across Peggotty Beach toward a rock where sat Skeets Gaunt and Mercy Dale. Somewhere out there beneath the restless waters the motor boat Pyramid lay. Helen shuddered a little.

"Do you remember," she asked, "the very first thing you ever said to me?"

"I do."

"What was it?"

"'Don't grab me!'"

"Suppose I had grabbed you?"

"I should have punched you in the nose."

"Why, Bruce Colquhoun!"

There was silence, broken only by the murmur of the sea. Dusk dropped down upon them tangibly; the gold in the west became an angry crimson, the red sun was gone. To the north across the marshes a lighthouse leaped into life. Skeets and Mercy had turned to watch it.

"I love you!" it said. "I love you!" And again: "I love you!"

What He Remembered

OLLIE JAMES, permanent chairman of the Democratic Convention at Baltimore, was seen in the lobby of the Belvedere Hotel in that city one day right in the middle of the tremendous struggle over the nomination. He stopped his huge bulk in the middle of the floor, threw up his hands in a gesture of despair and boomed: "By George, I almost forgot it!"

A dozen reporters were trailing him. What had he forgotten? Certainly it must be something of transcendent importance and the situation was tremendously critical.

James pushed his way through the crowd. He was in a hurry. It evidently was important. A dozen reporters crowded after him. James almost ran up to the news-stand. The reporters arrived with him.

"Gee," sighed James, "I'm glad I didn't forget it after all."

The reporters crowded round. Something was coming off—but what?

"Gee," said James again, "it would have been hell if I had forgotten it."

"What is it?" yelled the excited reporters.

"Son," said James to the news-stand boy, "gimme a quarter's worth of chewing gum."

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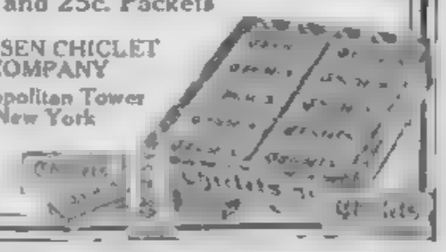

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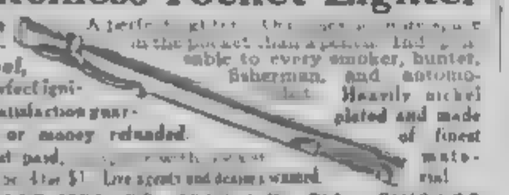

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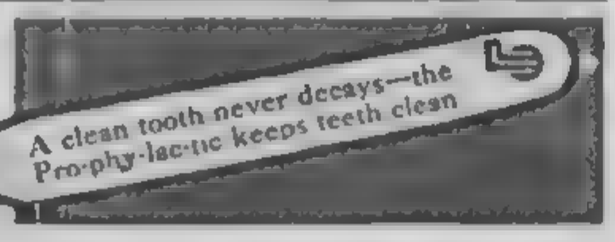

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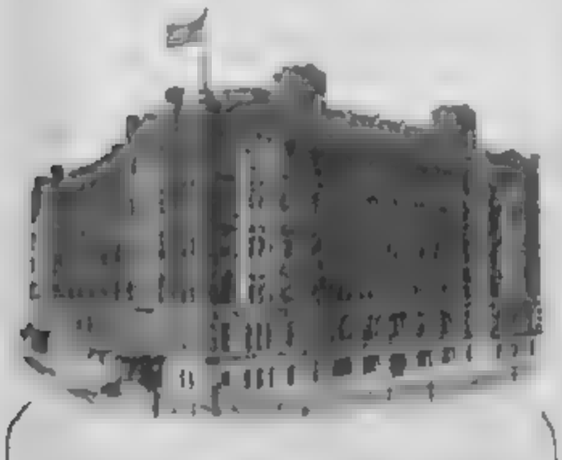

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THE MOST IMPORTANT DONKEY

(Continued from Page 17)

a flurry. Lyttleton snatched his rifle and fired shot after shot—all round Zack—covering the swimmer's retreat with a picket line of bullets. Zack glanced up prayerfully, with white eyes. "Hol' on, white folks! Quit dat, fer Gawd's sake!" He swam like a grasshopper and never let go the donkey's halter until each had dragged out the other. When the most important donkey stopped to nibble at the grass Zack jerked him roughly.

"Come 'long here, you fool! Ain't got sense 'nuff to git out o' nobody's way!"

MacDonald ran downstairs through the intervening barge and dashed across the narrow plank to shore. He met Zack with outstretched hands.

"That took nerve, old man—took nerve, I'm sure, to jump in at Timshi! Not a black or an Arab dared go after you!"

"Yas, suh; yas, suh. I noticed dat pertickler. Didn't none of 'em come in. I warn't gwine to let dis donkey git drowned!"

Following MacDonald a long string of Arabs, sailormen and Golo people swarmed out of the boats like ants. They surrounded Zack; they hugged one another, chattering and jubilating over the recovered donkey. Topknot was already wiping the water from his neglected beast when the Sultan came—and the reverent crowd made way. The Sultan patted his favorite, scowled and muttered a single word to Topknot—a word which made the big negro shudder from head to foot. The other Golos sneaked behind the crowd.

The despot of Bong praised Zack and exalted himself into a generous humor. Zack tilted his head to one side; he couldn't understand a word of it, but he knew the Sultan was orating mighty soft and nice. Said hopped in and out among the people like a rabbit in a canebrake, until he squatted beside an Arab sailorman who understood the Golo tongue. Then he hopped back and whispered glad tidings to his master:

"Sultan say he give you one very good present bimeby—bimeby."

"Dat ain't nothin'—I wants my hat. Go git my hat, Side!"

Said glanced at the river, shivered and—like the Golo people—ducked behind the crowd.

"The crock got your helmet," laughed MacDonald, pointing to the fragments of a once happy hat which circled slowly round in the eddy. Old Reliable stared, then went and stood mournfully at the water's edge.

"Dar now! Ain't it a shame?"

"Plenty of crocks in there. Lucky they didn't get you!" MacDonald answered cheerfully.

"Sumpin' 'nuther done bust my hat—an' dat's no lie!"

Everybody stood respectfully aside while the dripping savior of the Sultan's donkey marched back to the gunboat.

"Zack," the Colonel greeted him, "didn't you know better than to jump into that water? It's full of crocodiles!"

"What is crocodiles, Cunnel?"

"They're like alligators—great big alligators!"

"Lordy, Cunnel, dat donkey he jumped in fust; an' ——"

Old Reliable shut up like a clam. Major Lyttleton thrust his burly shoulders through the companionway and interrupted:

"Better fix yourself, old man; they're coming after you. Hear that drum?"

The rapid beating of an African drum rose from the Sultan's barge. Zack's knees knocked together; he edged closer to the Colonel and began dripping in a new puddle.

"Mister, what make you say dey's comin' atter me? I ain't done nuthin' to nobody." Zack's mind flashed back to the gleam of a knife and a red-eyed negro with frizzles on top of his head. Lyttleton kept straining a smile more serious than tears. When the Colonel smiled Zack knew that everything was all right someway or other; but this British merriment took all the stiffening out of his legs. Then the Major laughed, which was worse.

"Colonel Spottiswoode, change your kit—frock coat, top hat, something impressive. MacDonald, regalia togs for you—dress parade to receive envoys from Sultan of Bong!"

MacDonald straightened himself rigidly: orders were orders and nothing more.

Then Lyttleton turned upon Zack Lyttleton was not a humorous person.

"Mr. Honorable Black Effendi, it pleases the Sultan of Bong to be very grateful. He will dispatch his royal messengers to make you a gift."

"Yas, suh—dat's all right, suh." Zack glanced at the Colonel for help, and the Colonel asked:

"What do you mean, Lyttleton?"

"Your man has been mentioned for distinguished gallantry—Victoria Cross affair, and all that. He saved that Highly Serene Donkey which the Sirdar presented to the Sultan in return for a tract of land about the size of Wales. His Majesty now desires to send a gift."

"Zack, do you understand?"

"Yas, suh, Cunnel; yas, suh. Side specify a lot o' talk like dat; but, Cunnel, I never pays no 'tention to nigger news."

"The Sultan is going to give you a present. How do you like that?"

"Who? Me? You mean dat kinky-haired nigger over yonder, wid dem short panties on? Huh!"

"Yes. He's a Big Ike."

"I don't care how big he is—he ain't got nuthin' what fits me." There might be something in it; so Old Reliable began to take notice and inquired: "What you reckin he gwine to gimme?"

"Can't tell; it hasn't come off the Christmas tree. Maybe it'll be a red-faced monkey or a giraffe."

Zack turned away in disgust.

"Cunnel, you-all ought to be 'shamed—jes' makin' pleasure wid me."

The stolid MacDonald had already gone to his cabin for the official raiment. Lyttleton paused a moment, looked into Zack's blank face and added:

"Maybe he'll send you a nice fat slave."

"Mister, what you reckin I could do wid a lazy nigger hangin' on to me an' eatin' his head off?"

Lyttleton raised his hand.

"Sh-sh! Hear the music? See 'em mustering on the Sultan's barge? We're going to have a function. Hurry up, Zack! Put on your dry clothes—quick!"

They were not a bit too quick. Major Lyttleton, of the Anglo-Egyptian army, wheeled into a commanding position at the head of the companionway—hand on hilt, helmet strap under chin and the medals of seven wars glittering across his breast. MacDonald, none the less erect and solemn, flanked his left. Colonel Spottiswoode laughed—"I will abide at thy right side"—in the whitest of white linens.

"We try to make a show before these people; they love it," Lyttleton whispered.

Zack likewise had on linens, inherited from the Colonel; but he persisted in skirmishing to the rear. The way those white folks kept nudging each other was enough to make a negro skittish.

"Here, Zack; step forward and stand fast. The music is coming."

Zack inched forward and stood tolerably fast. He heard the thump, thump, thump of the Golo drum and the plunk, plunk, plunk of the courbee; but they didn't sound good to him. He got mighty dubious about the whole performance; in fact, he had a hunch that something was about to happen and his questioning face turned like a full black moon from one gentleman to another.

The Golos were coming and Zack felt himself slipping backward. First of all came the youngest woman up the companionway—head and shoulders and gleaming teeth. She wore a kirtle of loose cords that dangled nearly to her knees, and greasy hair that, like the kirtle, dangled to her shoulders. Besides, there was a long necklace—and a smile; but she smiled all over. When Zack saw Topknot he felt sure that all the blood had been wiped off the moon. Topknot had been forgiven; his face radiated peace and good will. That's what encouraged Zack to get perky—he moved into the front rank of white men who faced the Golo semicircle; but, look and peer as he might, he saw nothing in their hands that resembled a present. None of them could have concealed a present in his pocket—for nakedly obvious reasons.

"Huh! Dey ain't got no present. I knowed dem niggers was foolin' dat white gen'leman."

The drum beat and the courbee twanged. The Golo envoys salaamed. The interpreter stepped forward, pointed proudly

to the woman and began his Arabic harangue. Lyttleton listened with grave attention, but Zack wasn't paying them no mind. The youngest woman kept smiling at him, black, statuesque and just as happy as you please. Topknot smiled, the Golos smiled—it was certainly up to Zack to smile back. He did so. The interpreter ended with a great flourish. Lyttleton turned and looked at Zack.

"Whar's my present?" Zack whispered.

Lyttleton shook his head, caught the Colonel's arm and led him apart.

"The Sultan says one of his women has found favor in the Black Effendi's eyes; he sends her to him as a present."

"The hell he does!"

Lyttleton shrugged his shoulders.

"What are we going to do with her?"

"Do with her? We're going to do without her! Look here, Major Lyttleton, Zack's more trouble to me now than a teething baby. Fire that woman back to the Sultan with my compliments."

"That is awkward—very awkward, I assure you, my dear Colonel—deucedly awkward! I warned you to make him stay away from those women. His Majesty's Government has strong reasons for being friendly with this particular sultan."

"I'm mighty sorry, Major. I won't have my nigger turned into a bigger fool than he already is. Square it with the Sultan and I'll attend to Zack's case immediately. Come here, Zack!"

"Yas, suh."

Colonel Spottiswoode led Zack to the rail, where the negro stood shuffling his feet and looking down upon the muddy waters. The Colonel spoke vigorously, with arm uplifted in emphatic gestures.

Zack turned perfectly livid; his white eyes bulged; he tottered and clutched at the post. Not forty feet away, in the very track along which he swam with the donkey, the gigantic head of a hippopotamus arose. The mouth of the great beast yawned wide open—inconceivably wide open. Zack hung on to the post to keep from falling in—his jaw dropped; he stared down that long red gullet with a tombstone fence in front of it. Then the negro gasped and slipped to the floor like a wilted dishrag.

The Colonel knelt quickly and caught his head.

"What's the matter—sunstroke?"

With long, trembling finger Old Reliable pointed to a whirlpool where the black thing had disappeared.

"Naw, suh, Cunnel—yonder's one o' dem crocks. Please, suh, gimme a drink o' whisky! I feels mighty sick."

While Zack moaned in the cabin Lyttleton searched his kit for a royal present and followed the Golo delegation to square his government with the Sultan of Bong.

THE SQUALL

(Continued from Page 13)

Mr. Sippy pirouetted on one tan oxford and cast his eyes upward. "I'm all fussed," he said; "but pleased to meet you, ladies."

The girls laughed again. Then they strolled toward the dance-hall, where the gentlemen bought tickets. Dancing at the hall was five cents the selection.

The music struck up. Lulu crossed both hands upon her chest, Mr. Polly clasped her round the waist and they moved off with that sinew tension peculiar to dance-halls. Mr. Sippy turned to Lilly.

"Will you go round, Miss Harkins?"

They melted into the embrace of the dance and moved off. When Mr. Sippy danced every faculty was pressed into service—his head was thrown back and his feet glided like well-trained automatons.

"Wasn't that just grand!" breathed Lilly when the music ceased. She was softly radiant.

"Swell!" agreed Mr. Sippy, applauding for an encore. "Swell!" He regarded her with new interest. "You're some dancer, kid," he said.

"Oh, Mr. Sippy, who could help dancin' good with you?"

They glided away again. After the waltz they sought the side lines, where soft drinks were served. A waiter dabbed at the tabletop—Lilly fanned herself and ordered sarsaparilla.

"You don't look hot—you look cool," said Mr. Sippy admiringly.

She took a dainty draught through her straw.

"I'm jest happy—that's all," she replied.

The misery, the monotony, the wail of the mother, her own desperation—were away back in the experience of some other self. Life had turned on its axis and swung her out of darkness into light. Girls in lacy waists and with swagger hips laughed into her eyes; men looked at her with frank admiration. George Sippy leaned toward her and looked familiarly into her face.

"Say," he said, "Polly must have known I like blondes."

"Oh, and I'm always wishin' to be a brunette!"

"You're my style all right."

"I'll bet you say that to every girl."

"Nix I do. You can ask Polly if I ain't hard to suit. I know just what style of girl I like."

"There's a lot in knowin' just what you like," she said archly.

"That's some yellow hair you got," he observed irrelevantly. "My sister used to have hair like that."

She felt of her coiffure.

"Do you like 'em? You ought to see 'em just after they been washed."

Mr. Sippy expressed a polite desire to observe the phenomenon. They danced again. Once in the maze of couples they caught sight of Lulu and Mr. Polly, and they changed partners; but after a while they drifted together again.

"Gee!" said Mr. Sippy. "I'd rather dance with you."

"Ain't that funny?" said Lilly. "That's just what I was thinkin'."

They looked into each other's eyes.

"I ain't the kind of a fellow that takes up with every girl," explained Mr. Sippy in self-elucidation.

"That's just what I like," said Lilly; "that's just the way with me. It ain't everybody I take a likin' to; but when I do like a person I like 'em!"

"Now just look at me," went on Mr. Sippy. "If I wanted to I could bring a girl down here every night; but I don't, just because it ain't often I take a fancy to a girl."

"I like for a gentleman not to be so commonlike."

"I like a person or I don't like them, that's all." He looked at her ringless hands. "You ain't keepin' no steady company, are you?"

She colored clear up into her hair.

"No," she replied in a breathy voice.

"Can I have the pleasure of escorting you to Coney tomorrow night?"

"I'll be pleased to accept your company," she said.

They danced again and her hair brushed his cheek.

"You're some girl all right!" he said, holding her close.

She giggled on his shoulder.

"Gee, but I love to dance!"

"Say," he said, looking down at her suspiciously, "is it my dancing you like or me?"

"Silly!" she whispered—"I like you and your dancing."

"You're all right, little one!" he assured her.

When they finally left the hall the lights were beginning to dim. The four of them went out into the quiet streets together. The street cars had ceased to rattle except at long intervals. They walked in twos, arms interlaced, talking in subdued tones. A cool breeze had sprung up.

At a corner drug store they partook of foamy soda water and scooped, with long-handled spoons, refreshing mouthfuls of ice cream from their glasses. Perched on high stools before an onyx fountain, they regarded themselves in the mirror and smiled at each other in the reflection.

At Lulu's rooming house they lingered again, talking in subdued tones on the brownstone stoop.

"I'll call for you early tomorrow night, Miss Harkins; and, since we decided to make a party of it, me and Polly'll call for you and Miss Tracy together."

"That'll be nice," she said.

"I'm glad you have no other fellow—I don't like no partnership stuff."

"I love Coney," she said.

At last they separated and the two girls tiptoed up to the terrific heat of their box.

"Phew!" gasped Lilly. "Ain't this just awful!"

Lulu lighted the gas and turned ecstatic eyes upon her friend.

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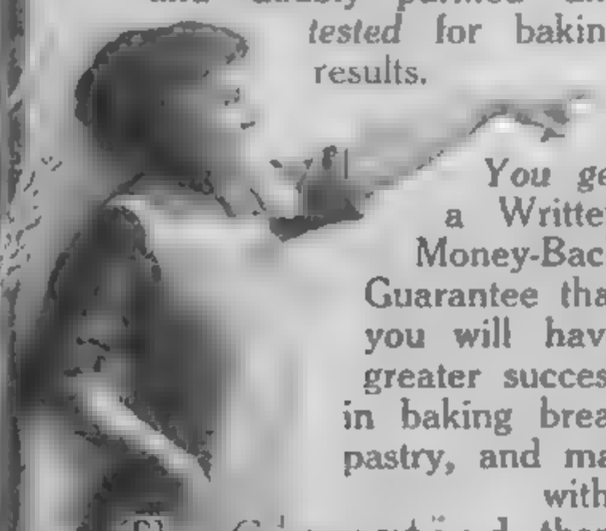

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"Lil, I always did say you brought me luck when it came to fellers—I think I got him tonight all right."

"Oh, Loo, ain't I glad!"

"Just feel my hand, Lil—how excited I am!"

"I'm sure glad for you, dearie."

"Glad! Girl, you don't know what I'd give to own a corner of my own, where I'd never have to see a glove no more!"

She curled up on the bed, forgetful of everything but her own potential happiness.

"He sure did everything but pop tonight. . . . Come over here and kiss me, kid."

They kissed.

"My red kimono's on the top shelf—you undress first; just help yourself." She slumped deeper in bed. "I guess you didn't make some hit yourself tonight, Miss Harkins—and I guess I didn't make some hit!"

Lulu laughed immoderately. Lilly fingered the lace at her throat.

"What's the matter? You ain't sore at the joke, are you, Miss Harkins?"

"No," replied Lilly; she spoke through a mental and physical nausea—a reaction which laid violent hold of and sickened her. Lulu loomed to her like a grotesque figure. The imprint of Mr. Sippy's farewell handshake was still moist in her own hand.

"What time is it, Loo?"

"Well, what do you know about that? It's ten after one! Gee, don't I wish tomorrow was Sunday! You gotta climb out early with me if you're goin' to that job."

"One o'clock!" Lilly's voice caught in terror. "One o'clock! I can't beat Charley home no more now."

"Whatta you mean? Ain't you goin' to stay here with me? You ain't quittin' now, are you—after all the trouble I went to to interdooce you to my gentlemen friends?"

Lilly nodded.

"You been awfully good, Loo; but I ain't got the nerve. I gotta go back to Charley."

Lulu jerked to a sitting posture, her feet dangling over the edge of the bed.

"Well, ain't this a fine come-off! What'll my friends think of me? I always say you never get no thanks for tryin' to help other people; that's what I get for tryin' to do the right thing by you."

"It ain't you, Loo—I had a fine and dandy time."

"Come on, Lil—come to bed, and you'll be all right in the mornin'. Gee! Won't the girls be glad to see the beauty back! Come on to bed—it's too late for you to go back tonight anyhow; there's time to talk 'bout things in the mornin'. I wouldn't let any man know I couldn't get along without him! Come on, Lil, and tell me what the guy tonight was like."

Lilly was pinning on her hat in an agony of haste.

"I left the note on the pincushion. If he goes in the kitchen for his milk first, like he does on hot nights, maybe I can beat him! . . . He may be ——" Her voice trailed down the hall. She fumbled a little at the street door, hot flushes darting over her body.

In the street car Lilly dug her nails through the silk palms of her gloves and sat on the edge of the seat, her pulse pounding in her ear. Her voiceless prayer beat against her brain. She did not see or think beyond the possibility of reaching their bedroom before her husband.

Charley was due home now—as she was lumbering across town in a lethargic street car. Her whole destiny hung on the frail thread of possibility—the possibility that her husband would follow his wont of warm nights and browse round the kitchen larder before entering their room. She drew in a suffocating breath at the thought of Charley's wrath—she had once seen him on the verge of anger.

To reach home and the note first! That hope beat against her temples—it flooded her face with color; it turned her cold and clammy. She left the car a corner too soon and ran the block, thinking to gain time over the jogging street car; it passed her midblock and she sobbed in her throat.

She turned the corner sharply. From the street she could see the yellow glow of gas coming from a side window of her apartment—the light must come from one of two rooms, her sick senses could not determine which.

"Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh!" she heard herself wheeze in long, articulate moans. "Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh!" A policeman eyed her suspiciously and struck the asphalt with his stick. She turned into the entrance of the apartment house and ran up the three flights of stairs with limbs that trembled under her—her cold fingers groped about before she could muster strength to turn the key in the lock.

Lilly entered noiselessly—the bedroom was dark. Tears sprang to her eyes. For a moment she reeled; then she felt along the parlor wall to the middle room. By the shaft of light from the kitchen she could see the yellow note undisturbed, poised like a conspicuous butterfly. Her hand closed over it—she crushed it in her palm.

"Charley!" she called, and entered the kitchen.

Her husband was standing by the window—his face was the white of cold ashes. He looked up at her like a man coming out of a dream.

"Charley," she cried, "I was afraid you'd get worried. I went over to Loo's and we stayed up and talked so late—I didn't know ——"

She stopped at the sight of his face—her fear returned.

"Charley, you—you ——"

He regarded her, with the life coming back into his eyes and warming his face.

"It's this heat—this pesky old heat almost got me!"

"My poor, sweet boy!" she said with a sob of relief. "My poor, sweet boy!"

He caressed her weakly, like a man whose strength has been drained from him.

"You ain't mad at me because I kicked up at supper, are you, Charley? You know I don't mean what I say when I'm out of sorts—you know there ain't nobody like my boy!"

He kissed her.

"No; I ain't sore, honey."

"Here's your milk in the ice-box. You must have just got in before me. An' let me fix you a sardine sandwich, lovey."

"I—I ain't hungry, Lil. I—I can't eat nothin'—honest."

"I want you to, Charley—you've had a hard day."

"Yes, a hard day!" he repeated, smiling.

She prepared him a sandwich. At the sink her foot struck a small, square package bearing a jeweler's stamp. It might have dropped there from nerveless fingers or been willfully hurled.

She picked it up wonderingly. It was neatly tied with blue cord.

"What's this?"

Her husband started.

"That! Oh, that's the little surprise I was tellin' you 'bout. I started to fix it fer tomorrow; but—but ——" His voice died in his throat.

She opened it with trembling fingers.

"It's the silver bracelet!" she cried. "It's the silver bracelet!"

The unshed tears sprang to her eyes.

"Oh, Charley dear, you ain't—you ain't ——" The tears came like an avalanche down an incline and choked off her speech.

He folded her to him.

"No, dear; I ain't!" he soothed.

Just an Accident

REPRESENTATIVE PADGETT, of Tennessee, was the ranking Democrat on the Naval Committee of the House of Representatives, and succeeded Representative Foss, of Illinois, a Republican, as chairman of the committee when the Democrats got control of the House.

Foss and Padgett were guests of honor at a dinner of the Naval Militia in Washington. Foss spoke first and joshed Padgett. Foss said he hated to give up the very comfortable Naval Committee room, but so long as by a political accident the Democrats had a majority, there was no member of the committee he would prefer to give it to than Padgett.

Padgett came next. He said: "The remarks of my esteemed colleague, Mr. Foss, bring to my mind a story I heard about a lynching down South. A mob took a negro from a jail and proceeded with him to the public square where it was proposed to hang him.

"Before the lynching, several of the leading citizens of the town made speeches, commenting on the horrible crime of the negro and the punishment that was to be meted out to him. Then they called on an old and much respected negro resident to say a few words. This old man got up, and addressing himself to the people of his race, said: 'I want all you colored people to take good heed and learn the lesson of the accident that is about to happen here.'

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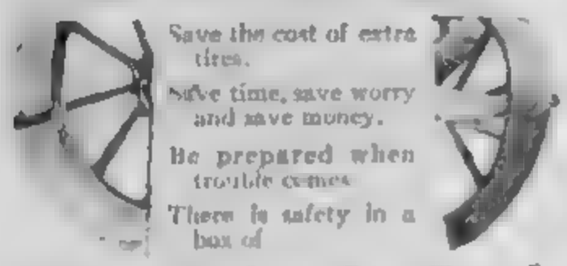

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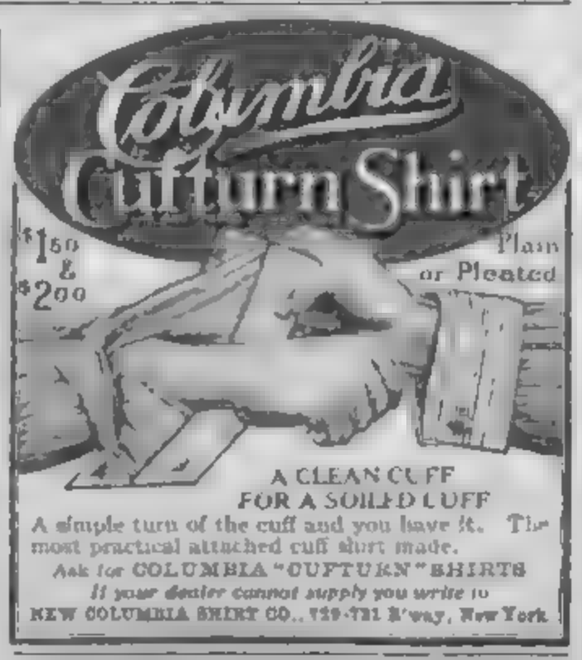

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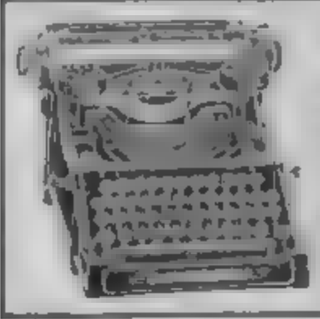

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SILVERSIDE

Continued from Page 5)

"As to going halves with the society in the event of your success," said he, pursing up his lips, "I must say that it strikes me that you are rather more than settling your obligation. What you have received from the society is really no more than was your due, considering your father's faithful service and ultimate sacrifice; but the cause is a noble one and I can only advise you to consult your own feeling in the matter."

When I went back aboard the ship the first person I met was the doctor, a nice young fellow for whom I had formed a liking. He was talking with the chief engineer, who seemed to be much irritated because one of his stokers had managed to slip off for a ramble ashore. It appeared that the man was the most efficient in his watch, and as the rest were rather a poor lot the chief was particularly vexed.

The doctor informed me that we were not to sail until daylight, and being interested in the case of Captain Fairfax, he suggested that we call at the hotel and see how he was getting on. Accordingly after dinner we went to the hotel, and on sending up our names were told that the captain would like to see us. We found him in a large and airy room, propped up in bed and looking rather better.

"Perhaps you were right, lad," said he, after we had chatted a while; "this soft air is doin' wonders for me. I feel like a different man tonight. Who knows, I might even live for the reconciliation!" And he winked at me with a rather dog-toothed grin.

I was sitting with my back to the *jalousies* of the window, which like all the rest opened on to a veranda running the length of the building, and as Fairfax finished speaking it seemed to me that I heard a rustle behind me. Turning I pushed the *jalousies* aside in time to see a dark figure step into the room adjoining.

"What is it?" asked Fairfax sharply, and as I glanced at him I saw that his face had the ferocity of a startled wild beast. "Did you hear somebody out there?"

"It's only the man in the next room taking the air," I answered. "We'd better go now, captain; you are tired and nervous and must go to sleep."

"I sleep very badly," said he. "You might leave me a prescription for something, doctor."

Miller, the ship's doctor, wrote him a prescription and then we said goodby again and went out, returning a little later to the ship, which sailed an hour before sunrise. At luncheon I asked the chief engineer, at whose table I sat, whether his fireman had returned.

"Aye," said he, "the beggar turned up clean and sober for a wonder. When I asked him what he meant by skatin' off without leave, he up and tells me that he'd been to pay a little debt he owed and was afraid to trust to anybody else. My word, I hardly knew the scut, he was rigged out so fine! White duck suit and a panama, with white shoes and a gold-headed malacca. That is how he got ashore. Fireman? He looked more like some graftin' missionary—oh, I beg your pardon, Doctor Ames! But there are a few of that sort, you know."

The run to Samoa was uneventful. On landing at Apia I went up to the office of the agent of the line and asked whether anybody could give me news of Captain Connor, of the trading schooner Favorite.

"Yes," said the agent, "Connor is in port. That was the Favorite you passed coming in."

So down to the beach I went and got a boat and was set aboard the schooner, an able-looking vessel and as smartly kept as a yacht. As I went on deck I was met by a short, active man with curly grizzled hair and shrewd gray eyes that held a humorous twinkle.

"So you are the son of the Rivirend Jack," said he heartily when I had introduced myself. "I knew your father, sor. A fine man he was too!"

He led me under the awning and offered me some gin and a cigar. I told him at once the object of my errand, saying simply that I had met Captain Fairfax and that he had authorized me to charter Connor's schooner to hunt for his wife and daughter, stating at the same time the price that Fairfax had himself suggested.

"'Tis too much," said Connor with a grin, "but I will not quarrel over it. Trade is poor and I have been thinkin' of retirin' to live on me wits. Now let me think and see if I can remimber some things I have been tryin' to forget."

For several moments he sat staring out across the water, a cigar clenched in his strong teeth and his eyes narrowed under their black bushy eyebrows. Presently he said:

"There are two people who might start us on the scent. One of thim is a Chinese comprador of Suva, callin' himself Von Bulow; the other is a young Frinch tradin' skipper named Gaston Berdou."

"Captain Fairfax mentioned Von Bulow," I answered. "He also spoke of one Silverside."

Connor's head turned quickly. "What did he say of Silverside?" he asked.

I told him, and Connor wrinkled up his forehead.

"Listen, docthor," said he. "Far be it from me to malign the man I am wor-rking for, but betwixt you and me and thim quar-rter bitts no rougher customer than Big Devil Fairfax ivir helped to civilize Oceanica. Folks will stand a lot out here, but the Pacific wather got too hot to hould Fairfax. The tale is that when finally he left, havin' some quarrel with this same Silverside—who might ha' been his cook or his agent or his rival for the affections of his wife, I dunno—Fairfax stretched him on the deck, tortured him in some hellish way and left him nigh dead on a desert island. How Silverside escaped no man knows, but he managed it, and was seen last to my knowledge in Tahiti about two years ago. He was cook aboard Berdou's schooner, the Rossignol, at the time."

"Do you know this Silverside, captain?" I asked.

"I saw him once or twice year-rs ago when he was sailin' with Fairfax."

"What nationality is he?" I asked.

"I misdoubt he has one. 'Tis said he speaks English like a lord, French like a markee, Spanish like a don, and Kanaka ayther in the chiefs' tongue ye find in the Sandwich Islands and among the Maoris or just plain Kanaka. He is a talented devil—a big gaunt man with the shoulders of a smith and the hands of a pianist. I mind his hair was straight and long and a silvery white, though whether he got the name of Silverside from that or the white scar on his side or from his manner of cooking corned mate I could not say. No better cook ever set fut in a ship's galley, I've been told. Speakin' of cooks, I must ship a new one before we sail. The Kanaka lad now presidin' in our galley has a talent for spoilin' good food that amounts to a positive janius. Ye cud ram a handful of his peas into a muzzle loader and kill a grizzly bear with thim. And as for stewin' tr-ripe, I thought one day he'd got hould of some o' the squares of sailcloth we use with sand for scourin' the oars and the like."

"Do you think that Fairfax's wife and daughter are still in the Pacific?" I asked.

"I do. I have been thinkin' of a tale was told me eighteen months ago by a felly that got lost after a week of bad weather comin' from the Marquesas. He did not know just where he was, having got no sight for a week, and one day, sightin' a small island, he put in for fresh food and information. 'Twas a perilous entrance, he said, two reefs runnin' almost parallel and the openin' narrow. But seein' green water right into the lagoon he tackled it, and there he found a schooner at anchor, and back in the pandanus grove was a snug bungalow and a wattle hut or two and that was all. The schooner he recognized as belongin' to Gaston Berdou, so he went alongside to be told that the Frinchman was off on the other side of the island and wud not be back till night. He went ashore and was met by the most beautiful gurrul, white and with golden hair and eyes the color of dark amber. Then an older woman came out and she was beautiful, too, but dark as the night, with black curly hair undher a flowin' scarf. She tould him they were the two sisters of Berdou, livin' there in peace and quiet away from the worruld, and she gave him some fruit and vegetables and fowls, but did not press him to stay. So back he went aboard and stopped the night, and the next day went aboard Berdou's schooner to ask him where he was. Berdou tould him and he went out, the weather boin' still overcast, but three days later when he got a sight he was miles and miles off his reckonin'. Now from his description

of the woman I would say that she was Fairfax's wife, Therese, and the gurrul his daughter."

"What makes you think that?" I asked.

"For one thing, docthor, when next I met Berdou, after hearin' the tale, I asked him how were his sisters. 'I have no sisters,' says he. Also the ages would fit thim two. Now Berdou was here three days ago and left for Auckland, and in my opinion we can do no better than to follow him there. When he knows our errand 'tis more than likely he will tell us what we wish to know. At any rate 'tis worth the tryin'."

I quite agreed with Connor and was anxious to be off as soon as possible, but he was unwilling to go until he had shipped an efficient cook. So a little later we went ashore, Connor to look for a cook and I to get my luggage, as it was understood that we were to sail for Auckland the following day.

III

CONNOR came aboard rather late while I was engaged in stowing my effects and arranging my berth. He seemed hot and rather out of temper.

"Cooks are as scarce in Apia as sailors in Paradise," said he. "I cud find nothing but a naygur and he was not clean. Presarve me from a cook that is not clean, especially in a war'rm climate. I have two fellys now combin' the beach lookin' for a clean cook. Belike they will find one when it is too late."

We dined ashore that night, returning aboard rather late. The following morning, as we were getting ready to go in again to renew the search for a cook, we saw a shore boat putting out for the schooner. It came alongside and we looked down to see in the stern sheets a big-framed man in white drill which was clean but unpretentious. As he looked up something in his face struck me as familiar and the next instant I recognized him as the stoker the sight of whom had given Captain Fairfax such a turn.

"Well?" said Connor interrogatively.

"I heard you wanted to ship a cook, sir," said the man, and his voice, though low in pitch, had a smooth and oily quality that was not pleasing.

"Y'are properly informed," said Connor. "D'ye know of one?"

"I'd like the billet myself, sir," said the man.

Connor stared at him in surprise.

"Y' look more like a Cook's tourist than the article itself," he commented. "However, looks are sometimes deceivin'. Can ye cook?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then come aboard and cook," said Connor.

The man gave his native boatman a coin and came over the side carrying in his hand a small bundle. He was tall and gaunt, smooth-shaven, with cavernous, chocolate-colored eyes that were strangely mottled, high cheekbones, jaws that were wide, though not heavy, and a pointed chin. Nose and mouth were of the Coptic type. The fellow rather suggested, in fact, the male figures to be found in Egyptian designs and impressed one as more interesting than attractive. Indeed, I was conscious of some odd repellent quality. Connor was similarly affected, as I could tell from the narrowing of his shrewd gray eyes and the harsh expression of his mouth.

"Where did you work last?" he asked.

"I was a fireman on the Australia, sir. The chief discharged me yesterday because I left the ship without leave when we were in Honolulu."

Connor's bushy brows lifted.

"A fireman, is it?" said he. "Well, then, you should at least know how to keep the fire agoin' in the galley stove while ye're cookin' dinner, which was more than the last one did. His intellect was not up to the strain of cookin' and firin' at the same time. Bein' on the beach I suppose that wages are no objec'?"

"Whatever you think I'm worth, sir," said the man.

"All right," said Connor; "and I suppose you can lend a hand on deck if need be?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. Now—what is your name?"

"Jones, sir."

"Well then, Jones, as you seem to know your business just look over the galley and see if you have the gear to give your talents full swing. There'll be stores comin' aboard this mornin', and as soon as they are stowed we'll be clearin' for Auckland." He glanced at the man's bundle. "Now take your thrunk below and turn to."

The cook saluted and went away. Connor looked at me questioningly.

"A quare duck," he said. "Came out on your ship, docthor?"

"Yes," I answered. "He's telling the truth. I remember that the chief was sore because the fellow slipped ashore at Honolulu. No doubt he kept him on because he was a good fireman and there was no one to fill his place. As soon as he got what he wanted he fired him."

Our stores came aboard a little later, after which we weighed anchor and put to sea. Our dinner that day was a wonder. I doubt if one could have got a better meal in the Pacific. Connor, who liked good eating, was tremendously pleased.

"The felly is a *cordong bloo*," said he as he tucked away his curried chicken and rice. "Niver have I tasted the like, unless it was years ago at the old Hôtel de France in Tahiti. I mind there used to be a dish of just this flavor, and it made you glad you had not died when you were a baby. 'Twas the specialty of the *maisong*. Now think of a man that can cook like that stokin' the fires of a liner. I will double his pay; I will triple it; quadruple it!" He stirred a little chutney into his rice. "Instid of five dollars a month he shall have twenty."

When we reached Auckland we found that nothing had been seen of Gaston Berdou. Connor wired to different ports of New Zealand but without success.

Aboard the Favorite everything had run as smooth as oil. Connor's native crew was cheerful and willing, and Jones continued to fatten us on such fare as Connor swore could not be had at the Grand Hotel in Yokohama. As for the cook himself he continued to be more or less of an enigma, though one thing was very plain, and this was that the man, in addition to his other talents, was an excellent sailor. Working round Cape Maria Van Diemen we caught a nasty squall off the land which jibed the mainsail, and had it not been for the quickness of Jones, who heard the jar when the boom-tackle carried away and sprang aft in time to cast off the backstay runner, the chances are that we would have been put to the expense and delay of shipping a new main boom, or possibly the mainmast itself might have gone.

"'Tis a jewel of a cook," said Connor. "Mind you, docthor, the felly has been to sea before and he has sailed these seas before, as only this morning I overheard him throw a hot mouthful of Kanaka into Tomalu because the boy lost his draw bucket overboard. This Jones is a man down on his luck, and one more used to the afther part of the ship than to the fr-ront ind of her."

"Perhaps he knows Berdou or Silverside," I suggested.

"I'll ask him." Connor raised his voice. "Jones!" he called.

The cook, who was in the waist cleaning a fine fish he had just hooked over the side, for we were at anchor off the town, dropped his work, wiped his hands on his apron, and stepping aft raised his hand in salute to the square cap which he had made of shelf paper.

"Yes, sir," said he, turning his brown mottled eyes on Connor.

"Cooky," said Connor, "do you know Silverside?"

"Yes, sir," answered Jones, "the New Zealand brand is very good, sir; but if you will let me select a few cuts in the market I will corn it myself."

Connor laughed outright. For my part I quite missed the joke, not knowing at the time that silverside was the popular British term for corned beef.

"All right, cooky," said Connor good-naturedly. "We will lay in a stock tomorrow morning at the market."

The cook went back to his work and Connor turned to me with another laugh.

"'Twas an intelligent answer," said he. "There's nothing to tickle the palate of a seafaring man like good corned mate and a bit of cabbage and a few biled spuds. But as for the original Silverside, the chances are he would pison the stomach of a cannibal when you come to consider that avin John Shark will have none of him."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"They do say that Silverside is blood brother to the Shark family. He could swim with them as friendly as you and me walk down King Street. There are some men like that, though rare, just as there are men that dogs will not bite and that the meanest man-killin' stallion will carry as patient and gentle as a Valparaiso moke will pack a bale of hides. I mind a story

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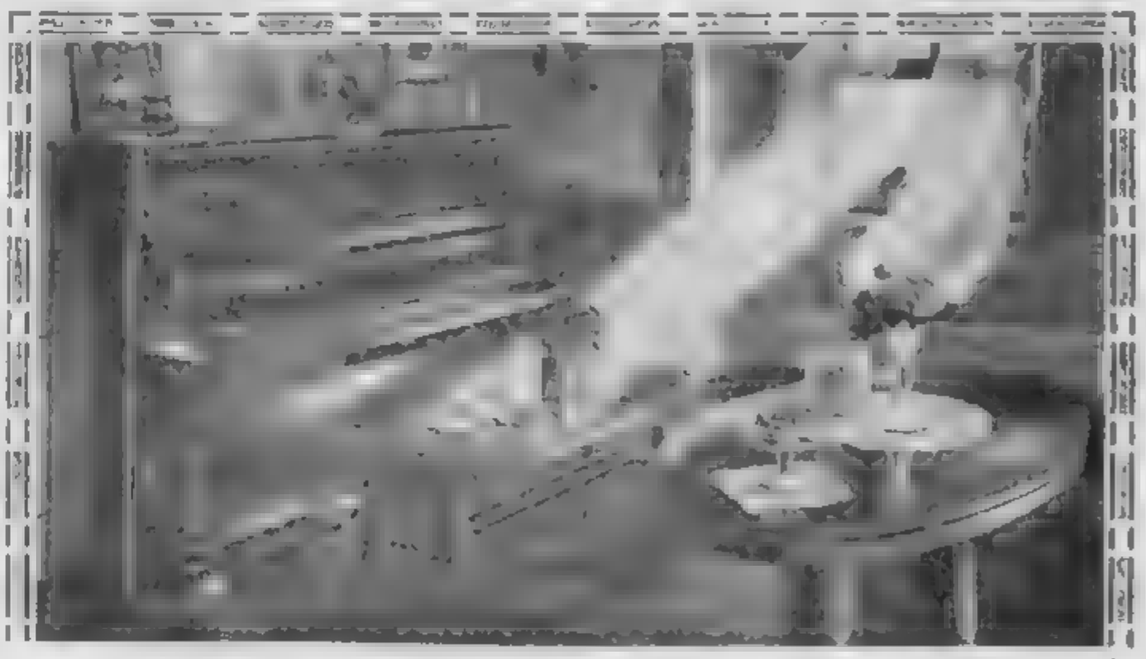

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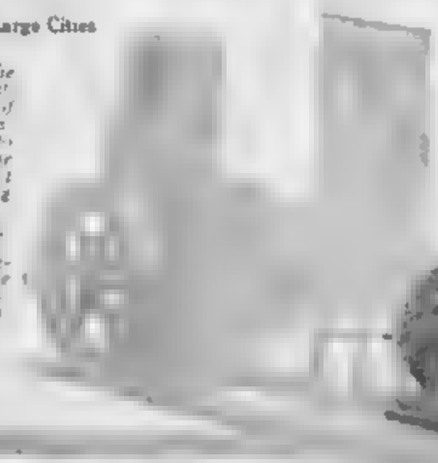

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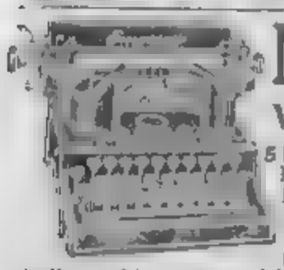

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of how a hand fell off the staging of Fairfax's schooner in Sydney Harbor, where sharks swarm. There was one of the zebra breed made a lunge for him, when here comes Silverside kerplunk 'twixt the two av thim, and the shark sheers off, puggin' up his nose like a man who thinks to ate hare and finds the head of a cat on his dish."

"You never saw Mrs. Fairfax?" sa.d I thoughtfully.

"No; but I have talked with boys that have. Lovely as a tropic night with a black squall gatherin' to windward. She was scarce more than a child when your rivirend dad, Heaven rest his sowl, whaled Big Devil Fairfax into marry.n' her. Sixteen years she may have been, but a big gurrul, they say, with the straight, strong figure of a supple lad and big dark eyes that bur-rned. Willie Teck, who sailed for a while as supercargo with Fairfax before Big Devil launched out on his own, told me that one time when they had been married perhaps six months Fairfax gave him a passage from Nukahiva over to Faulai. He had taught the gurrul how to handle the schooner, and Willie says she brought the vessel in through the reefs with a fresh gale blowin' and Fairfax, mad drunk, up aloft howlin' false reports, tryin' to rattle her. A nice man, him!"

"And Silverside was always with them?" I asked.

"He was not far. Some say he was in love with the gurrul; others that it was Fairfax he served like a dog his master. I have a theory of me own. In the ould tales when the divil walked abroad he had rangin' round him what was called in thim days a familiar. This might have been a harmless baste to most, though filled with hate for all but the masther and Mrs. Satan and the childhren. Such, I think, was Silverside, for I have talked with many who knew him, and never one that had a good word to say for aught but his cookin', which they do say was flavored a bit of brimstone. Yet never did I hear of his doin' harm to livin' soul or Kanakas."

"Fairfax certainly hated him at the last," said I.

"That is to be expected. Divils have no love for thim that sarves thim. And Fairfax was sure the *tiapolo*. Tiapolo Fairfax, the natives chrishtened him, which, as you probably know, means Big Devil Fairfax. Silverside was his *aitu*, or under divil."

I sat for some minutes thinking of what he had told me, finally to ask:

"Then you think that probably this Gaston Berdou has run across them and is in a measure their protector?"

"That is my idee," said Connor. "Belike he is in love with the young gurrul or the mother, or both. Bein' young and fiery his heart is no doubt large enough to shelther the pair. I do not blame him if the felly I was speakin' of tould me true. I could do it myself. But there is no use in our growin' barnacles down here. Lave us make a run up to Suva and talk to Von Bulow. The Chinaman is a friend of mine. He will no doubt tell us something and we will do the opposite. 'Tis the way to deal with Chunks."

So off we started for Suva the following day and made the run in thirteen days. The weather was still unsettled, for it was at the breaking up of the monsoon, but we arrived without accident and found that the Chinese comprador—Von Bulow, as he called himself—had been to Apia but was expected back in a day or two on a small local steamer. Connor left word at the store that he wished to consult the comprador in the matter of a new suit of sails for the Favorite.

"That will bring him out aboard," said he to me, "and since Fairfax is payin' the shot, I'll e'en order some new rags for the old gurrul. For the sake of our faces we cannot be transpor-rtin' a pair of lovely heiresses on a packet of which the mainsail looks like a crazy quilt and the forestaysail like the seat of poor Mick's pants."

The little steamer came in two days later, and that same afternoon a handsome whaleboat with an awning and a native crew slipped alongside with no more commotion than a swimming shark. The bow man hooked on and tilted the awning, when up the side there came a portly Chinaman who was dressed as if for a banquet. His silk house was crusted with brocade, the design picked out in gold thread, and fastened with buttons of hand-carved mother-of-pearl. The usual divided pantaloons showed only a few inches of their length under his heavy cream-colored skirt, of which the edges were crusted with gold embroidery to match the blouse. Over the blouse itself was a waistcoat of very thin and beautiful velour, almost mauve in shade and fastened with buttons of carved antique ivory. His stockings were of cream-colored silk and the padded shoes richly embroidered. From under the round, black-silk mandarin's cap his queue, skillfully plaited out with waxed silk thread, hung straight down between his shoulders, the last four inches trailing.

Connor got up and walked amidships to welcome his guest while I remained under the quarterdeck awning. I was rather amused at Connor's extreme politeness, but understood that his deference was less due to the wealth and commercial importance of his guest—for Von Bulow was said to be enormously rich—than to the captain's desire to please him and possibly get some information that might help us in our quest.

Smiling and twinkling and nodding as if at some pleasant thought, Von Bulow walked aft with Connor, who formally introduced us. The Chinaman smiled happily and gave me a hand that felt like a pan of fresh, warm dough. His face was bland, smooth, without a single line of expression, but from under the rounded brows there twinkled a pair of exceedingly shrewd and alert eyes. It was as though the real personality, the actual intelligence, was dissociated from the big material bulk, rattling round inside, as one might say, and peering out through the slits in the waxen face. His speech was another surprise, for his voice was pleasantly modulated and his English quite perfect.

"I am very glad to meet you, Doctor Ames," said he. "I knew your father quite well and I honor his memory."

I thanked him and presently we began to talk of different things. I told him that I hoped a little later to take up my father's work, but that I was anxious to extend it into Melanesia, as I felt that the Polynesians were pretty well supplied with missionaries of all kinds, and also, being a higher race ethnologically, were really less in need of civilizing influences. Von Bulow smiled and nodded. Had he known that the civilizing influence which I longed to exert on the inhabitants of a certain island of the Solomon group was that to be effected by a case of rifles in the hands of men who understood their use he might have chuckled also.

"I see that you share your honored father's views," said he. "I sincerely trust that you may not share his fate."

In the roundabout manner with which one is apt to conduct business with an Oriental the conversation got round to the schooner and the question of a suit of sails. Connor stepped below and brought up his list of measurements, which Von Bulow copied in his tablets, promising to figure the matter out and send over his estimate.

"Perhaps you might also be in need of a few stores," suggested the comprador.

"Ah, yes," said Connor; "I was near forgetting." He raised his voice and called to one of the Kanakas to tell the cook to bring his store list. "Speakin' of cooks," said he, "we are blessed with a wonder," and he told of how we had secured Jones at Apia. The Chinaman listened, smiling, and it seemed to me that his eyes twinkled more brightly than ever. "Never," said Connor, "was there his ayqual—unless perhaps 'twas Silverside that used to sail with Dan'l Fairfax. Myself I never ate his cookin', but accordin' to them that have, the felly was a prince of cooks. By-the-by, whativer became of Silverside?"

"I don't know what has become of Silverside," said Von Bulow, leaning back in his chair, "but I suppose you have heard of what happened to Captain Fairfax?"

"No—and what was that?" Connor asked

"He was found strangled in his bed in his hotel at Honolulu," said Von Bulow.

"Strangled?" cried Connor, leaning forward. "What, murdhered, d'ye mean?"

"That is what I heard at Apia. It was the same night of his arrival." He looked from one to the other of us with his bright, inquiring eyes. "Did you ever meet Captain Fairfax, Doctor Ames?" he asked.

"We came out on the same ship," I answered. "He introduced himself to me the first night and I had some conversation with him. He was a very ill man. The assassin might have spared himself the trouble, for I doubt if Fairfax would have lived another month. He had been having repeated fainting attacks and was in a very bad way."

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"And have they caught the murdherer?" asked Connor.

"Not to my knowledge ——"

The conversation was interrupted by Tomalu, one of the native hands, who brought the store list and laid it on the broad arm of Connor's wicker deck chair.

"Well, well," said he before taking it up; "a bad business that. To think of stranglin' a dyin' man. It sounds like some ould grudge. I wonder now where I could find a newspaper tellin' of the crime."

"Paul Atkins has all the papers on file over at his pub," said Von Bulow. "No doubt you could find an account of the unfortunate circumstance over there. Might I see your store list, captain? I am rather pressed for time."

"Sure," said Connor, and handed me the list. "Just glance through it, docthor," said he, "and see if there is anything to add. Well, well—strangled!" and he drew down his bushy eyebrows and fell into a study.

I ran my eye over the list, scarcely seeing what was written there, my mind being full of the news I had just heard. I was about to hand it over to Von Bulow when my attention was caught by a faint thumbmark on the margin. It was scarcely more than perceptible, and I doubt that I would have noticed it but for an odd crescent-shaped space in the very center of the imprint. As it was I gave the matter no thought, but handed the list to Von Bulow without comment. Like Connor, my entire attention was focused on the crime of which we had just heard.

Von Bulow took the list and studied it attentively, then rose to his feet.

"May I keep this list, captain?" he asked, smiling, and as I glanced at him I noticed for the first time that his round face did actually have a certain amount of expression. "It will save me the trouble of copying it and I will return it to you with the goods."

"Sure, sure," said Connor, rousing himself from his meditation. "Had the papers any theory as to this murdher, Mr. von Bulow?"

"I have not seen the papers," said the Chinaman, glancing from Connor to myself. "I heard the news indirectly in Apia. After all it is not surprising. Captain Fairfax was a man who had a great many enemies. They tell me that in the latter years of his life he made a very large fortune—in Alaska, I believe."

"He had a wife and daughter here in the islands," said Connor. "Have you ever heard tell of thim?"

"No," said Von Bulow. "But I doubt if they are still in the Pacific. Fairfax deserted them years ago, I believe."

"Gaston Berdou was a friend o' the family," said Connor musingly. "Is he still about?"

"Yes," answered the Chinaman. "Captain Berdou comes to Suva from time to time. About the sails, captain; are you in any great hurry, and where would you like them delivered? I will probably have them made in my lofts at Apia. Will you call for them there or shall I have them forwarded?"

"I'd like them as soon as might be, always provided that the estimate comes within me means," said Connor with a grin. "And as I see that you are in a hurry I will not detain you longer, Mr. von Bulow."

The comprador smiled and made an apologetic gesture with his hands.

"Thank you," said he. "As I am just back from Apia there are a good many matters that require my attention."

And with several smiles and twinkles and ducking little bows Von Bulow made his way to the ladder, Connor escorting him to the side.

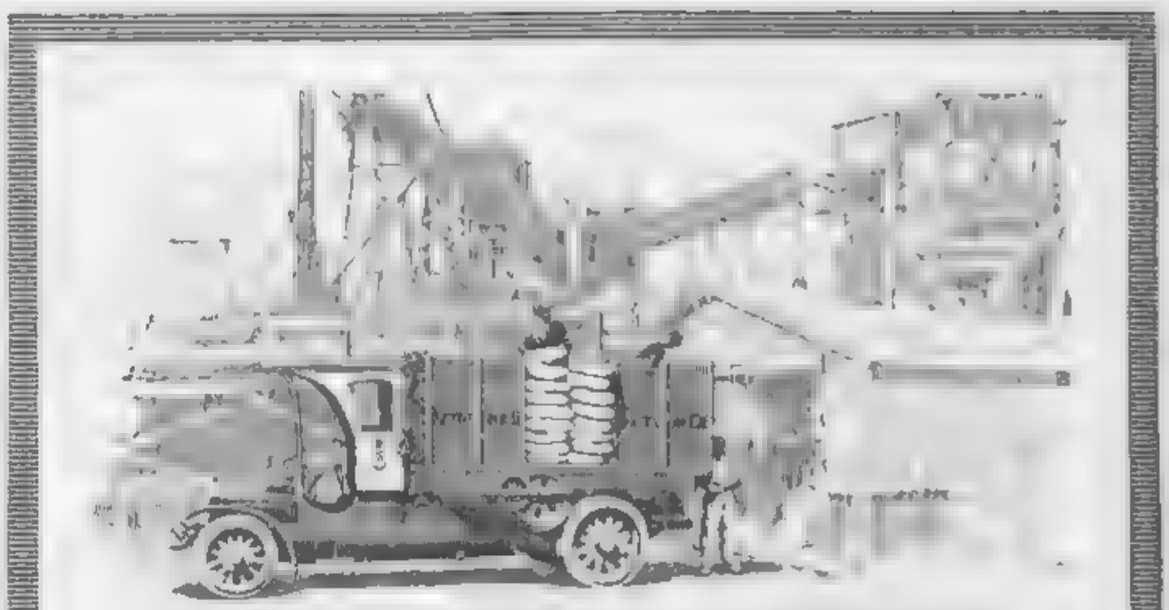
(TO BE CONTINUED)

Murphy's Libation

CHARLES F. MURPHY, leader of Tammany Hall, sat in a Baltimore hotel restaurant. A waiter, carrying a dish on which there had been a slab of roast beef and some gravy, held the dish at such an angle that most of the gravy remaining dripped on Murphy's coat.

Murphy looked at the waiter inquiringly.

"There now," soothed the waiter as he dabbed at the gravy with a towel—"that's all right. Be a good sport and I'll get you some more gravy for nothing!"



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He analyzed himself. He analyzed the men who had been promoted above him. He was their equal in natural ability, in character and in personality, but in technical education they were his superiors. He was *untrained*. They were *trained*.

And because they were trained, their services were worth more than his. They were competent to occupy positions of responsibility. He was competent to perform only a clerk's duties. They earned $2500, $3500, $5000 a year. He earned $20.00 a week.

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ADVENTURES IN BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 7)

those people could give me. So I started a small drygoods store in the very block where Smartman & Cash had gone down to oblivion. The first man I hired to work in this store was Smartman himself. It was really only half a store, because the other half I sublet to a high-class confectioner. I believed that good candy and high-grade drygoods would boost each other along. So they did—but the chief gain was this: I cut my rent from seventy-five dollars a month to half that. Yes—I cut my space too; but on a pinch you can double up very nicely. When you set out to do a thing, double up and work harder. You will be amazed to see how it pans out!

"Into this enterprise I put six thousand dollars in cash, because I wanted to make good on the very sum my uncle had left me. Then I secured a credit line of three thousand dollars. I put this new store squarely on its own feet and kept it there for a year without any help from my other store; and I ran the first store for all there was in it. I am running it today.

"That year my uptown store—the new one—sold twenty-two thousand dollars' worth of goods and earned me over two thousand net; this, too, without my giving the actual selling more than supervising attention. Therefore, since I had proved my theory that I might have made good with my uncle's trust fund, I put more money into the business. That was seven years ago. Today I have the leading drygoods business in my city and our net earnings run between twenty-five and forty thousand dollars a year.

"Smartman is my partner again, but now the names in the firm are reversed. It is Cash & Smartman; there was no toss-up about it this time.

"Now, briefly, I will give you the key to it. I am not speaking of the selling end of the game especially, but of the financing. My partner is the selling expert of our firm. Remember that we had the opportunity, which is always the first thing to be investigated. Without that to begin on, any scheme of financing must fail.

"When I worked on those statistical reports in the New York retail store I learned how to chart a business. I learned how to analyze the different currents that flow through the daily financial administration and how to establish and maintain the proper relations between them."

An Object-Lesson in Financiering

"To a considerable extent I have had to work out my own details, so I do not offer them as a general formula for everybody to take. I am going to give you just enough of them to make my plan clear to you. Whether you run a drygoods store, grocery or factory, the principle remains the same, though not the specifications. Please forget that I am talking drygoods and remember that I am telling the thing that made me successful. This little object-lesson in financiering will help the householder too. The man who rents a thirty-dollar flat on a sixty-dollar salary lacks the sense of balance that would build up a store for him if he started one.

"When I founded that uptown store I had, with my credit, nine thousand dollars. I drew a lot of lines through this lump sum and cut it up into parts. First I put a thousand dollars into the bank as a reserve. Then I spent five hundred dollars for fixtures—this was my deadline, though I had to use plain pine in places.

"Next I made sure that I saved out money enough to support a family for a couple of months if necessary; you see, I was doing the thing just as if I had only six thousand dollars back of me. Then I paid my rent and found that I had seven thousand dollars to go into goods.

"I fixed my yearly prospective sales at a minimum of twenty thousand dollars. This, you see, was the goal I established. Afterward I put my goal very much higher; so, too, I altered my ratios as I grew.

"Now I figured that in my particular case I must add forty-three per cent to the cost of my merchandise in order to show a gross profit of thirty per cent, markdowns, losses and shortage included. This is a simple problem in arithmetic, but I believe it to be the problem that gets the wrong solution oftener than any other mathematical puzzle in business. I've known lots of men to buy goods for a dollar, say, and add thirty per cent to get their selling price. Then they couldn't understand why they went broke.

"I set the outside limit of aggregate expense at twenty per cent of sales, this percentage to include advertising. In this same twenty per cent I included for clerk hire an allowance of eight per cent of sales. My own remuneration was to come from the profits, not from expenses.

"Two thousand dollars was the boundary beyond which I would not go in giving credit to customers and I would not accept more than three thousand dollars in credit myself. For deliveries I hired a boy and wagon part of the day and got this item down to three hundred and fifty dollars. Advertising I limited to four hundred.

"In regard to this last item I should like to say that four hundred dollars, though representing my cash outlay, did not measure my publicity. There are selling ideas that cost little except hours of hard thinking at night, and when you play safe in this way you help your local newspapers in the long run. I have been a big and growing advertiser for years, but if I had plunged—as I did with my uncle's six thousand—my town's newspapers might have remembered me chiefly for my debts.

"Observe the difference between my management of this store and that of my earliest store. I sold practically the same volume of goods that Smartman & Cash had sold in that very block years before, but my expenses were less than half. Moreover, I had practically no worthless accounts receivable, and no occasion rose to sacrifice my stock. Instead of a failure I was the owner of a going concern.

"It was all in the financial management. Unless the owner of a business makes a financier of himself and learns how to cut up his establishment into scientific percentages, and how to hold those percentages with taut reins, it is a safe bet that they will run away with him down the hill and drag him into the river Bradstreet calls 'bankruptcy.'"

Through the Fires of Experience

"Men have sometimes asked me: 'How am I going to learn these percentages and all the minutiæ of this sort of finance?' Well, there are various ways to learn things. A great many things may be learned by observation, though some men will stare a fact in the face every day all their lives and never observe it. Nevertheless, some of the best-educated men I know got all their knowledge from observation and self-directed study. Many of the keenest and most successful business men never read anything on business finance, but evolved their working plans from shrewdly observing the influences that pile one dollar on top of another.

"One way to learn business management is to go to successful business men—who do not happen to be your competitors—and get them to tell you the financial schemes on which they operate. The world is full of men who have worked out these problems. Then modify the experiences of others to suit your own conditions.

"I believe, however, that the men who get along best are the ones who use their own gray matter more than they use the gray matter of others. The other evening, at my home, I had occasion to send off a legal document requiring a long envelope. I looked for my ten-year-old son, intending to have him mail it for me. Not finding him, I called in a neighbor's boy from the street and asked him to take the envelope down to the mail box. He came back in a few minutes, declaring that he could not get the thing into the box—it was too long; so he had brought it back to me. By this time my own boy had come home; so, without letting him know what had happened, I gave him the envelope and told him to mail it.

"Well, he came back.

"'Did you mail that letter?' I asked him.

"'Yes, I did!' said he.

"'How did you do it?' I inquired.

"'Why, I folded the end!' he explained.

"That is just the difference between the successful man and the one who is a failure. When there is a way to do a thing the successful man finds the way."

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Edward Mott Woolley. The second will appear in an early issue.

The Michigan "40"
Wants More Dealers

This year the Michigan "40" will take its place in the very front rank among advertised cars.

It has taken four years to get ready. During that time we have gathered around us some of the ablest men in this line.

We have put out 5,000 cars, and carefully watched their performance. We have made in four years some 300 improvements.

We have equipped an up-to-date factory, with 1,200 employees, and 600,000 square feet of space. So we have an easy capacity of 150 cars weekly.

And we now have a car, at a modest price, with which the right dealer can easily outsell any other car in its class.

We now seek that right dealer in every section not closed.

Designed by Cameron

Our designer-in-chief is W. H. Cameron, for years the chief engineer of the Overland. There is not a more competent engineer in America.

Under him are experts of the highest order, in charge of every detail.

The Michigan "40"—the 1913 model—is the very last word in modern designing. Its equipment is complete and attractive, including electric lights and dynamo. Its tires are oversize—35x4½ inches. It is built with four forward-speed transmission, the most perfect ever designed. Its lines are impressive. Its finish and upholstering have never been excelled. Its price is below that of other cars of its class.

We can't publish the details until our big announcements are made, but we will go into complete details with every dealer, and better yet, show him the car.

Bodies by Campbell

The bodies for this new model are designed by John A. Campbell, famous in this line the world over.

Mr. Campbell is one of the few recognized masters in the designing of vehicle bodies. The finest equipages of the late King of England were of his designing. So with the Sultan of Turkey.

Many of the most distinguished families in Europe and America have long given preference to Mr. Campbell's designs.

Mr. Campbell is now in our exclusive employ.

All of his exquisite skill has been brought to bear on the Michigan "40." You never have seen a car which surpassed it in simple elegance, distinction and grace.

Advertised by Hopkins

Our advertising appropriation for the coming season is $350,000. This will place the Michigan among the three biggest advertised cars in America.

This advertising will be handled by Lord & Thomas, who have handled nearly all of the greatest successes made in advertising automobiles.

George H. Daugherty, formerly head of the copy department of Lord & Thomas, will direct this campaign from our office.

C. C. Hopkins, Vice-President of Lord & Thomas, will personally write the copy. Mr. Hopkins is the highest-paid man in this field. And his remarkable campaigns on automobiles include five of the greatest successes ever made in this line.

Our Organization

The Michigan "40" has behind it a very rare organization. Its owners have spent over 30 years in successful vehicle building. Our reputation in this line is nation-wide.

The Michigan Motor Car Company is a separate organization, but it is backed by all of the capital and all the experience of the 30-year-old concern.

The Michigan "40" is four years old. It is the product of some of the best brains in this industry. No concern in the line ever took greater pains to gather able men around it. The names we have mentioned indicate that.

Dealers are thus assured that every detail of this business will be handled capably.

The Record to Date

We have sent out in test territories 5,000 Michigan cars, to be sure of our ground before we undertook this expansion.

Last year in these test territories the Michigan probably outsold every car in its class.

550 were sold in the Pittsburgh district alone. Our home city took 70. Portland, Ore., took 162.

On that same basis, the country over, the Michigan would have been the dominant medium-priced car.

The new-model Michigan is immensely better. We are bringing out this season some seventy improvements. This, with our present capacity, organization and advertising, puts the Michigan in the front rank at once.

A Great Opportunity

This means for one dealer in every locality a very rare opportunity.

It means a car which, on simple comparison, will easily outsell any other car in its class.

It means a coming car, backed by money and ability—by efficiency and experience—by a 30-year record for making good.

It means an advertised car, where nine-tenths of the selling is done for the dealer, and done with the highest ability.

It means a car which every possible prospect is bound to come and see. And the price—under $1,600 with complete equipment—will make competition difficult indeed.

Our advertising begins September 1, with double-page spreads in all leading mediums. By that time we want nation-wide distribution. So immediate action is necessary.

We invite immediate correspondence from capable dealers. Or better still, come to our factory at once. Write or wire for an appointment.

The Michigan agency has a money value. And it is the only great agency that isn't sewed up in nearly every center.

If these facts appeal to you, act—now.

Michigan Motor Car Company, 246 Lay Blvd., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Owned by the Owners of the Michigan Buggy Company

(99)

No metal can touch you

YOU don't spend a great deal of money for garters in a year; 25 or 50 cents will keep your hose up good and snug for a long time. But you may as well have the comfort of perfect fit, of snug ease; especially in hot weather.

Paris Garters will give you all you want in garters; they're so well made they cost less by the year.

Any good haberdasher has the Paris Garter; better specify it; you don't want less.

A. Stein & Company, *Makers*

Congress St. and Center Ave.

Chicago

BRENAU College Conservatory
Gainesville, Ga.

The unique combination of these two institutions offers highest grade collegiate advantages, rationally adapted to the nature and needs of women. Music, Art, Oratory and Domestic Science are fitted into the standard A. B. courses or may be pursued as special courses. Grounds, buildings and equipments unsurpassed. Climate famous for health both winter and summer. 500 students representing 30 states and [illegible] countries. Complete story in beautiful catalog. Address

BRENAU, Box K, Gainesville, Ga.

FILMS DEVELOPED
10 CENTS PER ROLL
ALL SIZES
VELOX PRINTS, BROWNIES, 3c;
3½ x 3½, 3¼ x 4¼, 4c; 4 x 5, 5c, 6c.
Send us two negatives and we will print them *without charge* as a sample of our work, we are film specialists and give you better results than you have ever had.
COLE & CO., Asbury Park, N. J.

New Guaranteed Typewriter $18

[illegible] THE BENNETT PORTABLE
weighs but 7½ oz. Readily [illegible] pocket. Sold on money back [illegible] guaranty. Over 26,000 in daily use. WRITE FOR CATALOG. Agents wanted. $18
C. D. BENNETT TYPEWRITER CO., 366 Broadway, N. Y. to U. S. A.

College of Physicians and Surgeons of Chicago
Thirty-first Annual Session begins October 1, 1912, and continues for thirty-six weeks.
Four-year graded course for degree of M. D.
Completely equipped buildings and laboratories situated in the heart of Chicago's great medical center.
Strong faculty of one hundred and forty members.
Class room, laboratory, clinical and hospital bedside instruction.
Students allowed to specialize in elective subjects.
Attend a recognized school.
Thirty five hundred members in the Alumni body.
For catalog and detailed information address
DR. FRANK R. EARLE, Sec'y, Box 22, Congress and Honore Sts., Chicago

No Shortcomings—Not One

ANY shortcoming in a shot gun which seems almost trifling may cause the gun to go wrong in the field, and spoil a long-planned expensive hunting trip.

The Smith Gun has no shortcomings—not one. The six Hunter Brothers, with inventions, precision workmanship and experience, kept after the shortcomings for 22 years, until the last and least important one was wiped out.

"6 Times 22 Years Experience" gives the shooter of a Smith Gun the fullest possible pleasure in the field, and the maximum game in his bag. A Smith Gun is "two guns in one," bored to meet the combined requirements of field, blind and trap.

Ask your dealer to show you the new L. C. Smith 20-gauge from butt to muzzle. Write for catalogue of Smith Guns—every grade from $25 net to $1,500 list.

"No Shortcomings."

"6 Times 22 Years Experience."

L. C. SMITH GUNS

HUNTER ARMS COMPANY, 86 Hubbard Street, FULTON, NEW YORK

Are We Governed by the Supreme Court?

(Concluded from Page 10)

suspected that any provision of the Constitution could be so interpreted.

In 1825 Chief Justice Gibson, of Pennsylvania, in the ablest opinion that has ever been written in this country on the subject, points out that the legislature is entitled to the same deference that is due to the judiciary, that its acts are in no case to be treated as *ipso facto* void except where they would produce revolution in the government, and in such cases it remains with the people, and not with the courts, to avoid them. He held that the legislature has superior capacity to judge of the constitutionality of its own acts; that if there is any distinction the legislative department is superior to the judiciary, inasmuch as the power to will and to command is essentially superior to the power to act and to obey.

He was of the opinion that the judiciary had no authority to supervise or annul a law. He thought that the Constitution and the right of the legislature to pass the act might be in collision, but that this fact was not a subject for judicial determination. "If it be," he said, "the judiciary must be a peculiar organ, to revise the proceedings of the legislature and to correct its mistakes. And in what part of the Constitution are we to look for this proud preëminence?

"Viewing the matter in the opposite direction, what would be thought of an act of assembly in which it should be declared that the Supreme Court had, in a particular case, put a wrong construction on the Constitution of the United States, and that the judgment should, therefore, be reversed? It would doubtless be thought a usurpation of judicial power. But it is by no means clear that to declare a law void which has been enacted according to the forms prescribed in the Constitution is not a usurpation of legislative power. It is an act of sovereignty, and sovereignty and legislative power are said by Sir William Blackstone to be convertible terms."

The Backbone of Democracy

"It is the business of the judiciary to interpret the laws, not scan the authority of the lawgiver, and without the latter it cannot take cognizance of a collision between a law and the Constitution. So that to affirm that the judiciary has a right to judge of the existence of such collision is to take for granted the very thing to be proved."

He thought that if the legislature transcended its authority the responsibility rested exclusively with it.

And, finally, there is a great basic reason, commonly overlooked, why the legislative branch of the government, and not the judiciary, should be the judges of the right to enact a law. Neither the legislative nor the judiciary department of the government is infallible; but if the legislative department commits an error the people can correct it, while the mistakes of the judiciary admit of no remedy.

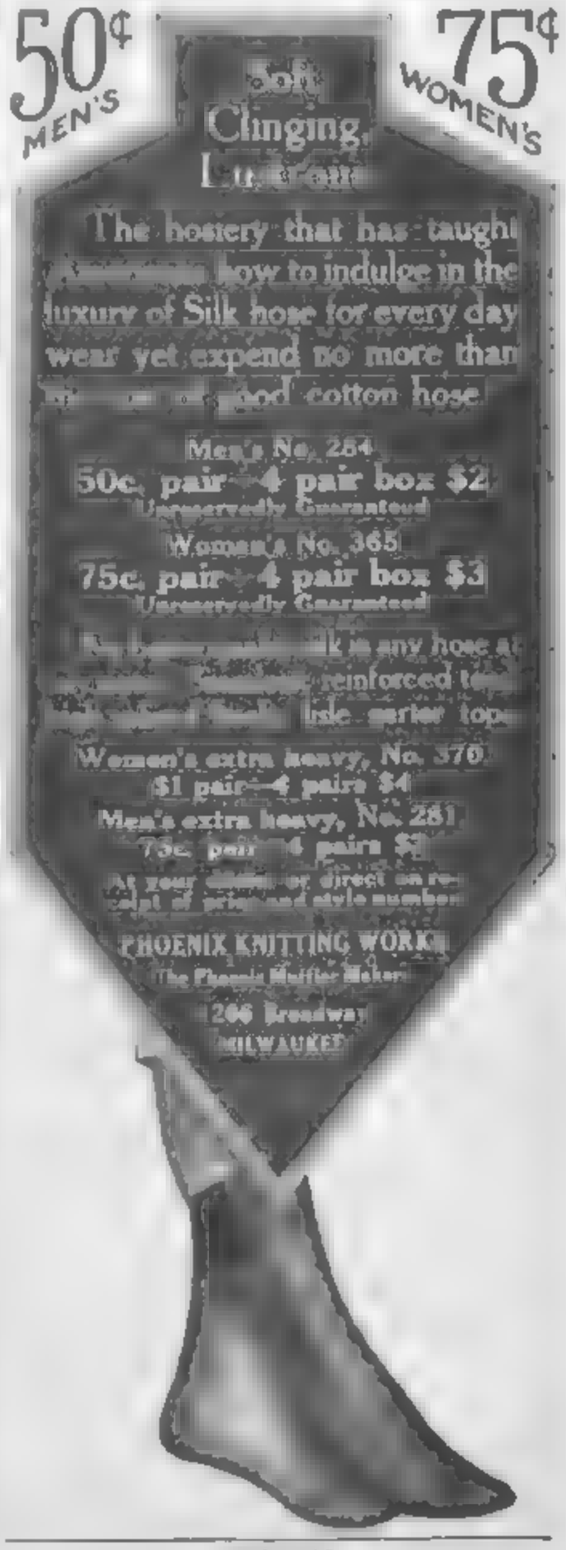
It has been said that in the business of government a recurrence to first principles answers the end of an observation at sea, with a view to correct the dead reckoning. One must, therefore, return to the idea that all sovereignty resides ultimately in the people; and consequently that it rests with the people to correct abuses in legislation. This being the basic idea of a republican form of government, to have transferred this power from the people to a judicial body would have been to create an imperial tribunal independent of the people and capable of exercising acts of sovereignty above them—a thing that never could have been contemplated by the convention that drafted the Constitution of the United States.

"It is a postulate in the theory of our government," said the early judges, "and the very basis of the superstructure, that the people are wise, virtuous and competent to manage their own affairs."

One may deny this, but he is taking issue with the idea of democracy itself. He may hold that a calm, deliberate tribunal, removed from the people, will be better able to determine what is for the public good, and he may be right. But let us not deceive ourselves—it is the abandonment of every republican pretension.

PHOENIX SILK HOSE

50¢ MEN'S 75¢ WOMEN'S



1898-1912

John Muir & Co.

SPECIALISTS IN

Odd Lots

Of Stock

We issue a booklet outlining a plan for buying stocks for an initial deposit and monthly payments thereafter until the stock is paid for or sold.

Send for Circular 9—"Partial Payment Plan"

Members New York Stock Exchange
71 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

RIDGE'S

Send for a Sample Package

We will send it to you free. This is the food that doctors give their own babies.

It will agree from the start and make your baby gain steadily every week. It will keep him happy and well through the hot weather.

Ridge's Food has raised over a million babies

Write today for a sample for your baby.

Ridge's Food Co., 248 Dover St., Boston, Mass.

FOOD

Our Limit Is 50 Cars a Day

By R. E. Olds, Designer

No Larger Output Wanted

Orders for Reo the Fifth, at some seasons, run five times our factory output.

Again and again we have found ourselves six to eight weeks behind urgent requirements.

Even now—in midsummer—we could easily sell twice the cars we build.

But we never rush, and we never run two shifts of men. Despite all the sensation which this car has created, we are keeping the same old gait.

That's Why This Car Sells for $1,055

We figure we save at least 30 per cent by keeping this output down.

We save in the first place some $200 per car by building a single model.

We make another big saving by keeping our factory crowded to the limit. We have no dull months. Summer and winter, spring and fall, we run to our fullest capacity.

It is the half-idle months, with big overhead expense, which brings up the cost of cars.

At this rate we can also build all our own parts. That means a very big saving.

On any other basis it would be simply impossible to sell a car like this for $1,055. Have you ever seen anyone do it?

Such Cars Can't Be Built in a Hurry

Another fact is that a car like this cannot be built in a hurry.

The car is constantly watched by men who know. The best men on our staff give each part supervision. Tests and inspections are carried to extremes.

Every lot of steel is analyzed twice—before and after treating. Parts are ground over and over to get utter exactness.

Gears are accurately tested in a crushing machine. Engines are tested for 48 hours, in five important ways.

Finished cars are subjected to test after test, in ways rarely employed by others. Thus it never happens that imperfect cars go out.

Such cars can't be built when one rushes production. The over-ambitious are bound to grow careless.

My aim is not to build more cars than others. It is to build them better, and to build them for less. There will always be more men who want such cars than we can ever hope to supply.

Giving More Than Value

One of my ablest competitors said of Reo the Fifth: "It's a splendid car, but wickedly underpriced."

He is right. Any expert will tell you that a car like this should cost not less than $1,400.

For here is a car built of the costliest steels—nickel and vanadium. It is big and roomy, with big wheels and big tires. It has 15 roller bearings—Timken and Hyatt. Not a ball bearing used in important parts of this car.

The car throughout is built slowly and carefully. Nothing is hurried, nothing ever skimped.

The body is finished in 17 coats. All the trimmings are costly. The upholstering is deep and of genuine leather, filled with the best curled hair.

Every part of the car gets the final touch. There is not the slightest sign of economy.

The price of $1,055 is too low for this car. With advancing materials it must be corrected. Within two months, at the outside, the price must go higher.

But Reo the Fifth, because of my methods, will always undersell every car in its class.

Our Center Control

The greatest exclusive feature in Reo the Fifth is our new mode of center control.

Many other cars announce center control for their 1913 models. The old side levers, blocking one of the front doors, are bound to be quickly discarded.

But the Reo control is one small lever, which is never in the way. All the gear shifting is done by moving this lever only three inches in each of four directions.

Both brakes are operated by foot pedals. So there is never any reaching, and nothing in one's way.

Left-Side Drive

We combine with this feature the left-side drive, to which all cars must come. This change is expensive. It involves alterations. That is why some makers defer it.

But the driver should sit close to cars which he passes. He should be at all times on the up side of the road.

The only reason for right-hand drive has been the side levers. We have long had left-side drive in electrics. Now, with center control, the left-side drive is possible in every car. The buyer of a new car in these days should insist on it.

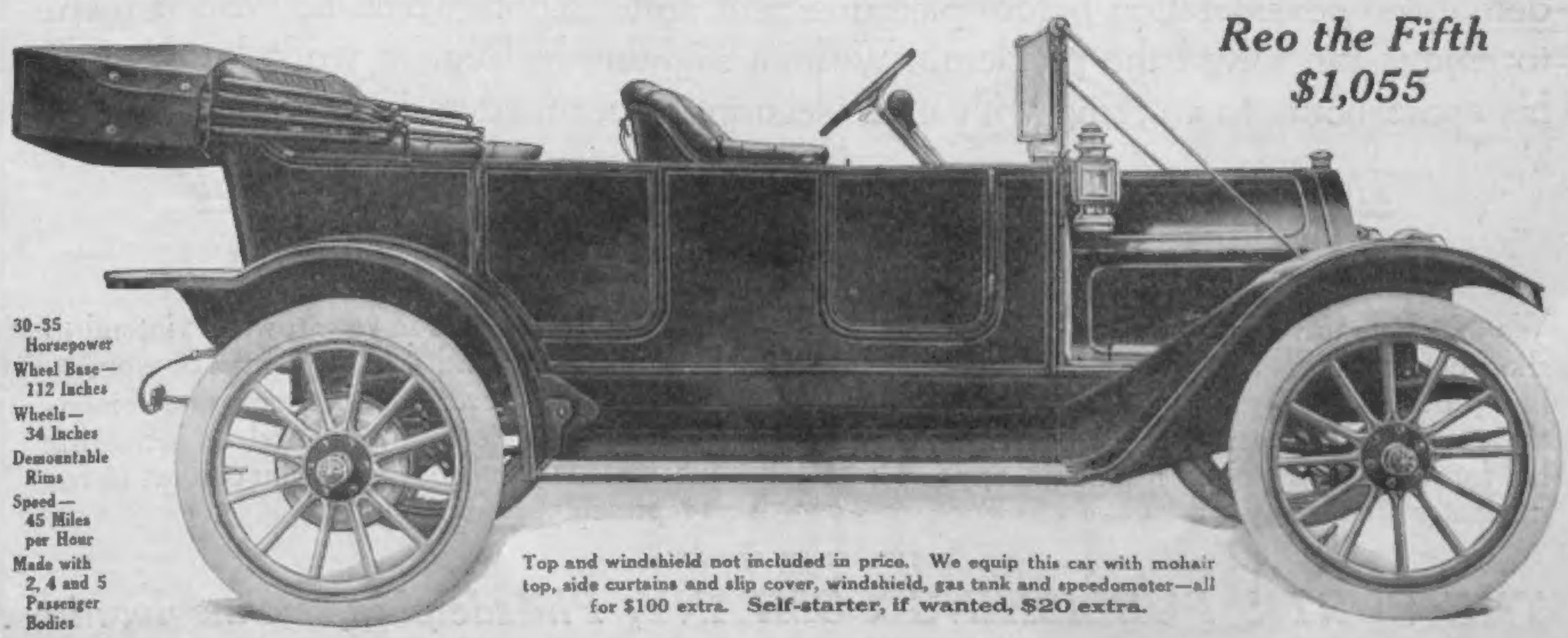
Dealers Everywhere

There are dealers now in a thousand towns who are ready to demonstrate Reo the Fifth. Write for our catalog, showing our various bodies, and we will direct you to the nearest one.

We are getting very close to the last opportunity to buy Reo the Fifth at its present price. When our present contracts for materials expire the price is going up. You will save by acting now. Address

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.

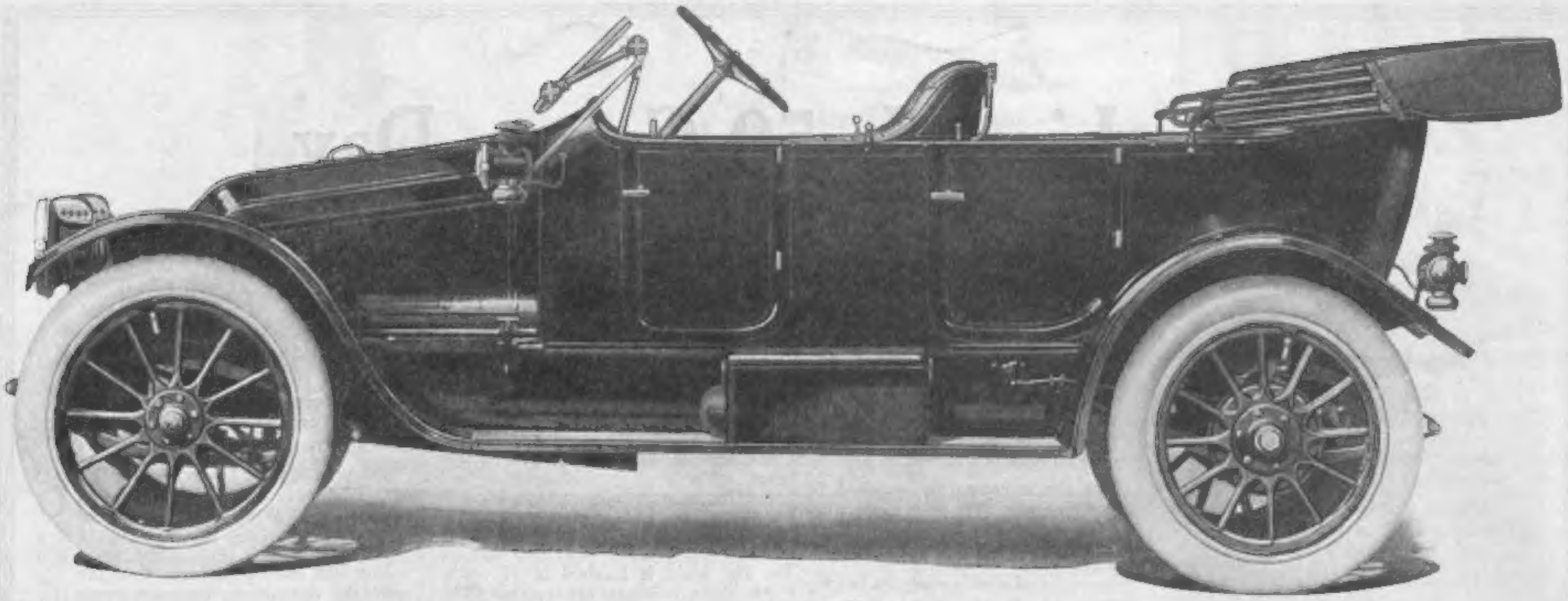
Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.



Reo the Fifth
$1,055

30-35 Horsepower
Wheel Base—112 Inches
Wheels—34 Inches
Demountable Rims
Speed—45 Miles per Hour
Made with 2, 4 and 5 Passenger Bodies

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank and speedometer—all for $100 extra. Self-starter, if wanted, $20 extra.



Franklin "Little Six" Thirty Horse Power $2800

A new type of automobile—a small, light six. For two, four or five passengers.

The lightest, most compact six-cylinder car built. Some sixes weigh nearly twice as much.

In a small motor (a big, heavy motor is not required in a light car) the smoothness and flexibility of six-cylinder construction are very pronounced.

The motor is air-cooled—the simplest type of construction known. There is no freezing in winter; no boiling and over-heating in summer.

The easy-riding of this car is remarkable. Full-elliptic springs and flexible construction are the main reasons.

And the size, length and weight are just right for perfect riding balance.

You can order direct from the factory or through a Franklin dealer.

Write for Little Six book and catalogue of all models. **Folder—"They Barred Us Out"—sent on request.**

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY Syracuse New York

A Certain Young Man

made up his mind to earn what he *knew* he was *worth.*

His pay envelope contained $18.00. He needed $30. He could not resign from his steady position to seek more lucrative employment. His family's immediate needs demanded consideration before pleasures and amusements which he wished them to enjoy. He solved the problem. Without slighting his regular work, he devoted his spare hours to working with us in securing more readers in his own town for

The Saturday Evening Post ***The Ladies' Home Journal***

The Country Gentleman

We told him how to do it. He went ahead. In a short time he was earning the $30.00 needed and had proved to himself that, by giving his full time to our method of money-making, he could triple his former salary. Now his name appears permanently on our pay-roll.

To secure more readers in your town we intend to employ a capable and ambitious man or woman. We do not want a *canvasser*, but some one of intelligence, who is sincerely interested in increasing his income. If you believe that you can act as our local representative, write

THE AGENCY DIVISION

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

My Tires Get Rim-Cut

Mine Are Overloaded

Mine Don't Seem to Wear

Men—Here Is the Remedy and 200,000 Have Proved It

The Day of No-Rim-Cut Tires

In these days it's folly to buy tires which rim-cut.

Rim-cutting occurs on 23 per cent of the old-type, hooked-base tires. That is shown by statistics, covering thousands of ruined clincher tires.

Those tires may rim-cut when only partly deflated. When a tire is punctured and run flat, rim-cutting may instantly wreck it. And rim-cut tires can't be repaired.

Our patent tires—No-Rim-Cut tires—wipe out this loss entirely. In all our experience, not one has ever rim-cut.

10 Per Cent Oversize Saves 25 Per Cent

This is also the day of the oversize tire. Men are learning that added size means a vast economy.

So No-Rim-Cut tires are made 10 per cent over the rated size. That means 10 per cent more air—10 per cent added carrying capacity.

It takes care of the extras you add to a car. It saves the blow-outs due to overloading.

That 10 per cent oversize, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

Maximum Mileage

For tires that wear out too quickly, the remedy is this:

Accept nobody's claims for maximum mileage, based on mere assumption. The guesses of experts are usually wrong.

Years ago, to get actual comparisons, we built a tire testing machine. There we wear out four tires at a time, under actual road conditions. And we meter the mileage on each.

Thus we have compared some 240 formulas and fabrics. There we have proved out every method of wrapping and vulcanizing. There we have compared rival tires with our own.

No-Rim-Cut tires, as made today, are the final result of those years of comparison. They represent the best men know about wear-resisting tires.

They have proved themselves by metered mileage the best tires ever built.

We Control Them

Now other makers offer hookless tires to meet this competition. But we control by patents the one way to make a satisfactory tire of this type.

Our Tire Book makes this fact so clear that no man can doubt it.

Nine-tenths of all the new-type tires are Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires. And the demand for these tires is twelve times larger than three years ago.

Made at a Profit of 8½ Per Cent

Last year our profit on No-Rim-Cut tires was 8½ per cent.

We mention this fact because of present discussion about the high profits on tires.

We are the largest tire makers, with the most modern equipment. So none can make good tires cheaper.

We put into these tires—into special features, materials and oversize—all that we get, save 8½ per cent.

Soon or late, you are bound to join the hosts of motorists who use these tires.

Our 1912 Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

The final proof is this: No-Rim-Cut tires, after 13 years, outsell all other tires.

After some 200,000 separate users have tested out these tires.

Today's demand compels an output of 100,000 tires monthly. That's twelve times larger than three years ago.

That tells the verdict of the highest tribunal—the men who buy these tires.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires
10% Oversize

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

(687)

Painted by H. Mason for Cream of Wheat Co.

Copyright 1912 by Cream of Wheat Co.

IN THE GLOAMING.